

METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. When the World is an Apple Orchard in Full Bloom. <i>Bishop W. A. Quayle, D.D., LL.D., St. Louis, Mo.</i>	341
II. The Imponderables and a Better World Order. <i>Daniel Dorchester, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.</i>	350
III. What is Deaconess Work? <i>Alice M. Robertson, A.M., Boston, Mass.</i>	357
IV. Lowell and His Interpretation of Life. <i>Professor Lewis H. Chrisman, Ph.D., Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio</i>	366
V. Listening to God. <i>Charles E. Locke, D.D., Los Angeles, California</i>	379
VI. The Minister as a Recruiting Officer for Religious Life Workers. <i>Rev. Stanley W. Wiant, A.M., Cincinnati, Ohio</i>	385
VII. Paradise Lost in the Light of To-day. <i>Professor James M. Dixon, F.R.S., University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.</i>	390
VIII. A Moneyless Magnate. <i>F. F. Shannon, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.</i>	404
IX. Two Things Are Certain. <i>Professor Paul Nixon, Ph.D., Dean, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.</i>	416
X. The Religion of The Common Good. <i>Rev. Hugh R. Orr, A.M., Pittsburgh, Pa.</i>	421
XI. The Historicity of the Whale. <i>Helen G. Murray, A.M.</i>	429

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

Notes and Discussions.....	432
Three "Ifs," 432.	
The Arena.....	448
The New Calvary and the Atonement, 448; Religion at the Peace Congress, 451; Why? 453.	
Archæology and Biblical Research.....	454
Sacred Stones, 454.	
Foreign Outlook.....	460
The Re-Evangelisation of Europe, 460.	
Book Notices.....	466
A Reading Course.....	503

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

NEW YORK: 150 Fifth Avenue
Boston Pittsburgh Detroit

CINCINNATI: 420 Plum Street
Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Subscription Price, Postage Included, \$2.50

Entered as second-class matter July 12, 1879, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

LATEST MACMILLAN BOOKS

DEMOCRATIC CHRISTIANITY

Some Problems of the Church in the Days Just Ahead

By Francis J. McConnell (Bishop)

"Exactly what we would expect from the pen and heart of this astute thinker of our Church."
—Michigan Christian Advocate. \$0.80

THE NEW OPPORTUNITY OF THE CHURCH

By Robert E. Speer

Dr. Speer speaks his mind on the present responsibility of the Church. \$0.80

GOD'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR

By Edward S. Drown

"An attempt to justify the way of God with men that is well worth reading."—Reformed Church Messenger.

"The closing chapter shows how the Cross of Christ is the revelation of the true omnipotence of God."—St. Andrew's Cross. \$0.80

CHRISTIAN INTERNATIONALISM

By William P. Merrill

"Every chapter teems with living, vibrating facts."—Presbyterian Banner.

"A truly up-to-date book."—Presbyterian Advance.

"The great topic of the day is discussed from the standpoint of the Bible."—Heidelberg Teacher.
"A common-sense treatment of a great subject."
—Lutheran Quarterly. \$1.50

THE COMING OF THE LORD

By James H. Snowden

First comprehensive and systematic discussion of this subject by a competent scholar in seventy years. A live book on a live question. A book for every Christian who feels the need of thinking this thorny subject through.

"By far the finest, frankest, most convincing discussion of this live and important theme."
—Michigan Advocate.

"Comprehensive, scriptural and reasonable."
—Christian Evangelist. \$1.75

THE KINGDOM THAT MUST BE BUILT

By Walter J. Carey

Mr. Carey came back to civil life determined to put an equivalent sacrificial service into his ministry there. He asks the Church to call out unused reserves in her members and effect a Christian penetration of the world heretofore unknown. \$1.00

THE ADVENTURE OF LIFE

By Robert W. MacKenna

"Another Henry Drummond," says the New York Sun.

"Life, itself a mystery, is lived in a thicket of mysteries."

An absorbing account of this mystery by one who does not keep his science of life, his philosophy of life and his religion of life in separate, water tight compartments. \$1.50

COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE ROMANS

By Edward I. Bosworth

Dean, Oberlin Graduate School of Theology

Unlike all other commentaries on Romans in that it paraphrases the letter complete, section by section, showing plainly what the language used meant in the terms of their world of thought to the Christians of the first century. \$0.80

PROPHECY AND AUTHORITY

A Study in the History of the Doctrine and Interpretation of Scripture

By Kemper Fullerton

Chair of the Old Testament, Oberlin

This book has a two-fold purpose: (1) To explain the right principles to use in getting at the meaning conveyed in Messianic prophecy, and (2) to show that the Church is not yet aware of the full consequences of the stand that the Reformers took on the nature of the Bible as a principle of Authority in Protestantism. \$1.50

THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS

By E. Washburn Hopkins

(Yale University)

"The excellence of its condensation and the authority of the writer combine to make this history of religions desirable for the intelligent reader who cannot make an exhaustive research into comparative religions for himself."—New York Christian Advocate. \$3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

T
n
n
e
f
00
Y

x-
he
nd
of
re-
a
00

S

tu-
is-
nt
ch
ew
00

K

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1919

WHEN THE WORLD IS AN APPLE ORCHARD IN FULL BLOOM

WHEN the farmer is a poet anything beautiful may happen, and that without trouble. Landing at Fort Dodge, Iowa, to dedicate a noble church, with a chime of bells of rare melody set by a widowed heart in memory of her husband, who had been a public man whose voice had had an orchestral music in it and had spoken through years for all right things, mine adversary who met me at the station said in a sly way that, if I could spare a few minutes, he would motor me to an apple orchard of one hundred and eighty-six acres. My reply, in equal courtesy, was that though my time was of great value, I being a man of affairs, I thought I *could* take a very few minutes off to see the orchard in bloom. These diplomatic preliminaries having gotten on satisfactorily to both participants therein, we took a rush for the orchard. He said it was in bloom. He told the truth. We rushed through the beautiful city: we spied the happy children with laps full, arms full, hearts full of wild flowers fresh plucked from the dear woodland. We cruised along a stream, then crossed it: we bounded up the hill, and looked down on a pool of wild crabs eagering to be at flower. The motor sniffed the apple breath and hurried up, and we turned from the main road with a whirr and went laughing up a lane amidst all sorts of kindly trees, promiscuously planted and jostling each other as if God had planted them; and apple trees crowded up close as if inquisitive to see the faces of these callers; and the master of the motor, as he steered us lightly, to a query of mine, "Does this man know how beautiful this is?" rejoined, "He is

something of a poet, in a way." Ah, yes, something of a poet in a way, in God's way, I found him.

His house was well back from the road. The road could not see his house nor could his house see the road. It was embowered in quiet and the hush of happy winds and bees droning, and trees crowded together in a veritable city of music. We might have been in Edmund Spenser's *Faerie Londe* where all things mystical and dreamful could happen effortlessly as a star rises. We are intruders on a poet's premises. I watched to see him. Honestly, I am curious. Though no woman am I, yet curiosity always seizes me when I am in a neighborhood of poetry. I want to guess the looks of poets and rectify my conclusions by facing the facts. We ran up a ravine intruded on by the inquisitive apple trees, which came close to peer at us like kindly cattle in a pasture, and took by surprise a white cottage embowered in many trees of many species; and then the road dropped into a half-ravine where a crystal spring, lying unwrinkled beneath willows, common and laurel-leaved, dreamed back from its face willows and sky while a runnel which did not whisper slipped down to a stream hard by. On the banks our poet-farmer had planted pines, and many willows, and a cut-leaved birch beautiful enough to have adorned the woodlands of Paradise. I was nosing around for the poet-farmer.

His trees and vines had been disposed with such poet lore of place and variety on a bank which lifted its broadly rounded shoulder and looked over a generous expanse, of river and bridge and highway and opposing acclivity and croft, where distant vistas of apple trees shone like dashes of sea foam on ocean rocks. In my mind's eye I could see our farmer friend, in quiet love of loveliness, with spade in hand and little trees for the planting lying close at hand, and he planting and planting and digging and planting.

Can there be greater fun or greater poetry than planting trees and having their to-morrows of bloom and fruit haunt you with their prophecy? The thrust of the spade in the sod, the tossing out of the damp earth, with eternal harvest-promise in its breath and its residuum of all earth's yesterdays and also the kindly

promise of its many to-morrows, and then, when the hole is deep enough and wide enough and the ground within mellow enough, to put your hands in it and mix the soil (cool and sweet the soil is and clings like a curl about the fingers), and then with ample gentleness to dispose the roots and rootlets of the tree to-be, but shrub that is, and sift earth about those thready roots and cover them up very gently, as you would a grave in which lay a dead robin red-breast, then, when all the babying process is concluded, to press the moist earth with your foot until you surmise the roots are bedded and feel at home—and so, rising, do the like with another tree. That's fun. Men want pay for doing it, but 'tis infamous. They should pay for the privilege of doing this poetical thing.

An orchardist should not plant too many trees at once, lest the labor tax the poetry in him and he do a lovely thing in an unlovely mood. I would plant a few at a time and vary the kind I planted—here a lilac, here a dogwood, here a wild crab, now a sycamore, now a hazlenut, now a white willow, here a Niobe willow, here a cottonwood, here a wild rose, now a Dorothy Perkins, then a bittersweet, now a redbud, now a fruit tree for fruit, now fruit trees by clumps for spring flowers and autumnal leaf-glory (say, a group of pear trees, which when autumn burns is memorable and their watch fires have a strange glory on them), here a clump of cedars, here a stray pine, then a birch, and here sassafras for autumn splendor like summer in conflagration, here a wild rose, now an aster, here a trillium, now a *rosa rugosa* to give single rose blossom all the summer through. What a degradation not to know that all this is a liberal culture if done in the spirit of the Master of the Garden and the Wildwood!

Would all the farmers were poets. How goodly would their sweet vocations seem, as well as how wholesome; and a refined ecstasy would run along their veins through all the months which constitute the year. Not to perceive the fun and poetry of farming is to rob the soul; and not to know the poetry of agriculture is a misdemeanor of unusual proportions. Woe is me if poetry slips from my vocabulary when I plant and sow and fain would reap. It is as delicious to see trees of your own hand-planting

grow as to swim in a crystal stream under pine shadows. To work with a grim utility makes people old before their time; while to know each morning is a pageant and each night's arrival a beatitude redeems labor from drudgery and turns farming into an esthetic procedure like carving a Milo's Venus.

Meantime I am in the apple orchard and digressing—though I make no apologies, seeing digressions are the worth whiles on the Pipes of Pan. I am hunting for the poet who planted this orchard and these other unfruitful trees which bear the pleasant apples of far Hesperides; for though we eat not this fruit we none the less know full well it is an edible to the soul. "Where is the poet-farmer?" inquire I of the questful mood. Whereupon the guide of the apple orchard in bloom bids me be patient and we shall find him somewhere in the happy miles of orchard. So on we move in quest of the poet who planted this farm to perfect flower and promissory fruit. We come on him at a turn in the road.

He is ideal, and satisfies my soul. He is unshaven for a spell, and his face is husky as no smooth shaven face ever does look. We men look polite, when smoothly shaven, but not neglectful enough to be part of the growing world. Closely trimmed lawns are neither rational nor esthetic. They have lost spontaneity. They are only well-bred and conventional. Grass grown by those who know how will be let alone; so must trees and whiskers. And a man clean shaven each morning and talcumed looks polite enough but lacks patent power and the indefatigably robust, nor could he be pictured as a cow-boy on the run nor a victorious soldier on the battle front. Our friend was unkempt enough to be a part of nature, where things get their way and caper a little rather than go by dancing-master's rules. His hair and mustache were grizzled. This poet had been on this ground a good while, as testify the vines and shrubs and orchard he had planted, and the snowflakes that refuse to melt from his pow, and the lines that zigzagged like genial lightning along his looks. He was in his shirt sleeves. Of course! Could a man be a poet-farmer and go around in his coat all the while? Preposterous! Say that word again, and say it louder. Adam never wore a coat.

He went around with his shirt sleeves rolled up every day of his redolent year, sown to musk odors and dew-drench of the night and dawn. You don't look like business with a trim coat on when you're going about poetastering in a paradise. You look like a clothing merchant, which won't do for an out-of-doors poet. Nay, verily. More nay verilies. To be sure, he wore no cuffs. You can't cuff your way to the proprietorship of multi-miles of odorous orchard blooms.

His hands were naked and dirty with the dirt in which trees root; good, clean, undirty dirt, loved by all flowers—trailing arbutus, fuchsias, May apples, Solomon's seals, prairie phlox, flowerless fronds of ferns, and wistful wild violets—that good dirt was on his hands; and his hands were brawny and masterful. When I shook hands with him I knew a man was owner of that right hand, hard at the palm, sinewy of fingers, dignified of labor, coworker with the ground and the sky and the God of both to make the world beautiful in its season. It was a handsome hand, which if interpreted to mean "some hand" the exegesis would be legitimate. It would be ridiculous even to think of that brawny, business hand wearing white kid gloves. Honestly, that would make a mummy laugh. White kid gloves on these hands! Positively, that is past jest; that is insult. This man in evening clothes? Cease such suggestions, lest the poet-farmer and I both grow angry and throw you from these premises, landing you where you belong—in the rubbish heap, for the spring freshets to wash away.

We are shaking hands, the poet-farmer and I. And his hat is a work of art. It is a high art, seeing it is at the top of this man. There is where a hat should stay. It was a derby—which was a psychological blunder as well as a caput-al mistake, but I think it had been bought by his wife or hired man at a bargain sale; for I would exonerate him from having chosen it. This should have been a soft hat. That settles on your head and to it, like suds about your hands at the washing. You can sit on it and not indent it. You can wad it up and throw it at a mule and not disfigure the mule much nor your hat any. This hat was, so to say, homogeneous, if at times a little incoherent; incoherency

caught, I think, from the brain of the wearer. This orchard hat was a derby—but an old one, thank goodness! Age will dignify even a derby hat; on which I remark that, after that, no wonder-work may be thought impossible to age. There was an indentation, on one side thereof, as if an apple tree in a storm had blown against it. The hat had an inebriated look, as if the smell of the apple-bloom breath had made it tipsy. It sat akimbo on the poet's head, as if born out under the trees, in a wind-blown fashion like a wind-turned leaf. The hat had a weather-beaten sunburnt look, as if it could have voted, and sat like a small boy on a gate post when a circus invades the town.

The orchardist wore shoes. That was a tribute to civilization. He should have worn sandals or, better, should have gone barefoot. Unquestionably, barefootedness is the right foot-gear for a farmer; and, besides, it minds us of how among Maeterlinck's happinesses in "The Blue-Bird" there troops "the happiness of going barefoot in the dew." I feel the grass tickling my legs right now! So I met the master of these florescent revels, this farmer-Prospero who has called up all this orchard and runnel bank and comb and long reach with a white foam of an ocean far-spreading to the sky, an ocean of precious apple-bloom. Howbeit, not as at the wave of good-man Shakespeare's bearded Prospero, but at the dig of this Prospero's spade and hoe has this ocean been turned into a turbulence of storm so that the green waves are all one wild wallow of foam, white to the eyes as sea gull's wings. The old Greeks clept the poet, "Poietes," a maker; wherefore, by my halidome (from Captain Dalgetty and others, whose names slip me now) and in good sooth, this friend of my recent making is squarely and irrefutably a poet, for has he not made this orchard? Incidentally God helped him; though of what other poet is that not true? Poets make not themselves, else all professors of literature would be poets; whereas none of them are. They pull poetry to pieces and tell how, had they written it, it would have been written, but forget to remark that in such case people had not read it. I read how many changes should have been made in Milton's unapproachable music of "Paradise Lost," and then regard gleefully the consideration that as Milton made the poem so it stands. The critical

mutterings do not disturb the everlasting calm of that illustrious poem.

Yes, this orchard-maker is poet when we allow the old Greek notion concerning poetry. I found the orchardist genial. He would go with us through his land of wonder though we forbade him in the name of the value of his time. He felt conditioned to do as he pleased on his own premises and heeded not our prattlings, but went with us. It was like walking with Alfred Tennyson or him of the "Marshes of Glynn." How he loved it all! To hear him talk of the growing of the orchard was like hearing Tennyson's ocean-voice read "Ulysses." At least, so I think. He knew the birthdays of the willows at the stream-head and of the pine trees on the shoulder of the hill that looked down on the winding river, and the birthday of the vines which tangled over the trees, wild vagrants of the sky, and the birthday of the apple trees which marshaled the landscape we behold like white clouds billowing. He had rocked every cradle of every tree in this wide wandering land of foamy loveliness. I could all but hear the lullabies he sang them with his man's sturdy voice hushed till it crooned like an autumn wind.

The orchard was now, untouched of the plow, paved with bluegrass. Not a weed intruded on the scene, only flashing green of grass, than which the high God has made no growing thing more witchery-crowded. To walk on floor of green with amethyst skies sweet above. ("Heigh-ho the wind and the rain!") Along the green paths of apple bloom, as if they had fallen from the wet hand of a rainy wind, lay apple branches dead, and wistful to be given one last laughter of an apple-tree fire. My fingers itched to gather the dead scattered branches; for whether it be sea-soaked driftwood of ships of yesterday, or hickory wood or pine knots and branches high up in the mountains, I am of the mood to believe that none of them surpass apple trees for poetry of flame. Hickory sparkles swim up the sky with crackling fairy salutations, as fired from some fairy headland, minute yet delicious salvos of a fleet sailing out not to return, whereas apple trunks and boughs emit their sparkles without a syllable of voice, just aerial flamboyancy, the beading of apple blooming and apple juice with its hint of

mild inebriation, which ends in poetical hilarity, which makes for the laughter of angels.

I wanted to stay in those miles of apple blooms till the sun had set and the stars had risen and the moon had filled the sky with its wonder-light for which there are no words. And to have lit an apple tree fire and to have sat beside it would have been to set a linnet's song to a lark's music. With the smoke and the efflorescent sparkles and the lovely and the exalted night and the apple-bloom breath there would have been a joy like being sung to by angels.

And this one hundred and eighty-six acres of apple trees in bloom must be experienced to be apprehended. I do not say comprehended, for that is a witless word in such a scene. Throughout its length and breadth and height, for this orchard of bloom was cubic measure and so no superficial area could compass the phrasing of it, was perfect peace of a perfect day. Perfect peace! Height was its most splendid dimension. The height led up to God.

This was no hemisphere we dwelt in, but a whole sphere. We could not see out. It was a world far-going, glad-going. So white the petals were, scarce touched by any pink at all. That was a peculiarity of the apple blossoms we beheld in this orchard to-day. 'Twas a white wonderland. It was starlight rather than dawnlight. We were shut in by apple bloom. If this apple-blossom world ended we could only surmise it. The vistas of green paths between rows of redolent flowers ended by being swallowed up by the bloom. No green road traveled through this illimitable world. End was there none to the apple blossoms. The only way out of the foam of flower was to transcend the world and take passage into the blue of the overhead.

On we went loiteringly, always loiteringly, truly. Could a body be so unmannerly as to haste in such a house of praise as this? The gladness seems like great laughter. Each tree was preempted by flowers as the magnolia whose flowers come and cover the tree completely or ever there is a dream of leaf. And every tree was like a nosegay held out in the hand of God to be worn at an angel's heart.

An auto load of women came into this sanctuary of perfumed beauty. Where is it where beauty is present that lovely women do not come—seeing God has made them such lovers of beauty in everything except husbands? They seem color-blind in men. Goody! But here they were, these women, younger or older according to their age (I think that is admirably put, and compromises neither the women nor me), all aglow with the wonder of the glory of the apple orchard in full flower. And they wanted to cut apple branches! I think they would have done it without permission. Women have an anarchistic strain in their blood though they look so docile. But the master of the revels was here and gave them leave. They used it. It was funny to see them saw the branches with a jack-knife. But for politeness I should have smiled. It is a grim thing to be polite. But they broke and sawed and laughed out loud in chorus and the poet orchard-master bade them be generous in their taking, and some such words to us men, and when we were too polite to mutilate his majestical bouquets of a whole tree at unanimous flower he took his huge pruning knife and cut off young trees blossom-laden and made us bear them as his contribution to the dedicatory service of the church on the morrow.

And so thither the flowers came on that good to-morrow when the chimes rained out holy hymns, and the people sang out like the voice of many waters, and I, poor slipslop that I was in that high function, tried to preach. But the apple blossom out-preached, out-sang, out-chimed us all.

When God's flowers turn minister then truly is there a saintly sermon. "Bloom ye," said the Sunday apple blossoms. "Bloom ye, ye folk of God, even as bloom we, God's apple orchard. As we, so ye, yield bloom and fruit to the glory of God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen."

W. A. Doyle.

THE IMPONDERABLES AND A BETTER WORLD ORDER

BISMARCK, in the latter part of his life, experienced a spiritual reaction and wrote this humble confession: "But for me three big wars would not have been fought; 80,000 men would not have been slain, nor would their parents, brothers, sisters, widows have mourned their death. From all that I have done I have derived little or no joy; on the other hand, vexation and trouble." He became a steadfast opponent of every proposition for military aggression. In a speech in the Reichstag, February 6, 1888, in reply to the claim of the military party that it was better for Germany's defense to employ the anticipatory thrust of attack, he made this memorable utterance: "*If we proceed to attack, the whole weight of the imponderables, which weigh much heavier than material weights, will be on the side of our enemies whom we have attacked.*" But the old pilot's warning was not heeded. He was cast overboard and the young war lord took command. Bismarck's prophecy, however, was fulfilled. The brutal attack was made, the crimes committed against humanity "smelled to heaven" and aroused against Germany "the imponderables," those mysterious powers which determine the destinies of nations and peoples.

Much has been said and written about the miracle of the Marne. "That an army could retire for ten days," as the French army did, "losing prisoners, guns, becoming exhausted, and then of a sudden return to the offensive *irresistibly*—this was a thing the German military books never considered possible, never warned German generals to expect." The soul of France was not stampeded, neither were the friends of France and Freedom.

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

The London Chronicle acknowledges gratefully the superior might of the "imponderables" in what seemed a hopeless struggle: "Faith

in God, belief in justice, the hope eternal in the life of man were the mighty barriers in the German path. A world that believed in God would never bend before the brute."

The "imponderables" have won the war. Far more significant and powerful than the material forces and munitions engaged was the spontaneous enlistment in a common defense of civilization by men of so many different races and countries, and energized not by the ordinary passions that make war, but by the compulsion of the noblest ideals. Will these "imponderables" be stronger than sinister interests and "weigh heavier than material weights" in the greater struggles now before us?

The close of the war marks the culmination of an epoch which was ushered in by the industrial revolution in England and the political revolutions in America and France. In 1823 Canning, the English statesman, speaking of the rising power of America, said that "the New World had come in to redress the balance of the Old." This prophecy has been significantly fulfilled. The liberties and substantial benefits enjoyed by the people in the prosperous American republic have given wonderful inspiration and strength to oppressed peoples everywhere. In the last one hundred years eighty constitutions incorporating democratic principles have been adopted, and when America came into this war the balance of power, so long in the grasp of Absolutism, was redressed and shifted to the side of Freedom. Another epoch with far more fateful consequences has been begun by the Peace Conference at Paris, which seeks to establish an equilibrium of political and moral forces to make a permanent peace. If a League of Nations should be formally launched, and pass through the rapids of competing interests, what control could such a league have over the Central Powers and one hundred and seventy millions of Slavs? Might not they, representing more than three fifths of the population of Europe, reverse the preponderance of power, now happily in the hands of the Allies, and keep Europe in perpetual turmoil? The vital bond of any Entente, Alliance, or League of Nations is moral, the sense of right in all men, which when strong enough will hold them and nations together as nothing else will. Only nations which have a certain moral development

and are homogeneous in character can work together in unison, no matter what their legal agreements may be. Two hundred and twenty-four such agreements and treaties have been made, but many of them have been broken and wars have been frequent. Much good is expected to come from giving certain peoples the right of self-determination. But democracy has never been a sovereign remedy for certain ills. Can it cure the millions who are burning with the fever of revolution and torn with racial hatreds and class antagonisms? Germany, whether outside or inside the League, will be a menace until she experiences a radical change of spirit and character. What can the right of self-determination do for the Slavs, without certain moral and spiritual conserving forces? The Slavs deserve sympathy and the best gifts of western civilization. Stung by cruelty, beguiled by German lies, betrayed and bribed by the Bolsheviks, the Slavs are striking madly and blindly as the French did in their revolution. The Slavs have a sacrificial zeal for liberty which for years has braved persecution, exile, and death. They have a man power and resources which if moralized and spiritualized would enrich and bless mankind immensely, but which, if left to wild passion and mobilized by the Bolsheviks, may become more terrible than the hordes that under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane laid Europe waste.

The world is under heavy obligations to the Slavs. They compelled Germany to fight on two fronts for three years. They have sacrificed millions of lives and billions of wealth. How much we owe little Serbia, who has earned the crown of martyrdom in the cause of the Allies. The Czecho-Slovaks, the countrymen of John Huss, have been fighting our battles against the Bolsheviks. There is Poland, also, the first and the greatest martyr of the nationalist faith in Europe, as France was the first evangelist. In all the republican uprisings in Europe, and in this war, the scattered Poles have fought and died to win for other peoples the nationality which has been denied them. The safety of the world and Christendom depends upon giving to the Slavs the saving forces which have imparted to the Allied Nations whatever stable character they now possess and these they must transmit to others or lose their own souls. The peoples of the four big democracies

were once at the stage where the Slavs are to-day. England, after she broke with her despotic King John at Runnymede, had seven hundred years of desperate struggle before she achieved self-government. She has severe struggles still before she makes her democratic calling and election sure. If the English people when they were smarting under oppression had followed the seductive leadership of Wat Tyler, the Lenine of that day, their liberties would have been wrecked. But fortunately they had an open Bible and they studied it. They were blessed with the leadership of Wycliff, Latimer, Simon de Montfort, and their apostolic successors in Church and State, to keep them from stumbling and to lift them up when they did stumble. Our American colonies, also, in that most critical period just after the Revolution and in several crises since, would have been torn asunder by sectional animosities but for the restraining forces of the Christian religion and its regenerating institutions. Every free people has climbed up the same bloody, rugged road. None has made any progress or possesses any real stability now save as the love of liberty has been, and is, safeguarded by the Bible and Christian institutions. The Slavs are now on their altar stairs of liberty. They are frantic with hunger, torn with anarchy, and encircled by Bolshevism as by a ring of fire. To leave them to their destruction would be a crime against humanity and a sin against God. That vast Slavic region is the storm center and the strategic center of the world's politics and of Christendom. The stability of both depends upon the reconstruction and the regeneration of the Slavs. Wherever Bolshevism does not rule, reconstruction is already going on, notably among the Czechoslovaks and Rumanians. The Russian peasants, who form a large part of the population, are almost wholly anti-Bolshevist. They are incurably religious. The paralyzing grasp of the State Church has been broken, the pathetic reverence for the Little Father has gone, but there remains the sweet simplicity of their faith in Jesus, the Galilean peasant, which led to the conversion of Tolstoi. Upon this foundation of Christian faith and upon the Russia of Tolstoi, Turgenieff, and Dostoievsky may be built the gold, silver, and precious stones of Christian character and a

Christian civilization. God's judgment fires are already burning up the wood, hay, and stubble.

God has more at stake in Eastern Europe than anyone. Those two hundred millions are "the people of his pasture." They are scattered abroad like sheep without a shepherd and the wolves are making sad havoc. There is no cry so certain to reach the ear of God as the cry of simple, defenseless peoples. Through many a Red Sea of revolution and through many a wilderness of misrule he has led them. He has poured his Spirit into the race in proportion to its willingness and ability to receive him. He has been drawing peoples together into societies and becoming the inner organizing power of nations. The nation is a divine institution just as truly as the Church. As Shakespeare says:

There is a mystery—with whom relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of State,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expression to.

It is this "mystery," this Unseen Presence and Informing Spirit, which gives a nation a character, makes it a part of the moral order, and thus disciplines the race to noble service. When this Divine Spirit is quenched the nation loses its sanctity and unity; it becomes an aggregation of warring interests which seek to establish their predatory rule. The "imponderables" are God's ministering spirits ever at work to establish his Kingdom in human affairs.

There was a time when the ideal of a Divine Kingdom transcending Church and State, and immanent in both, was universally cherished by Christendom. That ideal was championed by the Roman Catholic Church and for a time rendered an immense service to humanity. It curbed violence and established "a truce of God" at a time when "bloody and disorderly tyranny" was as rampant as it is now in Central and Eastern Europe. Had that Church been true to this divine ideal, to bind nations and peoples in obedience to and love of Christ, the world would have been spared most of its wars and would need no League of Nations to keep the peace. But in its lust for temporal power

the Church antagonized every State it could not rule and denied the divine mission of the State. It trampled upon the rights and duties of the State as a part of the moral order of the world. As a consequence the State became degraded into a secular institution which recognized no higher law than its own necessity and no power other than military force. It became Machiavellian, save where the spiritual life in humanity established free self-governments. On the other hand, by this alienation of the State the Church lost its distinctive character and its primacy in human affairs. Since then there has been no united Christendom, no moral order of commanding authority and power. Europe has been a battleground of shifting alliances and warring kingdoms. Vainly endeavoring by force to preserve a Balance of Power and keep the peace, the selfishness of some nation or nations has always tipped the balance and brought on war. Out of that fateful separation, not so much between Church and State as between a spiritual kingdom and secular forces backed by sinister interests, have come this war and the present international chaos.

It is a most humiliating fact that the Church, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, has become subservient to encroaching secularism. In Germany and Russia it has given pious sanction to policies and practices which were born in hell. In all countries the Church has too often forgotten that it has been invested with the keys of the kingdom of righteousness and commissioned to bind persons and nations into a spiritual society and loose them from the lusts that alienate and destroy. We sing, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." This is true of the Church invisible, but not of the Church visible. It has no unified command, no proper subordination of sectarian and secondary interests to an overmastering purpose to carry forward the Kingdom of God. Would that the Church had the power to speak in righteousness with one voice and with that compulsive persuasion which the Holy Spirit alone gives. This is what the nations and humanity in general are travailing in pain for: sure spiritual guidance and control. In a most critical period of the war H. G. Wells visited France and Italy and met David Lubin, who was at work upon the very perplexing problem of food supply and

distribution. "Their conversation drifted from economic matters, from the ideas of nationalism and faction and policy, toward something else which is larger which they found in the minds of the people. 'The people,' Mr. Wells said, 'are feeling their way toward a bigger rule.' 'The rule of Righteousness,' said Mr. Lubin." Mr. Wells told him that he had been coming to the idea of the whole world as one state and community and of God as King of that state.

"But I say that!" cried Mr. Lubin. "I have put my name to that. And it is *here*." He seized an Old Testament that lay upon the side of the table and rapped its cover. "It is here in the Prophets."

That talk, Mr. Wells says, was only one of a number of talks about religion that he had with practical men who want to get the world straighter than it is and who perceive that they must have a leadership outside themselves, the leadership of a God of righteousness to establish a righteous world order.

Daniel Dorchester

WHAT IS DEACONESS WORK?

A SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR ARTICULATING THE VOCATIONAL WORKER AND HER WORK WITH THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE CHURCH

PRESIDENT MURLIN, in a public address delivered less than a year ago, affirmed that the status of woman in the world had changed more in the forty years prior to 1914 than it had in the preceding four hundred years, and that history would show that the progress in the woman's movement between 1914 and 1918 is equal to, or greater than, that made in the forty-year period. The truth of this statement is unchallenged. With the breaking up of monarchy, tyranny, and age-worn ecclesiasticism a new world order has been established. In this new order woman has suddenly been lifted into a place of influence and power equal to that of her brother. This change has been brought about by a recognition of her ability to serve. From matriarchal time woman has been a servant, but a servant in bonds. To-day she is a servant without shackles. She has been released from servitude for ministry. The gulf separating the two is as great as that which divides autocracy from democracy.

In the whole realm of woman's labor a readjustment of values is being made. These values are not the result of arbitrarily defined rights and privileges, but a just recognition and fine appreciation of services rendered in the hour of our country's greatest peril. A grateful world accepts the part which woman has played in helping to defeat the foes of humanity and to establish a righteous and just world order. Only one reward is adequate for such service—an equal share in the benefits and burdens of this new day. No body, religious or secular, can ignore the change in our whole attitude toward woman's work which this tremendous fact forces upon us. The attempt of the church to carry on deaconess activities on a pre-war basis is an attempt to combat the mighty tides of a renaissance. Nothing short of a reconstruction of our whole machinery will enable us to meet the challenge of to-day.

Woman's work in the Methodist Episcopal Church is characterized by a lack of correlation and unification. The only woman consecrated by the church for special service is the deaconess. The conception of just what a deaconess is and what constitutes deaconess work is so hazy in the majority of Methodist minds that it may be worth our while to face the question squarely and insist upon a clear-cut definition. The Discipline of our church attempts such in the following words (Paragraph 229, Section 1): "A deaconess is a woman who has been led by the Spirit and by the providence of God to forego all other pursuits in life that she may devote herself wholly to the Christlike service of doing good, and who, after having received this divine call, has been trained and tested during a probation of at least two years, and after such preparation has been duly licensed and consecrated."

This definition is further expanded in Section 3 by a partial enumeration of the ways in which she is to "do good." A woman having offered herself for such service, when trained and consecrated by the church is a deaconess. The regulations for her work, such as plan of support, prescribed garb, relief and pension, are solely matters of method. A study of the chapter on deaconess work in our Discipline will show that these minor details have been changed from time to time, as in the case of the so-called uniform allowance. It is to be regretted that a clearer definition of the deaconess and her work is not given, and that any attempt is made to qualify or to limit the ways in which she shall function. Every Christian desires to do good. Imagine, if you can, any true mother who does not "devote herself wholly to the Christlike service of doing good." And why enumerate a few ways of doing good when heaven offers countless opportunities of reincarnating the spirit of the compassionate Christ? A minister is called primarily to preach. If by this is meant only the public preaching of the Word from the pulpit there would be a marked curtailment of his ministry. The definition is, by common consent, expanded to cover all the ways by which his activities may preach the gospel to the world. Why should not a deaconess be a woman called and trained for definite service in the church in any capacity for the extension of the Kingdom?

Here the question naturally arises, "How shall she serve?" In other words, "What is deaconess work?" Let us look at some phases of service which the Discipline specifically mentions:

There can be no doubt that hospital work is considered legitimately deaconess. No service is more Christlike or more generally appeals to the sympathy of the church. The Methodist Year Book lists forty-eight hospitals operated by our denomination. Of that number five out of the first six, which are the largest and the strongest, were started by deaconesses and only one of that number is now reported as a deaconess institution. There are six or seven others which are only nominally deaconess. Methodism is certainly interested in the work of these institutions and it is to be hoped that more and better service can be given through their enlargement. Evidently hospital work has not been monopolized by deaconesses, but in a very true sense it can be said that it is of the type of Christlike ministry which deaconess work represents. The children's institutions of our church furnish a similar illustration.

Suppose we inquire into the work which is done by the regular visiting deaconess. Instantly we are confronted with some contradictions as to what shall be called deaconess and what shall be designated as nondeaconess. A timely and very well written article appeared in the January-February number of the *METHODIST REVIEW* entitled, "The New Program of the Church: Some Christian Vocations for Women." I quote the following: "Several specific and quite alluring vocations call to the energies of womanhood: religious education, church secretaryship, deaconess work, social service, and other forms of missionary work, home and foreign." I am wondering why the writer of this admirable article did not explain to us just how the work of the non-deaconess church secretary differs from that of the church secretary who is a deaconess. The same question may be asked of religious education, the social and immigrant work, which are singled out as new and different vocations. Suppose we acknowledge that the deaconess does one, two, three, or more lines of work, while the other worker specializes and does but one. Granting this to be true, is the difference not

one of degree rather than kind of service rendered? Religious education remains religious education, and many a deaconess is rendering as valuable service in this field as some workers who are called directors of religious education. Likewise some deaconesses have given their whole time to immigrant work, and many of the churches for our non-English speaking neighbors, like the Italians, are the direct outcome of devoted and skillful deaconess labor. Suppose the caption for this article had been, "How Deaconess Work is Opening the Door of Service to the Women of the Church." The development of this theme would have shown that the deaconess pioneered in all of these fields and secured from the church the first and only official recognition of woman's work. Why should these other vocations be mentioned? Because the church demands it. The Board of Sunday Schools appeals for directors of religious education and insists upon a high grade of specialization. The Board of Home Missions and Church Extension maps out a program for reclaiming the city and the country, and thereby issues a challenge for trained leaders. In both instances the work is practically the same as some deaconesses are doing. What line of demarcation will the church insist upon having in the *kind* of work these women are doing? Are not both rendering the same Christlike ministry to humanity? Wherein lies our difficulty? Namely, mainly in this: that the deaconess, beginning her ministry in the church when the whole field of religious-social work was undeveloped, accepted the modest task laid upon her: that she was to do "that for which other hands could not be found."

How is this situation to be handled? Shall the deaconess quietly relinquish certain lines of work and devote her energies to the doing of one thing well? Certainly that would be better than to suffer extinction by a process of elimination. A few years ago the deaconess might have considered herself in full possession of the city field, for to her as much as to any other single force must be given the credit of awakening the church to its responsibility to the immigrant and neglected classes. But, lo, a new day is upon us. The Board of Home Missions establishes training centers for high grade work, grants scholarships

for specialization, and opens doors of service on such a highly respectable and democratic basis as to appeal to the best young women of our land.

There are dozens of strong women in Methodism who have forged ahead and distinguished themselves in service, giving their whole time to Christian work under other boards of our church. Why are not these women bound together in cooperative sympathy and unity of action? We have already seen that the so-called deaconess work cannot be separated from the other activities carried on by our church, and if further restrictions are to be made in deaconess work it must be by sacrificing to a large extent the established lines of social and religious service which have characterized it. To do this means such a narrowing of interests that the work must speedily decrease in importance. As the activities for women under the other boards of our church wax stronger with the impetus which the Centenary Movement has brought we must prepare ourselves for a more complicated and perplexing situation in the realm of woman's work than the church has yet faced. Different types of women's church organizations exist, but these do not offer a solution to our difficulties. These societies are composed largely of women in our churches banded together to aid in missionary endeavor. It is true that a few people in each are giving their full time to the work of the church, but *not one is composed of women who have chosen church work as a vocation.*

In the past history of deaconess work the greatest difficulty has been to secure harmonious relationship between boards of administration. The deaconesses have been parceled out to forms of administration and no worthy effort has yet been put forth by the church to place the worker in a position where she can view the task of the church as a whole. After thirty years of General Conference legislation the deaconesses are to-day virtually in three camps, and are devoid of legislative power. Exceptions are to be made in the case of heads of institutions and a few other workers, but the rank and file of deaconesses have no official standing although they are officers in the church. In the Conference where I hold my deaconess membership there

are men who represent every board and every interest of the church. A university president, a dean of a theological school, a professor in a college, a pastor of a city church, a superintendent of an institutional church, a president of a children's home, a financial secretary for a hospital, a chaplain in the army, a departmental secretary of the Board of Home Missions, an editor of a church paper, a pastor of a mission—all are members of the same Annual Conference. What binds these men together? A mere form of administration? Never. The boards of the church are to them parts of the whole. The ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church organized into the Annual Conferences ties the whole group together for concerted action. Whatever harms one board reacts on the whole. In unity of purpose every man is strengthened for his task. Suppose that the next General Conference should change this plan and distribute a certain number of ministers to each of the benevolent boards; carry the parallel a bit farther, so that the membership of these boards shall be composed largely of the laity, whose time and training for the work of the church must necessarily be limited and restricted; separate these men from their tasks by boards and committees, making it impossible for them ever to meet to discuss their own work or to intelligently view the field as a whole, and you complete the picture. What unanimity of program or action could we expect? This is exactly the situation to-day of the women who have made church work their vocation. This group does not include the woman of our missionary societies whose first interest must be given either to home or business. Neither does it include the woman of means and philanthropic spirit who serves on our benevolent boards and is able to give her money and herself as she chooses. It is composed of women who have found in church work a task big enough for their talents and their whole time; who instead of choosing public school teaching turn to religious education; instead of becoming office assistants in large business firms consecrate their talent to the work of the church; the women whose executive ability would have placed them at the head of an educational or business enterprise now turn this gift into use for the institutions of the church.

Thirty years ago there were few institutions in Methodism as compared with those we have to-day. Now there are millions of dollars invested in hospitals, homes, schools, settlements, and other lines of work. Shall the group of women who have laid the foundation for these institutions be the leaders in the new movement which shall bind together all those who are serving in like capacity, or must another company from without point out the way to the church for an adequate policy in woman's work?

Why does not Methodism provide an organization for all vocational church workers. An awakened church is seeking to adjust itself to the new forces of a liberated world. Adaptation is the key word. To some this means a letting down of the bars in the Christian ministry so that ordination shall be as accessible to a woman as a seat in the House of Parliament or in the legislative halls of the United States Congress. The church must wrestle with this problem. Other denominations have taken the lead in this, and there is reason to believe that our own church must unlock its doors to the women who desire to preach. It is my conviction, however, that comparatively few women will care to occupy the pulpit. We might well commit ourselves to this policy for the church if something better is not found, but as an expedient for the present there is something infinitely more worth while. The crying need in Methodism to-day among its women is not ordination but articulation; not an increase of ecclesiastical authority, but an adjustment of our religious activities to the new life. Think of the appeal which our Methodist hospitals might make to the young women of our land if leaders in that work could be perfectly free to develop the ideals of service in that profession without the artificial limitations which the deaconess order now imposes upon all who thus serve. The same holds true in the field of teaching. We have never yet given the young women of Methodism any conception of what the church might offer to those who desire to become teachers. The splendid work of the boys' and girls' schools is not known to our churches, and very few of our people either appreciate the need for these institutions or help as they should to carry the burden of their support. Social and community service, institutional manage-

ment, secretarial work, journalism, are other callings which should be magnified in the ministry of woman's service. Why should not the young women see this work as a whole?

The suggestion of a woman's conference organized under the Annual Conference of the church is made in the hope that it will at least give us an opportunity for unifying all of these interests and serve as a starting point toward a permanent organization. In place of the inadequate supervision of the Board of Nine let all vocational church workers of the Conference be organized into an Annual Conference with such legislative powers as they and the General Deaconess Board shall determine. These conferences need not necessarily follow the boundary lines of the Annual Conferences for the ministers, but should be made by a fair distribution of the workers in the different sections. A bishop should preside over the deliberations of such a body, and the time of meeting should be such that there would be no interference with the regular spring and fall Conferences of the church. The district superintendents of the Annual Conferences might also be included, and together with the bishop might form the nucleus of an appointing committee. This would tie the work of the group of women workers directly to the General Board or to the Annual Conference. Legislation concerning property interests or administrative boards of the church is not necessary or desired. Let me point out a few advantages: First, it would give the women themselves the opportunity which ought to be theirs of shaping and directing in large measure their own work. No system which subordinates the individual and is paternalistic in the care of its workers can hope to succeed in democratic America. Second, it would dignify the task of every worker. The secretary who devotes her full time to the work of a church institution is doing as Christlike ministry as the woman who makes her round of parish calls. The women in our hospitals will never feel the dignity of their calling or see its relationship to the tasks of the Kingdom until they have the privilege of meeting at least once a year with those engaged in other forms of Christian work, where together they may face the opportunities for the church and realize the fellowship of a common task. Third, this group of women

should determine the qualifications and the standing of its own members. Little enthusiasm can be generated in any organization which is made up of individuals who are admitted by committees from without and whose qualifications are not passed upon by the membership of its own body. Fourth, mutual help and benefit in support, relief, and pension would give needed opportunity for cooperation. Lastly, it would serve as the great inspirational time for women of the Conference just as the Annual Conference does for the ministry. Has not our woman's work lacked the impetus of such an assemblage? and would not such a gathering arouse new enthusiasm among the workers and result in the enlistment of new recruits?

Protestant Christianity is challenged to-day by the most stupendous tasks and far-reaching opportunities that civilization has ever imposed upon mankind. The reshaping of national life is insignificant compared to the remaking of a new world order wherein truth and justice shall be the dominating elements of a world-wide brotherhood. Methodism's contribution to this program must be generous and worthy. The part which the vocational church worker will play will increasingly accelerate or retard the whole movement. Will not the church set herself to this task of so coordinating all her interests that the strongest and best-equipped young women of our land shall heed the call and give themselves in sufficient numbers to serve the present age?

Alice M. Robinson.

LOWELL AND HIS INTERPRETATION OF LIFE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was a ten-talent man. His life was rich in possibilities and rich in achievements. He was a penetrative, sympathetic, and constructive critic of literature and life, a humorist both mellow and scintillating, a clear-visioned and militant champion of democracy, and above all a deep-voiced poet of the "eternal melodies." Olympus cannot be crushed in a nutshell; neither can the bountiful harvest of a fruitful life be compressed within the narrow confines of a few flimsy sentences. But as we gaze across the chasm of the intervening years at the princely palaces which he builded in the ideal-illuminated realm of art it is not hard for us to discern the great truths which permeated the life and inspired the genius of this imperial-minded son of New England's golden days.

I. The poetry of Lowell thrills and pulsates with the inclusive, dominating thought of human brotherhood. Like a thread of gold in a cloth of silver, through all the warp and woof of many a noble stanza runs the sublime truth that all men are members one of another. In the Biglow Papers the poet avers:

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory and one shame;
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.

And in the militant, triumphant *The Present Crisis*, a poem which rings like the trumpet summoning to the fray, the winged words of the poet carry to our hearts the soul-thrilling message:

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Such stanzas are of the most profound significance to a generation which has been called by mighty events to think, not in terms of townships, but in continents. Lord Salisbury once said to a "little Englander," "You must study larger maps." These days all of us must eradicate from our thinking every scintilla of petty provincialism, and it is well worth our while to sit at the feet of the great poet who long years ago grasped truths which even now most of us but see through a glass darkly. In *On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves Near Washington*, Lowell gives expression to the "higher law," which no misguided congress or parliament or selfish autocrat can ever repeal:

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

Lowell was of the classes, not of the masses. New England's bluest blood flowed in his veins. Like Dr. Holmes, his friend and colleague, he was a Brahmin of the Brahmins. The old patrician home at Elmwood was the abode of culture and competence. But the poet was no thin-blooded aristocrat. His positive, unwavering democracy expresses itself in many a line of sinewy, virile Anglo-Saxon:

A race of nobles may die out;
A royal line may leave no heir;
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plates and wooden ware.

But they fall not, the kinglier breed,
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

In *An Incident in a Railroad Car* we read, in words which are not easy to forget:

All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man;

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feeling find a home
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

• • • • •
All thoughts that mold the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole.

In his wide brain the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

There are those to whom brotherhood means vapid phrases and nebulous theories. Sometimes the sophomore "parlor socialist" recoils in disgust from any personal contact with those for whom he so vauntingly proclaims his sympathy. Ecclesiastical leaders with eloquently mouthed social programs have with cringing servility abased themselves at the throne of wealth. Lowell's gospel of brotherhood was more than banal academic platitudes. In *The Vision of Sir Launfal* we find the quintessence of the poet's gospel of brotherhood. Sir Launfal in search of the Holy Grail travels over land and sea before he apprehends the mighty truth that the victories of faith are won in the realm of lowly service. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

II. Lowell was no sycophantic imitator of European culture. As a man and a writer he was unequivocally American. In these days when every teacher must be a teacher of Americanism, when we can neglect no opportunity to contravene the subtle Prussian propaganda which has tried, not entirely without success, to pollute the fountain of our national ideals, there is no poet whom it is a greater joy to teach. He was neither a provincial New Englander nor a traitorous cosmopolitan. The first series of *The Biglow Papers* was written in the heat of the controversy over the ethical and political questions involved in the Mexican War; the second series, which appeared in the stormy days preceding the Civil War, is just as full of the fire of a dominating and soul-stirring emotion.

It is possibly to be expected that under such circumstances he would be somewhat unjust to his opponents. He is also inclined to discomfit the adversary by minor witticisms which severer judgment would omit, and occasionally he manifests that intellectual dexterity which has been a leading weakness of much of our political writing of America. But in spite of these defects and the many allusions to forgotten current events these dialect poems, permeated with the rugged wit and wisdom of undiluted Yankeeism, are still living interpretations of American life and ideals. A few specimens are sufficient to illustrate this:

Democ'acy gives every man
The right to be his own oppressor;
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser.

Read,

An' why should we kick up a muss
About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?
It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,
Ef we don't like emancipation:
The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born of woman.

More than one fundamental truth of Anglo-Saxon political thought do we find expressed in unvarnished words. For example,

But I know this: our money's safest trusted
In sunthin', come wut will, thet can't be busted,
An' thet's the old Amerikin idee
To make a man a Man an' let him be.

But the noblest lines in The Biglow Papers are those in which the poet writes of his three nephews who had laid their young lives on the altar of their country:

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers' makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
That follered once an' now are quiet,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaltin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
 Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,
 Hannsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'.
 I set and look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes like theirn, keeps climbin',
 Ez long 'sit lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despiase myself for rhymin'.

This brings us to the Commemoration Ode, which should be a much read poem in these days when the boys from many a college have taken

the khaki and the gun
 Instead of cap and gown.

Almost every college hall and classroom to-day is to some one sacred with the memories of men

Who went abroad to die.

Lowell's monumental poem in memory of the martyred sons of Harvard means much more to us to-day than it possibly could have done even a year ago. Thoughts almost too deep for words come to us from the lines:

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
 Amid the dust of books to find her,
 Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
 With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
 Many in sad faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
 But these, our brothers, fought for her;
 At life's dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her.

One of the truly great passages in the Commemoration Ode was inspired by the reverence in which Lowell held Abraham Lincoln:

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

The Ode is entirely free from any sectional or partisan feeling; it is characterized by a deep comprehension of the greatness of the

struggle and a noble spirit of magnanimity in victory. It is the one great poem inspired by the Civil War, and has been a source of patriotic inspiration to generations of the youth of America.

When the guns of the great fratricidal strife ceased to reverberate in the land the attitude of the poet, like that of the silent square-jawed soldier who led the blue-clad legions to victory, was one of charity for all and malice toward none. Lowell, too, was willing to say, "Let us have peace." In *Under the Old Elm*, after he pays his beautiful tribute to the great Virginian who at the foot of the old elm took up his herculean burden, he refers to the old Southern Commonwealth as the

Mother of States and undiminished men,

and hands to her the olive branch in long-to-be-remembered lines:

We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrowned manhood forth
In welcome of our Saviour and thy son.
Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory, hardly won.

Not only in poetry, but in prose as well did Lowell express his Americanism. As a people we have recently discovered that there are Americans of the second and third generation who neither understand nor sympathize with our ideals. Education in real patriotism most emphatically must not be neglected. And all of us can win for ourselves a greater appreciation of our heritage by now and then turning the glowing pages of New England's scholar poet.

III. "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string," says Emerson. In more than one ringing stanza Lowell teaches the same vigorous lesson of self-reliance. He believed in a man doing his own thinking and expressing his thoughts in unmistakable language. He makes Hosea Biglow say,

I'm a straight-spoken kind of creetur
 That blurts right out wut's in his head,
 An' of I've one peccolier feetur,
 It is a nose that wunt be led.

Professor James divides mankind into two classes: the tough-minded and the tender-minded. Lowell was a real son of the sterling old Puritans and had nothing but contempt for the namby-pamby weakling who is afraid to take a positive stand on any conceivable question. Tough-mindedness is the very essence of Puritanism; and in Lowell the strength of the fathers had not atrophied. In this lexicon harmlessness was not the crowning virtue. We read these words,

Strike soon, sez he, or you'll be deadly allin';
 Folks that's afeared to fail are sure of fallin';
 God hates your sneakin' creturs that Believe
 He'll settle things they run away and leave.

The Present Crisis is a poem that strikes no responsive chord in the heart of the coward. It is militant to the nth power. To select quotations from it is by no means an easy task:

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

Lowell was enough like the Pilgrim fathers to be different from them. They did their own thinking; he did his. They refused to be dominated by their fathers, neither was he ruled by them. Again we quote from the same soul-thrilling poem:

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
 Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's,
 But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
 Hoarding it in moldy parchments while our tender spirits flee
 The rude grasp of that great impulse which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
 Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new-lit altar fires;
 Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
 From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
 To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her campfires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

More than once does the poet place his wreath of tribute upon
the brow of a man who dared to stand alone. In his sonnet to the
fearless, rugged statesman from Ohio who refused to compromise
with the Moloch of slavery he says:

Giddings, far rougher names than thine have grown
Smoother than honey on the lips of men;
And thou shalt aye be honorably known
As one who bravely used his tongue and pen,
As best befits a freeman.

And to Wendell Phillips he pays this tribute:

He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes:
Many there were who made great haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords,
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,
And underneath their soft and flowery words
Heard the cold serpent hiss.

In his memorial verses to Garrison he strikes the same bold note:

O Truth! O freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nurst!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendors of the New Day burst?

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered, Yes; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and disarmed the triple crown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

This is good healthy teaching, of the kind which helps to stiffen the backbone and encourages one to persevere. A few days ago there appeared an article bearing the caption, "Wanted; a Spinal Column." Without a doubt many individuals who lack this important part of the human organism are going up and down the land and to and fro in it. Hypothetical courage under imaginary conditions is much easier than even the slightest degree of non-conformity in facing the practical problems of a real world. Yet the slavish imitator or the spineless compromiser can under no circumstances develop strength of character and force of personality. Emerson says, "This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four." A man can compromise and compromise until he sells his very soul to the demons of falsehood. As a practical idealist Lowell taught unswerving loyalty to truth. Vital contact with his militant message cannot but make us stand more firmly and fight better.

IV. Lowell was fundamentally a religious poet. But as we make this statement it is wise for us to keep in mind that religion is not necessarily synonymous with orthodoxy. It is useless to apply the whitewash brush to Lowell's creed. Between his position and that of intelligent orthodoxy there is a great gulf fixed. In the words of Bishop Quayle, "Lowell had not a cross and did not know that Christ was God." His religious life was powerfully influenced by his revulsion from the old "sour milk Calvinism" which had once dominated the intellectual life of New England. He was aggressive in his Unitarianism. To attempt, by ignoring certain of the poet's writings and mutilating others, to place him upon the strait and narrow path of orthodox thinking, is merely an evidence of an inability to face the facts of life. On the other hand, if we consign him into exterior darkness because we cannot always see eye to eye with him, we condemn ourselves to a spiritual

life that is "cabined, cribbed, confined." We can learn from those with whom we differ.

As a general rule it is better to emphasize the positive than the negative. To a large part of the teachings of Lowell any son of John Wesley can enthusiastically subscribe. It is rather for us to refresh souls at the Valclusa fountain of his genius than to captiously turn his pages in a spirit of critical pedantry. We have already seen that Lowell believed in a living God, whose strength is ever upon the side of right and justice:

Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

The God in whom he believed was not an absentee God who "had wound up creation and rested since the first Sabbath." In the dim stanzas of *Bibliolatries* he says:

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find."

The closing stanza in *An Ode for the Fourth of July, 1876*, has lines which Americans cannot read too often:

God of our fathers, thou who wast,
Art, and shalt be when those eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt,
We, sprung from loins of stalwart men
Whose strength was in their trust
That thou wouldst make thy dwelling in their dust
And walk with those a fellow-citizen
Who build a city of the just,
We, who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,
Still, like our fathers, feel thee near,
Sure that, while lasts the immutable decree,
The land to Human Nature dear
Shall not be unbeloved of thee.

In the gloomy Cathedral, a poem sicklied o'er with the pale
cast of doubt, we read:

I that still pray at morning and at eve,
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, my mother's knee,

and in L'Envoi:

God is open-eyed and just,
The happy center and calm-heart of all.

Lowell was not without a conception of the divine mission of Christ. He hitched all that was best and noblest in human endeavor to the old doctrine of Calvary. He believed that every duty shirked was a denial of the Christ. In his Parable he teaches that no correct doctrine avails if Christ's little ones are being crucified on the iron cross of mammonism. His gospel of service so nobly expressed in the Vision of Sir Launfal is at the center of his Christianity. In Godminster Chimes we find the same sublime truth:

And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's crown
And safe in God repose;
The saints of many a warring creed
Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where Self the feet have spurned.

The Christian teachings of Lowell grip the heart, and give to us a more close, realizing sense of the immanence of God, the presence of Christ, and the brotherhood of man.

Lowell was a man of many interests. His strong and radiant personality found points of contact with life in many of its aspects. When we consider the range of his intellectual sympathies we almost feel as though he, like Bacon, had taken all knowledge to be his province. Ripe scholar though he was, with him books were never a substitute for life. Even the cursory reader cannot but be impressed with a sense of the largeness and richness of the world in which the poet lived. Each hour spent in the study of

his work is an arch wherethrough gleam new fields of rich experience. It is much more satisfactory to study Lowell than to study about him. His luxuriant suggestiveness makes any attempt to analyze his thought highly unsatisfactory. It is, nevertheless, indubitably true that in his writings, both prose and poetry, there are certain distinctive characteristics which set forth with translucent clearness the author's life philosophy. Preeminently he was a clean-souled, high-minded American, to whom it was given to express the noblest and sincerest idealism of his generation.

Although there are still among us those who can remember the great poets of the New England renaissance as they came and went among their fellows, it was a quarter of a century ago that the last of that shining company passed to where beyond these voices there is peace. Emerson, the earthquake scholar of Concord, and Longfellow, the sweet singer of our springtime, left us in the early eighties. Lowell, the youngest of the group, born a century ago, February 22, 1819, died in the old ancestral home of his boyhood in 1891. A year later ended the tranquil life of the gentle-spirited hermit of Amesbury. In '94 the lambient soul of the genial old autocrat, "the last leaf" on the tree, felt the gentle touch of the breath of an eternal morning. To-day our souls thrill with the mighty impulses of a tremendous age. New voices are in the air, and eyes that once were holden are seeing new visions. But not all that has come down to us from other generations should be allowed to gather mold among the forgotten archives of the past. That writer who deals with the fundamentals of life and character has eternal youth. Yet modern literature cannot be neglected. No man reads wisely who fails to keep his finger upon the great throbbing pulse of his own age. But the effervescent of to-day is an inadequate substitute for the classic of yesterday. He who reads Masters and neglects Emerson, reads Frost but not Whittier, who is familiar with Amy Lowell but is almost entirely ignorant of her much more illustrious kinsman, in his intellectual life builds towers but ignores foundations. His understanding of the literature and the life of his own age is blurred because he has no standard of comparison. Most certainly we must not supinely submit to the tyranny of the past; we must live in the present and

face the future. But although mankind progresses man remains very much the same. The texture of the soul life of a nation or an individual is not essentially changed by a few brief decades. They who a half a century ago, in our own country, stood upon the mountain and heralded the dawn are to-day more than doleful voices from the gloomy sepulchers of dead thoughts and outworn issues. It is not altogether impossible that upon their pages we find truth more vital, more richly suggestive, more spiritually illuminating than that which emanates from the consciously ultra-modern who, according to his own humble confession, is through the pages of the pseudo-progressive weekly shedding the white light of knowledge upon the darkened minds of those who are not yet ready to discard the "old traditions of right and wrong." In this the year of his centenary it can be asserted, with the strongest emphasis, that Lowell is not a dead author. In his work we find that which still lives because it has to do with those elements of life which are the same to-day as yesterday.

Lewis H. Chusman

LISTENING TO GOD

I WONDER if, after all, true prayer is not more listening to God than having God listen to us.

Hidden away in the fine print of the sacred Old Testament are many exquisite human touches and heavenly inspirations which, like hidden jewels, shine only for those who hunt for them. Among the tenderest incidents here briefly told is of a devout little mother who, as an expression of her sincere gratitude that God had answered her prayer for motherhood, willingly took her little son to the house of the Lord in Shiloh and left him in the care of Eli, the holy priest of the Lord, to be brought up in the ministry of God's house. And we remember how "his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year." And it came to pass, when the little boy was about twelve years of age and Eli had become aged and blind, that one night, after the child had finished his sacred ministries about the holy altar, as he was laid down to sleep "the Lord called Samuel," and thinking it was the voice of Eli the boy promptly answered the summons; and this he did not only once but twice, and thrice; and each time Eli assured him that he had not called him, until the third time, when the old man perceived that it was God calling the child. The sacred historian says that up to this time "Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him." And Eli told the lad to lie down again and if he heard the voice once more to answer, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." And it was even so that when God spoke again the boy answered promptly, and God revealed to him some of the secrets of his purposes; "and Samuel grew and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel from Dan even to Beer-sheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord."

I wonder, again, if any man will not be a prophet and any woman a prophetess if they will only listen to what God has to say to them. Is it any less true 1900 years after

Christ than it was 1100 years before Christ that God will be able to use those instrumentalities, however humble, who listen to him?

On the glowing Transfiguration mountain, when a bright cloud overshadowed Jesus and his three disciples, there came a voice out of the cloud which said, "This is my beloved Son: hear him." I wonder, still again, if the reason why Jesus selected Peter and the two sons of Zebedee as his closer comrades was not that they were good listeners. God has so much to tell his creatures, and he speaks in so many voices, but only those who listen can learn.

Every voice of nature is a voice of God. If we could understand we might hear God's voice in the roar of the thunder and in the weird, ominous rumble of the earthquake; in the surge of the sea and in the ripple of the waterfall; in the plaintive note of the dove and in the soft cooing of a babe. What sounds the musicians hear! They can even detect the footfall of a sunbeam, and the soft rhapsody of the moonlight, and the melody of a daffodil. Wherever any power manifests itself, either of a thunderbolt or of gravity's mysterious regency, if it expresses itself in a sound it is the voice of God.

Once when our favorite poet of the High Sierras was far away in Italy he wrote homesick lines about our incomparable sunset shore. I am rapturously glad that I have been permitted to live for more than a dozen years in this lovely land. But this is Joaquin Miller's little song:

Could I return to my woods once more
And dwell in their depths as I have dwelt,
Kneel in their mosses as I have knelt,
Sit where the cool white rivers run,
Away from the world and half hid from the sun,
Hear wind in the woods of my storm-torn shore
Glad to the heart with listening,
It seems to me that I then could sing,
And sing as I never have sung before.
I miss, how wholly I miss my wood,
My matchless, magnificent dark-leaved firs
That climb up the terrible heights of Hood,
Where only the breath of white heaven stirs! . . .

O . . . once more in my life to hear
The voice of a wood that is loud and alive,
That stirs with its being like a vast bee-hive!
And, O, once more in my life to see
The great bright eyes of the antlered deer;
To sing with the birds that sing to me,
To tread where only the red man trod,
To say no word, but listen to God!

Was there ever such a place to listen to God as by El Capitan's silky precipice, or Wawona's lofty plumes, or 'neath Shasta's snowy crest, or within Catalina's magic thrall? How prodigal God has been of himself in our sunny southland, and how much he wants to tell in the vesper song of the bird at eventide, and in the pealing notes of the mocker at midnight. Nature is a marvelous linguist and speaks many languages, but then all are the voices of God.

To him who in love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language.

There is no silence in nature. God is speaking somewhere always. If a man has never found God it is because he is deaf to a voice which is never still. The atheist is deaf to a world that is full of God's music. God always speaks in musical notes, and when we shall know more of God we shall find the melodies of heaven and the oratories of divinity filling the whole earth. The call of duty is the voice of God. To an honest man no voice speaks so loudly, so commandingly. How should men know what God would have them do except for those mighty convictions which, like deep voices, are calling up from the depths of their souls, and which when honored are transformed into wings that lift the soul of man up to the habitations of God? Every man who seeks to do his duty finds a trail up Sinai's dizzy slopes where God dwells. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" He who answers back to God, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

When men and women listen to God then we have Samuel and Hannah and Moses and Paul. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" What if Saul had not listened? There would have

been no twelfth chapter of Romans, no thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, no eleventh chapter of Hebrews. "Lovest thou me?" What if Peter had not listened? No Pentecostal triumph. The young ruler did not listen. He would not sell all and give. Luther listened, and reformed the Church. Wesley listened, and revived a world. Lincoln listened. He heard God's voice in the sob of the slave—in the cry of the black mother when her sweet daughter was snatched from her bosom to become the chattel of a brute. Yes, Lincoln listened, and it broke his heart. Nobody has ever become a world saviour until his heart was broken with the world's sorrows. Lincoln first heard God's voice back in a rude Kentucky cabin when his dying mother pressed her frail arm around him and whispered, "Be something, Abe!" No wonder his face was always sad. He was a child of sorrow and, like his Master, he "was acquainted with grief." For many generations there have been cries of agony from homes where the curse of alcohol had inflicted unspeakable woes upon mother and child and fathers and sons. These cries of agony have been God's voice calling men and women to duty, and nation-wide prohibition is now the glorious result with world-wide prohibition in sight.

"Vox populi, vox Dei." "The voice of the people is the voice of God," said the classic Hesiod in the long ago; but it is as true to-day. The people are speaking. They spoke fifty years ago, and although human slavery was entrenched in the wealth and culture and even in the armaments of the South, it had to go; its tragic days were numbered, for the people spoke, and it was again the voice of God. The people have again spoken. The leading metropolitan dailies are against it; rich producers who live in palaces are denouncing it; even some robed prelates are calling it fanaticism; a wealth that has grown bloated and plethoric will ask the Supreme Court for its judgment; and a dilettante frivolity is pronouncing it utterly ridiculous and revolutionary that the smart set may not drink high-balls and cocktails when it pleases; but, nevertheless, the people have spoken. All too long have the people been exploited by avaricious wealth and social degenerates; but at length the people have spoken. In no unmistakable tones they have spoken. Ballots talk; and King Alcohol and Kaiser

Bill are simultaneously overthrown and Booze goes into a deep, dark sepulcher of death and oblivion, never to be again resurrected, because "the voice of the people is the voice of God!"

God has spoken once again as he spoke on smoking Sinai; and when God speaks the worshipers of golden calves would better listen!

Women have listened to God and have gone forth as messengers of the New Day. "The women who publish the good tidings are a great host." Tiny Miriam listened to God, and found Moses's mother for her baby brother. Deborah listened, and became a wise leader in Israel. Beautiful Esther listened, and saved her people. Ruth listened, and became the lovely ancestress of her Lord. Exquisite Mary listened, and became the mother of God. The sisters of Lazarus listened, and the world is filled with the odor of their ointment. Mary Magdalene and the other Mary and Salome and the wife of Herod's steward followed the angry mob without the gates, even unto the top of Golgotha, and they saw and they listened, and were the first at the sepulcher as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week; and they listened when the angel in white said, "He is not here, for he is risen," and they became the prompt heralds of the resurrection on that first radiant Easter morning. From the beginning women have listened when Christ has spoken and, unlike any other religion, the gospel of Christ is a woman's gospel as well as a man's. All other religions left the woman out, and when the women are forgotten the children are neglected; but the religion of Jesus will become universal and triumphant because he glorified motherhood and childhood in his birth, and virility, and manhood, in his achievements—the most gallant and chivalrous of men. His voice was lifted in behalf of a timid woman whose heart prompted her to a tender fragrant ministry when he said, "Let her alone; she hath done what she could," and the listening women heard those gallant words and went out to do what they could for Jesus. The women were there that day when Jesus rebukingly said to his disciples, as the mothers wanted to bring their babies to him for a blessing, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and those anxious

women, listening, went away with grateful hearts to tell their children of the Blessed Lover and to bring them up to adore and to obey him. The world belongs to the good woman, and good women will in the end get everything they want from God and from men.

Susannah Wesley was a listening woman, and what a mother and what a home; and what holy inspirations her boys drew out of her loving bosom. Barbara Heck listened, and told those early backslidden Methodists in America what God had said to her. Catherine Booth listened, and the Salvation Army. Frances Willard listened, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

During the recent flood and famine in China, in the region south of Peking, there were many to provide for in a large family, and the father decided to lighten his load by a little. He took his sweet little girl and brought her to a hole in the ice and told her to jump in; and when she hesitated, and pleadingly said, "But, Daddy, it is cold!" He answered, "Never mind; you must jump in!" and when she hesitated he thrust her under the ice and returned home with one less mouth to feed. Don't blame the father, but a tardy Christianity which is taking long to obey the Master's voice, "Go ye into all the world!" If anyone is listening to God he may hear his voice in the trembling voice of the little helpless, heathen child, "But, Daddy, it is cold!" It breaks our hearts. But those who listen to God must expect to have their hearts broken.

Charles Edward Locke.

THE MINISTER AS A RECRUITING OFFICER FOR RELIGIOUS LIFE WORKERS

THAT a shortage of ministers, missionaries, and other Christian workers exists is common knowledge. The Centenary aims to recruit thousands of new workers, and must do so if the final expected results are to be actually obtained. While a special obligation rests upon the colleges to enlist these leaders, still the more fundamental responsibility must be placed upon the pastors. Every preacher should provide at least his own successor in life. Every Paul should find a Timothy before he dies. It is not right that the impulse of reproduction of spiritual sons in the gospel ministry should find a stopping place in any life. Every local church should be led to produce Christian life-workers in order to keep it from sponging off other churches for its continued leadership. Consider the wide range of opportunity to be presented. Aside from the stated ministry, there are deaconesses, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. secretaries, social workers, reformers, evangelists, singers, chaplains, university professors, and religious editors. In the foreign field, in addition to ordained men, doctors, nurses, teachers, industrial workers, builders, athletic directors, etc., are wanted. Where shall this army be recruited? Who shall be the recruiting officers? The securing of these workers offers the most satisfying sense of reward to anyone who prays and works for laborers.

The pastor must set a good example as a Christian worker. Consecration is catching. The ministry must be made evidently worth while. Young men will be attracted to a Christian calling provided they see their pastor really doing things of moment. Christian work can be shown up as the highest privilege of man by the preacher's attitude and success. The handicap of low salaries paid to all religious servants can be overcome only by presenting the vast ranges of opportunity and spiritual reward. Young people will not enter upon such work for the sake of money and they will not be kept out of it on account of the lack of money.

No preacher can hope to secure missionary candidates unless he has faced the issue squarely himself. No pastor can enlist young women to work in the slums of the cities unless he is willing to go there himself, if the Lord should call him. No man can impart a stronger spiritual impulse than he possesses himself. The place of one's service need not hinder any man from summoning others to go elsewhere provided the same sacrificial spirit is dominant in his own life. Herein lies the secret why some men have a large family of spiritual children working in the church while others are eking out a miserable existence until they can retire.

Preachers should make the recruiting of religious life-workers one of the definite aims of their ministry. There is too much haziness existing on the subject of "calls." Preachers should be God's agents to give the calls. God has often spoken through godly men to others. Before Bishop E. H. Hughes went to DePauw University only a few candidates for the ministry were coming out of that great Methodist school. President Hughes felt that more should be the rule and he set about carefully to change the status. Ever since his incumbency DePauw University has regularly sent an increased quota of graduates to the theological seminaries every year. God's will has not been done by somebody, or there would not exist this present acute shortage of ministers. It is quite sane, therefore, to restate our main proposition, that preachers should make recruiting an aim. Whatever aims a preacher keeps before his mind are very likely to be reached. If he goes to a new charge with the thought, "I must see people saved and new members taken into the church," he will pray, plan, and work for that end and will most surely reach it. If he goes to a people with the purpose of building a new church structure quite probably indeed will a fine new house of worship be constructed. Similarly, if he aims to double the benevolent giving so as to reach the apportionments he will preach on the subject, pass out literature, get Advocate subscribers, and push the financial canvass. The very same general principle applies to getting Christian workers. Men who have this aim fixed in their minds are the ones who seize upon every opportunity to press the claims of the work. Has my pastor reader such an aim?

Pastors must create an atmosphere of intelligence and of hearty support to the wider work of the Kingdom. The local situation must not entirely dominate the scene. Our young friends will not wish to be prophets in their own country and must learn something about other "countries." It is the business of the minister to interest his people in the expansive program of Christianity. One sermon a year on the benevolences is totally inadequate. The presentation of these gigantic efforts to Christianize the world must not be made with an apology. Failure to raise money for benevolences will be matched with failure to recruit lives for Christian work. But where home and foreign missions, and all related subjects, are spoken of with high enthusiasm not only money will be forthcoming to meet the needs, but also the far more precious lives of boys and girls, young men and young women. In creating this atmosphere of friendliness to the wider work of the church another great subject to make live is stewardship. Men who are practicing tithing and the stewardship of all their possessions are equipped to preach the subject with power. Young people in the pews will not stop with the consecration of their money, but will offer themselves. The stewardship of personality is very closely linked with that of property. It was really no strange thing for a lawyer in the Middle West to come to New York and offer his services to the Board of Foreign Missions after he had been thoroughly aroused to the stewardship message.

What are some practical ways and means of directly influencing young people to enter Christian work? Public mention of our expectation should be made repeatedly. At the service following the session of Annual Conferences the pastor can say something about the class admitted on trial and add that he hopes somebody from his church may find his way there. When the papers tell of missionaries having just sailed some remark can be dropped about that. At the time of public prayer let the petition for laborers in God's harvest fields be made repeatedly. Use the suggestion of life service freely during revivals. Every such series of meetings should result in securing some kind of life-worker as well as conversions. On occasions that would be fitting, as at baccalaureate services, preach on the subject. A pastor with this

aim in view will develop public leadership in his young people. He will urge them to learn to pray and speak in public. He will get them into official positions in the Epworth League. He will carefully instruct them in Sunday school teaching. Finally some day he will practically force such a young man to take the pulpit in an emergency. Bishop Leete tells the story of his entrance into the ministry thus, and he has been preaching some ever since. Bishop Thoburn was appointed as leader of a class in his youth without his consent. By taking an interest as class leader he developed into a preacher to multitudes.

Pastoral calling should be utilized to realize this fixed aim of a man's ministry. In pious homes the parents may be addressed on this sacred subject. Put the thought into their minds concerning their children. Many fathers and mothers have proved to be the strongest hindrance. It used to be considered a mother's highest glory to furnish a preacher son, and that attitude should be cultivated studiously. A minister may lay hands on a little child and say, "I hope the Lord may call you to be a minister." This may be a little old-fashioned, but God has blessed such faith many times. Pastors should be on the watch to learn of the life plans of their young people. They can then suggest the Christian alternative: either to abandon the cherished plan for a definite Christian calling or use the cherished plan in the service of the church. For instance, a boy says that he wants to be a mechanic. The pastor may feel that he has possibilities as a preacher, and so urges the claims of the ministry upon him. Or, believing that the boy had best remain a mechanic, the pastor may speak of industrial missions and present the needs in Africa for such work. A girl says that she wants to be a nurse. Let her become a deaconess nurse or a missionary nurse.

Pastors should urge their young people to attend our Methodist colleges. There is no narrowness in this statement, but only a practical point. The atmosphere of a university has much to do with the choice of a life-work. As a matter of fact, very few indeed of our Christian leaders are being produced from the State universities. The chances of a choice to enter religious work are reduced to a minimum. But in our church schools speakers are

heard from the chapel platform on these very subjects. Revivals are held in which the spiritual life of the students is made vibrant with enthusiasm. The contagious example of fellow-students preparing for Christian work cannot be overestimated in importance. If a young person is to do such work in life he needs the friendship of his student comrades in after years. Associated with the attendance at colleges of our church is attendance upon summer institutes and Chautauquas controlled by Christian churches. Many a person has been led to make a serious decision at our Epworth League Institute's Life-Service meetings. Pastors can do a fine service by urging their young people to go to these gatherings and thus help to place them under proper influences.

A liberal supply of pointed literature dealing with the work, the claims and the opportunities should be constantly in hand. A little pamphlet which "hits the spot" may do a world of good. A few tested ones are here suggested: "The Claims of the Ministry on Strong Men," by Gordon; "Consecration," by Mott; "The Supreme Decision of the Christian Student," by Eddy, and "What Constitutes a Missionary Call," by Speer. The Student Volunteer Movement can supply many more.

Permit a closing word. The results of this work will not show in the Conference Minutes! One may work for years and see very few enlisted. But the finished product is worth all the patience, perseverance, and prayer bestowed upon it! The writer's own brother was importuned for ten years to consider favorably missionary work. To-day he is in China, while God has providentially hindered the writer from this field of labor. To know that other men are working in distant places where you cannot go, to feel that when you lay down your work other men will carry it on whom you have helped to start, both of these sweet thoughts are ample personal reward.

Stanley W. Wiant.

PARADISE LOST IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY

MILTON's great epic, written just before Newton's epoch-making discovery of the law of gravitation and when the earth was still regarded by most people as the center of things, has been relegated to the scrap heap by too many superficial people as wholly outworn in its teaching. Lovers of the rhythm in poetry concede that the cadences of *Paradise Lost* are unique in their richness of verbal melody, and purple patches from some of the more popular books are still not unfamiliar: but no longer, it must be conceded, is the epic read for its final logic, its interpretation of things universal. The poet Tennyson was on one occasion reading *Lycidas* aloud to some friends. When he had done, and the talk went on to general discussion, a girl present remarked that she had never read *Paradise Lost*. "Shameless daughter of your age," was the bard's caustic comment. His own inimitable apostrophe to Milton, written in classic *alcaics*, is a tribute to the art rather than to the teaching of his predecessor; to the grand word-painting of such books as the Fourth and the Ninth:

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset!
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Although Milton actually met Galileo, the thinker who recanted his astronomy only to mutter, "Yet it still moves," and though he indicates that he had accepted the new astronomy, yet he does not dare to use it in his cosmography. Isaac Newton,

educated at the same University of Cambridge, though in a different college, began his fruitful studies on motion—suggested by the falling of an apple—the very year that *Paradise Lost* was published. These two men were perhaps the most distinguished harbingers of our modern world of exact thinking; and yet Milton, right in between them and linked to them by many ties, in essential respects belongs to a world that has passed away. It is quite as easy to accept the cosmogony of Dante as his; indeed there is more of evolution in the Florentine's conception of God's universe. This is largely to be ascribed to the extreme literalism of Milton's interpretation of Holy Writ. He accepted the Bible as not only a guide in spiritual matters but as giving us enlightenment on scientific questions, and he rigidly adjusts his universe to the supposed special truths and hints of such writers as the author of Job and the prophet Jeremiah, not to speak of the writer of Genesis. For instance, at the opening of Jeremiah's prophecy, when the word of the Lord came to the Hebrew prophet for the second time, he was told that out of the north should break forth an evil upon all the inhabitants of the land. Accordingly, when in heaven the rebel angels, headed by Satan, set up the standard of revolt against the Most High, they retire to a mount "in the quarters of the north." Heaven is thus divided into North and South, and the Almighty, in discussing the alarming situation with his Son, uses these terms:

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire; such a foe
Is rising who intends to erect his throne,
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north.

(Book v, 719-726.)

Modern commentators of course explain the vision in terms of the political situation in and around Syria in the seventh century B. C.; a period that is better known to us to-day than ever before owing to the researches of historians and antiquarians. And Milton carefully adjusted his cosmos hung in space to the indications in the book of Job: "He stretcheth out the north over the empty

place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." These two phrases, as found in the translation of our Authorized Version, occur in a passage that is full of religious wonder at God's power and of poetical inspiration, and they seem quite consonant with the results of modern astronomy, which regards the earth as a ball hung in space with no support on any side. Although the rest of the passage is couched in terms that can be understood only in the light of the conceptions and outlook of the time, literalists have claimed in this particular case a distinct scientific revelation of a truth not known for centuries; surely a dangerous position. "The idea of modern astronomy," says Dr. A. B. Davidson, in his masterly commentary on Job (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges), "that the earth is a ball, poised free on all sides in space, is of course not found here." The idea is rather of a flat circular surface, the earth, divided by a great void from heaven, and itself resting upon chaos. The poetical nature of the whole passage, making use as a poet does of the conceptions of the time, is emphasized by the fact that in Isaiah (40. 22) a different picture of the universe is outlined: "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Here a flat earth with the surrounding ocean is regarded as a disc, and the arch of heaven is stretched over it like the covering of a tent. Both writers are primarily concerned with the glory and majesty of God, who reveals himself in creation and in Providence. But the scientific "how?" of creative method—this is not a matter of moment. Such a question lies in the sphere of human intellectual inquiry, to be established by human tests. Milton takes all the latitude he can in the literal interpretation of passages of Scripture; and where reconciliation is impossible he leaves the matter in doubt. Thus when Satan is described as winging his way back from Pandemonium to the newly created universe and comes in sight of the battlements of heaven, he

 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far-off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd

Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
 And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

(P. L., II, 1046-1054.)

The term "square" is inserted by Milton to guard himself against any kind of contradiction with the passage in the book of Revelation (21. 16): "And the (heavenly) city lieth foursquare." So the term "pendent" is inserted to keep in touch with the language of Job, when the statement is made (26. 7), he "hangeeth the earth upon nothing."

The ancient and general conception of the left hand as unlucky and accursed, which enters late into biblical phraseology, appears in Milton's epic as determining locality in his cosmogony. The well-known text in Matthew (25. 41) reads: "Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." In Book X of *Paradise Lost*, when the satellites of evil are making a broad causeway between Pandemonium and the shattered Cosmos, they fasten it to the outer rim, where Satan had first landed on his ugly errand of ruin:

With pins of adamant
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable! And how in little space
 The confines met of empyrean Heaven
 And of this world; and, on the left hand, Hell
 With long reach interposed.

(P. L., X, 318-323.)

Milton, always true to a theory once accepted, and clinging to the very words of Holy Writ, has thus given us a chart of Space in which terms like "right," "left," "north," "south"—which we regard as perfectly neutral from the ethical side—take on a moral meaning. The north and the left are the localities of evil and of devilish personalities. Milton's cosmography is a brilliant attempt to reconcile all preceding Jewish and Christian conceptions, and it may be said to have held its place among Christian people as a reasonable interpretation of the system of worlds until the middle of the nineteenth century, when such books as Chambers's *Vestiges*

of Creation, published in the early forties, began to call for a reconstruction of thought in the name of the new sciences of geology and biology. To take only one instance: how is it possible to explain fossils with a world dating back only a few thousand years? Two good United Presbyterians were taking a walk one Sunday afternoon some fifty years ago, when geology was becoming a study in the public schools, and they were both teachers. One of them picked up a fossil and began discussing its possible age. The necessary years were far too great to be included in any Miltonic cosmogony, and the discrepancy troubled them. "No doubt," was the submissive remark of the elder of the two, "God put it there to try our faith." This is exactly Milton's attitude.

Milton conceives of the universe in the first times, when Satan had not yet asserted himself, as partly the Empyrean, the highest heaven, where the pure element of fire, an ethereal element, was breathed by God and the angels. The abode of the Almighty, however, was on the south side, and to the right. Beneath the battlements of heaven was chaos. First came blustering winds, or the air element; beneath the air stratum were surging waters; beneath the turmoil of the waters, earth or mud. Right in the center of chaos, where the water merged into earth, stood the pavilion of the lord of chaos, visited later by Satan when on his way to the new-created cosmos. The whole was a

wild abyss,

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea nor shore, nor air nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds.

(P. L., II, 910-916.)

With Satan's rebellion there resulted the division of the Empyrean into two quarters, and it was to the left, or north, that the rebel angels retired. The rebel angels imagined that they had a device that would decide the war in their favor; that the clever "scientific" use of a weapon of destruction would overthrow eternal order. This was the invention of gun powder, which the poet ascribes to these malicious angels. The original antipathy to its use, it may

be remarked, as unknightly and despicable, had not yet quite died out in Milton's time:

Sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art
Concocted and adjusted, they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch of fire.

(P. L., vi, 512-520.)

With mirth, jeers, and puns—Belial and the other leaders had a kind of German elephantine humor—the rebels launched their new offensive. And, like the poison gas of to-day, for the moment it threw the loyalist angels into confusion:

War seem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,

(P. L., vi, 667-670)

had not the Almighty taken measures to counteract the danger. It is almost as if Milton saw in a dream the crisis to civilization that would come with the rise of a willful and power-intoxicated empire. Just as Emperor Satan and his myrmidons—Milton reserves the word "Emperor" for the Prince of Evil—counted on the new weapon of destruction to finish the war in his favor, so did the Kaiser and his military chiefs rely on the submarine and poison gas, fiendishly used, to reduce the Allies to impotency, and, with the Allies, civilization and human rights. All that is needed to complete the analogy is a medal struck by these "men of the north" to celebrate the discomfiture wrought by their foul engines.

True to his literalism, the poet has to introduce from the book of the prophet Ezekiel a strange cryptic conception which commentators find difficulty in adjusting to the political conditions of the time. It was the divine chariot as imagined by the Hebrew prophet, with its wheels and eyes, that proved the determining factor in the campaign; driven by the Son of God it was irresistible:

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged four
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accursed, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:
 The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
 Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide,
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

(P. L., vi, 845-866.)

This was the end of the warfare in the plains of heaven. The events do not come into the action of the epic, but are related to Adam in Paradise by the angel Raphael. While the rout of the rebels unified a divided Empyrean it was to result in a triple division of the universe, which was the conception universal in Christendom through medieval times. The old mysteries out of which developed the Elizabethan drama had a triple stage, with earth in the center, heaven above, and hell beneath. Milton continues these traditions. He begins his epic with the recovery of the discomfited rebel crew in their new abode of gloom. Their pride and willfulness were not yet by any means quelled; and they set themselves to build a palace unequalled in splendor:

Not Babylon
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury.

(P. L., I, 717-722.)

It was to be, in the poet's dream, what Berlin has proved in our own times, a center of willfulness, pride, and hate; of world ruin and wreckage. How often have we heard in these days of the "will to victory," the "will to conquer." This was the significant phrase in the last public utterance of General Ludendorff before his great spring offensive which ended in disaster. It was Satan's first insistent phrase in hell; associated, as in Berlin war ethics, with hate. The enemy of mankind trusted in

the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate.
(P. L., I, 106-7.)

He obstinately followed out his will when his less assertive fellows were in favor of making the best of a bad business; he carried out his revengeful plans; and he consistently pursued the path of hate. The final degradation to which it brought him and his followers, is the climax of the epic, as told in Book the Tenth.

Milton lived in what might be termed the age of geometry, a branch of mathematics which deals with space, not with time, as Sir William Rowan Hamilton admirably remarks. Descartes, who died when Milton was in his prime, was the first philosopher who thought in terms of algebra, "the mathematics of time," and in this sense as much as in his insistence on all knowledge beginning with the conscious self ("Cogito ergo sum") he is to be regarded as the beginner of modern philosophy. Descartes began the thinking of animate and inanimate things through process, which has so fastened itself on modern habit. Milton may be said to have ended the long train of reasoners who had no modern science whatever in their make-up, who lived in an ancient world that knew not nature. How else could he have given us his menagerie of creation?—

Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks.

(P. L., vii, 463-469.)

All of these creatures came to Adam to receive names:

Nor unknown

The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

(P. L., vii, 494-498.)

It is all very well to make them harmless and companionable; but how did they function in nature? What final propriety had they in the system of things? To amuse Adam and Eve?

About them frisking play'd

All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gamboll'd before them.

(P. L., iv, 340-345.)

Milton's creation does not answer the questions raised in the mind of a thinking moderner. The animals seem all to have been herbivorous in the original story in Genesis; a puzzle, if the story is to be taken literally. The ornate development of it in the epic being an attempt to make it a practical account of a previous state of things on earth with all scientific consistency left out brings it into the realm of fairyland. To enjoy it we must suspend our critical faculties for the time being and live in the realm of pure imagination. It was so that Tennyson enjoyed it. Educators of an up-to-date type have been calling on us to discard this unreal sort of literature, and teach the young hard facts. It was a favorite theme of Dr. David Starr Jordan, the exponent of "efficiency," who the week before the War broke out was telling audiences that business and the principle of "Selfish Enlightenment" had made war impossible. From such a Kultur side Milton's story is weak and worthless; but it is delightful fairyland, and admirable for imaginative and spiritual uses.

All these idyllic pleasures, a life of perfect physical and moral harmony in a world so nicely poised in space that the inhabitant enjoyed eternal spring, were rudely snatched away by Eve's folly.

Notwithstanding the positive command not to eat of the fruit on a certain tree, and in spite of special warnings of danger, she disobeyed, and persuaded her husband to disobey. The whole system of things, firmament and all, was dislocated. The Creator gave out new orders to his angels.

The sun

Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescribed; to the other five
Their planetary motions and aspects
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign. . . .
Some say he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labor push'd
Oblique the centric globe.

(P. L., x, 651-670.)

Sin and Death entered the world; and the causeway built through chaos, linking earth and hell, brought a host of maleficent beings to spread their bane throughout the once well-ordered world. All the result of a single act of disobedience—"the tasted fruit." In his intense desire to keep the Almighty free from all stain of evil, Milton throws an unequal burden on the hapless pair in Eden. An act of disobedience disarranges a whole universe and makes it the plaything of the forces of evil. God had foreseen all this, so the poet asserts; but he strives to distinguish foreseeing from predestination. In those unsatisfactory speeches which the Almighty makes in his own justification he declares that

They themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I.

(P. L., iii, 116-7.)

Respecting these pleadings Pope remarks that Milton makes the Deity argue like a School-Divine. But the School-Divines were metaphysicians, and Milton can hardly be classed as one. Conse-

quently the thesis which he lays down at the opening of the epic is likely to be unsatisfactory in the handling:

That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

His justification, in the first issue at least, leaves much to be desired. In the early books, dealing with the wonder of creation and the mystery of evil, he marches with a presumptuously sure and steady foot, relying for truth wholly on high documents of the past. But toward the close he succeeds better with his reasoning. The note of personal devotion to the Lord Jesus which he strikes in the Third Book relieves the situation and is altogether worthy:

He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offered himself to die
For man's offense. O unexampled love!

(P. L., III, 406-410.)

Deity saves the situation through suffering and dying. And it is through loss and hardship that our first parents learn love and sympathy and turn their faces resolutely to a future of toil. Here is Eternal Providence asserted. Milton's Hell is no place of suffering for past crimes, like Dante's Inferno; it is rather the plotting place of tyrannous aristocrats. There are amusements indulged in; Homeric games, philosophical discussions on quiet hills, chivalric tournaments, musical concerts. The place is a sort of ancient Babylon or modern Berlin filled with personages who breathe hate and terror to all who oppose their domination. Satan is the "Emperor," and the solemn council is a "conclave," a word borrowed from papal Rome, with its secret meetings of cardinals. Milton indeed must have had in mind the papal Rome which had ordered in 1572 a medal to be struck in commemoration of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; an outrage on the humanitarian sense more than duplicated in modern Berlin. Pandemonium, with all its magnificence and splendor, became the poison center of the universe; and it was destined to shatter Paradise. German writers to-day are talking of the days before the War as a "lost

Paradise," however the empire may recuperate from its losses. "Already," recently wrote Friedrich Maumann, editor of *Die Hilfe*, "our life before the war has become a lost Paradise, and such it will be even if our arms win."

Before he began his malicious work on earth, Satan from Niphates Peak, where he had alighted, defied the Almighty and sacrificed every other consideration to the glory of wreaking revenge and working destruction:

Evil, be thou my good; by thee, at least,
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold:
By thee, and more than half, perhaps, will reign;
As man, ere long, and this new world shall know.

(P. L., iv, 110-113.)

To effect his corruption of Eve he disguised his evil intentions and made himself a pleasant and flattering guest; abusing her hospitality and friendly innocence. His arts have been followed by German diplomacy to-day, whose agents, recognizing no kindly obligation of host and guest, assume the guise of friendliness only to corrupt and destroy. Satan was the first of the Bernstorff school of diplomatists.

It is significant, in the light of recent events, how Milton discounts the title of Emperor. Satan, taking upon himself the burden of the political situation, planned and carried out his visit to Paradise; he believed in offensive warfare. But changing himself there into a snake, to effect his villainous purpose, a snake he was destined to remain; something to hiss and be hissed at. When he returned to Pandemonium in triumph, to celebrate his "victory" on earth, his degradation was destined to be complete. The grandees of Hell

In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent.

Slipping into the hall like an ordinary plebeian angel, he passed up to his high throne. And then he blazed forth in splendor,

clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter,

(P. L., x, 450-452)

and called upon his myrmidons to enter into the new possessions:

"A spacious world, to our native Heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard,
With peril great, achieved. . . .

Ye have the account

Of my performance; what remains, ye gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. He wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more:
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell
A monstrous serpent, on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Power
Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom.

(P. L., x, 466-517)

His associates, partakers of his guilt, and responsible for his crimes, met with the same fate:

for now were all transform'd

Alike; to serpents all as accessories
To his bold riot.

So have the princelings of Germany tumbled from their thrones along with their arrogant Emperor. "Puritanic conception of Providence"—the constant butt of German philosophers and historians since Goethe—wins out in the end and those who flauntingly defy it are doomed. Moving in the higher spiritual plane, Milton was true to the principle of process so far as it affected personality. Satan, originally not unheroic, had allowed the virus of pride and envy to work; these took the reins of conduct, and rushed him and his myrmidons headlong to degradation, punishment, and utter contempt. In many essential respects the story of Satan is the story of modern Germany.

The downfall of an autocratic emperor and his minions, in the tenth book of *Paradise Lost*, is followed by the spiritual re-

generation, in the twelfth and closing book, of the parents of mankind. A simple, democratic pair, moving into the wilderness like so many of our American settlers in the past, they trust in Providence to build them a home and a family altar. Only a Puritan lover of democracy can appreciate the high dignity of the last four lines of the epic:

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

In these later days, when an arrogant autocracy, trusting like gamblers in ruthless militarism—so glorified by Nietzsche, Treitschke, and the philosophers of German empire—set out to wreck Christian civilization, it was men trained in Christian homes and believing in God's Providence who came in magnificently at the critical time and hurled back these workers of iniquity. Eternal Providence has indeed been asserted to-day as Milton asserted it in his great epic.

James Main Dixon

A MONEYLESS MAGNATE

My boyhood memories are redolent of an evening with H. T. Stanton, the Kentucky poet. Unlike many of his poetic brethren, he had the art of reading his own productions in a voice and manner full of charm. Among the selections he read that evening was "The Moneyless Man," probably the best known of all his poems. I thought, as I sat under the rise and fall of his melodious voice, that he made a strong case for the man with an empty purse; and, within certain limitations, I still think so. He took our empty-handed friend into banquet halls of light, hung with velvet and trimmings of gold, and flashing with mirrors of silver; he led him up the aisle of a fashionable church, wherein his rags and patches seemed ill at home amid such pomp and pride; he gave him a look in the banks bulging with "piles of the glittering ore"; he presented him to the judge, robed "in his dark, flowing gown," who smiled on the strong and frowned on the weak. Always, no matter where he introduced his dollar-poor pilgrim, there was no smile, no pew, no credit, no justice—nothing whatever for "the moneyless man." At last, however—when life's fitful dream was over, and blithely, almost gaily, oblivious of ethical considerations—

There's welcome above for—a moneyless man.

Now no sane person, surely, manifests any disposition to depreciate the value of money. For money is not only absolutely necessary, but in some true and noble sense a part of the "good things" offered at the feast of life. However, one's quarrel is emphatically with the philosophy of life which dominates the poem, because, if for no other reason, it is one of those subtle, taking half-truths which verge on the abyss of falsehood. Schiller's familiar saying that the artist is known by what he omits belongs to the same questionable mental progeny. As a matter of fact no genuine artist is known by what he leaves out, but by what he puts in. To omit is, at best, nothing more than negation; to

put in is creation. For example: Is Raphael known for what he left out of his Sistine Madonna? To ask the question ought to evoke a sensible answer; certainly a glimpse at those two cherubs lifts it beyond the realm of dispute. No: the merest dauber can leave out; only an artist can put in the ideas worthy of genius.

Yet, whether in the matter of money or painting or morals, the soul of man, as Montaigne long ago affirmed, "discharges her passions upon false objects where the true are wanting." Now the only way to dislodge the false is to install the true; but the falseness of things, like the poor, is ever with us, and it has such an insatiable appetite that it sometimes threatens to devour the true altogether, leaving not a wrack of the permanent values in the wake of its greedy and materialistic triumph. This paper, therefore, is the crass confession of "A Moneyless Magnate." If either the moneyed or moneyless man denies its major postulate, calling it a paradox and such like, he is thoroughly within his verbal rights. Only I would gently remind my pragmatic and easily overheated friend that one of the definitions of a paradox reads as follows: "That which in appearance or terms is absurd, but yet may be true in fact."

I. To begin with, and speaking as becomes a modest man, I own huge blocks of real estate. All of that downtown section in New York between the Brooklyn Bridge and Battery Park is in a special sense my own property. The view of it from my study window is simply enchanting. There is probably no such skyline on earth, no such pile of concrete, stone, and steel on the planet. Looking out from the south side of the East River, I find my skyscrapers invariably punctual (except on a foggy day), cordial, majestic, awe-inspiring. Had Pericles seen them he would have said that they were built by the gods, not by men. They do not savor at all of architectural monotony. Each is a law unto itself; many colors urge their claims; many shapes assert their popularity. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature in the matter of similarity, if similarity there be, is this: each one seems struggling to be a little higher than all the others. For example, when the Municipal Building attained a height of 560 feet and 1 inch the Singer Building crawled up to a distance of 612 feet and 1

inch. You see, my tall buildings are so jealous of their height that they even claim all the inches due them! Of course these cloudy aspirations stirred the Woolworth Building into a towering, climbing rage whose wrath never cooled until it reached the dizzy height of 750 feet! I am not revealing these family secrets in a fault-finding spirit; for I don't mind the ambitions of my lofty steel and stone neighbors. They might perhaps achieve more of architectural harmony if their heads were all about the same height. Still I take satisfaction in their variety, even in their rough raggedness and stony jaggedness. Nor is their attraction one whit less by night. For then my skyscrapers are transformed into illuminated cliffs, brilliantly twinkling cañons, casting their luminous loveliness across the shadow-hung river. Then also, though a modern, I am suddenly changed into a cliff dweller, living with my ancestors of the dim and antique past.

Now, on analyzing the terms of my ownership in these colossal buildings, I affirm them to be most satisfactory. Indeed, after much reflection, I am convinced that my terms are very much better than the terms imposed upon their legal owners. For instance, I was not put to the trouble and expense of building them. Most obligingly have others planned and invested and toiled for me. Furthermore, having built them, my generous friends promptly pay the taxes on them, keep them in repair, and graciously assume all the responsibilities connected with their maintenance. So I am satisfied with my terms of ownership, and thus far I have heard no protest from those who hold title deeds to the buildings. But there is one other item in which I claim to have a distinct advantage: the owners, certainly most of them, lack my opportunity of appraising the beauty of their real estate. Their realty may yield them much gold, but if it fails to yield them the dividends of beauty as well, of what permanent value is all their yield in gold? And 196 Columbia Heights, fourth floor, back room, offers the best outlook on earth. If you don't believe it, come in and see for yourself!

II. Another fraction of my material capital is in the great steamship lines. Shipbuilding has a long and interesting history. While traveling through Colorado it was my good fortune to fall

in with a captivating young man. Learning that I once lived in Pennsylvania, he said that he was reminded of this story: A man who went through the Johnstown flood talked about that terrible disaster as long as he lived. After dying and entering the New Jerusalem, he continued to recite some of the thrilling episodes in the tragedy of Johnstown. However, he discovered that among his listeners there was always a venerable, long-bearded gentleman who after patiently hearing the recital religiously shook his hoary head and remarked, "No flood at all." Naturally the former citizen of Johnstown was considerably piqued by this chilling and ever-ready comment of the ancient one. So one day he ventured to ask, "Will somebody be good enough to tell me the name of the man who, every time I recite my story of Johnstown, shakes his head and says, 'No flood at all'?" "Why," answered a voice from the crowd, "that's old Father Noah." And Noah was the pioneer ship-builder, a first-hand authority on floods. We must go back beyond the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, even the Phœnicians themselves, and pay tribute to the man who built the ark. It is a long journey from the twentieth century queen of the seas back to the dugout, the raft, and the log from the Delaware and the Clyde to water-courses whose shore-lines have either changed or quite vanished from the earth. In this, as in other realms of life and progress, evolution is slow but steady and forward-looking. Therefore, as I look out and behold my gigantic and graceful vessels coming and going, why should I not rejoice in my spiritual investments in these stately floating palaces of the deep? They visit every land and people; they return laden with commerce, food, gold, and gems from the ends of the earth. The sailing of any one of them is enough to shake one to the roots of his being, setting the looms of imagination to weaving thought-tapestries from invisible threads that bind the peoples into one! And mark you: it costs me nothing to enjoy this drifting, movable feast of beauty. Somebody, of course, has gone to vast expense to make it possible. Generations of high and brave and courageous souls lie behind it all. What a mean, stingy nature one must have not to rise up and say: "Thank you, brothers, whoever you are and wherever you be, for lending me your brains, your hands,

your years. Having given me much, let me not make it necessary for you to forgive the sin of ingratitude and unappreciation."

Assessing steamship lines at their supreme values, I naturally claim a large share in the bay—a vast dimple of silver set in a vaster cheek of beauty. Henry Ward Beecher used to say, watching the white flocks of gulls breasting the blue, "There go my gulls." I have decided to yield him his claim on the gulls and to keep the bay for myself. Yes; yonder go the immortal preacher's snowy gulls, and yonder, too, goes my bay—always flowing, always going, but never gone! Above the bay, and higher, much higher, than the gulls, human birdmen ride in their throbbing machines. Sometimes they perform gyroscopic feats, drop from great heights and make straight for the Brooklyn Bridge, threatening me with heart failure in their apparent aim to smash into one of its arches. But I have learned that there is no use worrying—crossing the bridge before we reach it—for with graceful, swanlike motion the birdman flying by dives under the bridge. Thus is my apoplectic attack postponed until the daredevil comes back again!

But with all the many-toned life and kaleidoscopic scenes along river, bay, and harbor, I mourn the absence of one of my noblest ships. Above all other vessels that have sailed the seven oceans, her blood-stains are the deepest, the reddest, the foulest, the most unpardonable. Her innocent blood will crimson the seas until Time drinks them dry. As Joyce Kilmer sang, that white and brave and lamented soldier-poet, she did not go forth to battle; she carried friendly men; children played about her decks and women sang. In this unsuspecting mood the *Lusitania* was waylaid by inhuman monsters, and sent to her ensanguined grave in the deep. Never again shall I see her come, as of old, stately, magnificent, triumphant, into this hospitable port. But above the unforgetting years, above roaring billows and howling tempests, I shall hear the accusing voice of this murdered queen of the seas:

My wrong cries out for vengeance;
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.

Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on judgment day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver,
But one—shall be like blood.

III. You may begin to think that my riches are so fabulous as to be embarrassing. But let me reassure you on that score; for the more I try to measure my wealth the more I revel in it. Consequently, I am not satisfied with the sea only, and the many kinds of vessels that traverse its fluent paths. I claim to be, in my way, a heavy investor in the railroads of the United States. To say nothing of the tremendous capital invested, it costs billions every year to operate American railways. They represent 230,000 miles of steel strung over cities, towns, plains, hills, and valleys. Think of it—enough steel to engirdle the earth more than thirteen times! And are not their finest trains palatial enough? I have a friend living in New York who invited his father to come on from Ohio to visit him. He told his father, who was as transparent as noonday and as candid as sunlight, that he must make the journey from Ohio on one of the best trains. The old gentleman accordingly boarded the fast express and was directed to handsome quarters by the porter. Soon the conductor came in, punched his ticket, and informed him that, in case he wished to occupy his present seat, he would have to pay something extra. "How much extra?" retorted the passenger. "Eighteen dollars," replied the conductor. Now I have already said that the old man was frankness personified, the dispenser of a Lincolnlike simplicity that smites one blind by its splendor. Thus, recovering from his surprise, the venerable passenger exclaimed: "Eighteen dollars for a little cubby hole like this to spend the night in! Why, man, I get only ten dollars a month for an eight-room house

back in the town where I live. No, sir, I'll have none of your fancy cubby holes at eighteen dollars per night."

Yet there are many who are glad enough to pay the extra fare on these luxurious hotels on wheels, palaces that roll and whizz through space at a bewildering speed. But before many years passenger trains will be comparatively out of date. We shall think no more of traveling through the air than we now do of traveling by automobile. Utopian? Why, the ox-cart and canoe were once utopian, while the steamship, the locomotive, the submarine, and wireless waves were perplexingly so. Man has only begun to extract the multiplied secrets hidden away in the cosmic storehouse. If nations will come together in a federation of brotherhood and mutual cooperation, thus averting the disaster of race extermination by war, there is hardly a limit to man's possible mastery of the physical forces. Meantime, I am a sharer in these marvelous railroad systems—one of the most stupendous engineering and commercial achievements in the history of mankind. For a few dollars an investment of billions is offered for my use, day and night, year in and year out. And what shall I say of our street railways and subways? I once rode in a subway train with the president of the system. If I am not mistaken, he bought a ticket, just as I did, walked in and sat down. He may have occupied a little more space than I required, but as far as I was able to judge I traveled as fast as he did, felt much happier than he looked, and paid only five cents into the bargain! Why, I felt like a culprit. There I was, utterly free from public criticism, unterrified by lockouts and strikes, gliding along forty miles an hour, and all for five copper cents, while the man who bore the burden of it all had to pay his own fare and also sit alongside of me! Having nothing, yet am I beginning to think, with Paul, that I possess all things.

IV. Nor must I overlook my possessions in our beautiful parks. I love them all, but I love Prospect Park supremely. I have set out and grown enough sermonie plants in the Vale of Cashmere, the Great Meadow, and the Old Fashioned Flower Garden to put several long suffering congregations permanently to sleep! Planners and builders of our cities knew that the great majority of

us could not have either large or strikingly attractive gardens and yards. As to New York there is simply not enough space on this particular part of the earth's surface. There is plenty of room up in the atmosphere, if you can manage to live at great altitudes; there is plenty of room, also, on the heaving breast of the Atlantic, if you are fond of leading an aquatic life; but here on the ground there is so much blasting, digging, running, tooting, driving, yelling, crunching, grinding, jostling, and crowding, that yards are almost lost in the chaotic mix-up. Therefore, we have these splendid breathing spaces, perfumed gardens and timbered tracts, undulating swards and lilled ponds, animal haunts and flower houses in our parks. Now I do not own a great yard; but I possess what is far grander than any yard owned by any millionaire on these two islands: I own one of the most beautiful parks on earth. The Borough of Brooklyn, in the city of New York, says to me, "Mr. Shannon, all these roads, walks, lakes, trees, birds, and flowers are yours. You will oblige us very much by coming in and enjoying them."

"But," some croaker protests, "there is a string to that invitation." "What is it?" I ask. "They don't permit you to take anything away," he replies. Don't they, indeed? Not being a vandal, I have no inclination to haul away the trees, or lead away the lions and tigers, or steal the lily ponds, or kidnap the lakes. Yet I defy the mayor, the board of aldermen, the borough president, and the entire police department to prevent me from carrying out of Prospect Park the very best things in it! Would you like to know what some of those things are? First of all, studies in human nature. Old and young, rich and poor, good and bad, happy and sad—all are met together in this fragrant out-of-doors. Second: Memories of birds singing at evensong—birds that have long since returned to the summerlands of the unreturning! Years ago I listened to a robin singing his vesper song to the silvery patter of the falling rain. Recalling it now, it seems as vivid and fresh as if it were only yesterday. Sitting there on the edge of the night in his tree-loft of green, that little minstrel of God sang into my soul the sense of calm breathing out of the supreme dawn; brought me little winds of peace blowing gently

down from the tranquil hills of morning. And then I bring away something else, too. I gather up heartfuls, armfuls of loveliness and carry them home with me. No park policeman has ever yet objected to that! But this is an essential part of that sublime and moneyless barter in which we may all profitably engage, improving the timely admonition of Sara Teasdale:

Life has loveliness to sell:
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff
Soaring fire that aways and sings,
And children's faces looking up,
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell:
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine-trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness;
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

V. Moreover, I count myself especially rich in my luring libraries—public repositories of the learning and wisdom of countless ages. If matter is dead mind, books are the souls of the dead dressed up in living garments of glory. Books are the embodied voices of the past crying aloud in the teeming present, instruments through which minds, ejected from brain-houses fallen to dust, still inspiringly function. Books are helpful servants but autocratic masters, and no free man has the right to be ruled by an autocrat. Dr. Hillis told me some years ago that he had stopped reading books. I replied: "I am not surprised at that. Does not a man stop eating after he has eaten everything up?" However, I think that my dear and noble friend is still able to read a book now and then! While I have not stopped reading I do not buy as many books as I once did. One reason is this: either I or my books

must move out! There is no longer room for all of us. Rather than dispossess old friends it seems easier to invite new ones in for a short visit. And this is quite practicable through my ownership in several libraries. Think of that great building on Fifth Avenue, with its more than thirteen hundred thousand volumes and pamphlets—a library and art gallery under one roof. Do you not think old Plato would like to have broken into those green literary pastures and gloriously eaten his way out? Not for Platos only, but food is there in satisfying abundance for ordinary people in pursuit of extraordinary aims and ideals, angels that guide us out of the humdrum into the divinely enchanting. Formerly there was scarcely a limit to the number of volumes that a student could take out; at present, however, patrons are limited to a definite number. Even dearer and nearer are the libraries here at home. I have been in the Montague Branch so often that I fear my shadow will disfigure the walls. Besides the books, there are the weekly, monthly, and quarterly reviews from America and foreign countries. What an absorbing exercise to sit down and enjoy (or perhaps quarrel with) the *Spectator*, the *Athenæum*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Hibbert Journal*, and numerous other publications. Finally, if you are afflicted by a kind of disease—the bibliomaniac will readily understand!—for rare manuscripts and odd volumes, the libraries will also help to assuage, if not entirely cure, your malady. At any rate, cured or uncured, you will want to repeat “The Bibliomaniac’s Prayer,” by Eugene Field. Once, when Dr. Gunsaulus was undergoing an acute attack of “bibliomania,” the special symptoms of which assumed a contagious craving for certain copperplates (one never can tell what extravagant and glowing forms the treacherous disease will take!) Field wrote this prayer and dedicated it to his beloved friend and sorely afflicted victim. The original manuscript of the prayer is now the property of the University of Chicago Library, having been presented to it by Dr. Gunsaulus, the text of which follows:

Keep me, I pray, in wisdom’s way,
That I may truths eternal seek;
I need protecting care to-day—
My purse is light, my flesh is weak.

So banish from my erring heart
All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating art,
Of first editions, and of prints.
Direct me in some godly walk
Which leads away from bookish strife,
That I with pious deed and talk
May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth thee
To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly crave that I may be
Most notably beset to-day.
Let my temptation be a book
Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,
Whereon when other men shall look,
They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
Oh, let it such a volume be
As in rare copperplates abounds—
Large paper, tall, and fair to see,
Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

VI. Henley speaks of Romney's work as "something which is only almost done." The criticism surely is pertinent to these pages. Still, I must not finish this bare outline of my material capital without mentioning the "little towns" I own. Country born and bred, I love the cities. There is soul-shaking power in their terrific energy, their splendor and squalor, their righteousness and wickedness, their wealth and poverty, their pathos and tragedy. But between the cities—the inspirers of the cities, the saviors of the cities—are the little towns, villages, and hamlets that dot the land from ocean to ocean. Sometimes they sit back from the great highways, as a vine-covered cottage sits back from the roadside; sometimes they lie hidden among the mountains, like precious gems waiting to share their beauty with every practiced eye; sometimes they nestle along the plains, sweet as the golden wheatfields billowing away to the horizon; sometimes they kneel upon the banks of a mountain river, most of the citizens never having a glimpse of their rustic river's wide and hospitable sea; sometimes they bow in quiet, nunlike valleys, faithfully guarded by high hills, over whose peace-crowned heights discordant voices never sound. But oh! my little towns—wherever you be, north,

south, east, or west—the very thought of you brings me the bread of beauty, the wine of hope, the apples of Eden. Long ago Emerson suggested that it is embarrassing to wake up some morning and discover that somebody else has expressed your own thought, even though it is expressed better than you yourself could express it. Nevertheless, I am quite willing to pardon Hilda Morris for visiting me with such an embarrassment in the form of her poem called "The Little Towns":

Oh, little town in Arkansas and little town in Maine,
And little sheltered valley town and hamlet on the plain,
Salem, Jackson, Waukesha, and Brookville, and Peru,
San Mateo, and Irontown, and Lake, and Waterloo,
Little town we smiled upon and loved for simple ways,
Quiet streets and garden beds and friendly sunlit days,
Out of you the soldiers came,
Little town of homely name.
Young and strong and brave with laughter,
They saw truth and followed after.

Little town, the birth of them
Makes you kin to Bethlehem!

Little town where Jimmy Brown ran the grocery store,
Little town where Manuel fished along the shore,
Where Russian Steve was carpenter, and Sandy Pat McQuade
Worked all day in overalls at his mechanic's trade,
Where Allen Perkins practiced law, and John, Judge Harper's son,
Planned a little house for two that never shall be done—
Little town, you gave them all,
Rich and poor and great and small,
Bred them clean and straight and strong,
Sent them forth to right the wrong.

Little town, their glorious death
Makes you kin to Nazareth!

Frederick D. Shannon

TWO THINGS ARE CERTAIN¹

No doubt there are many of us who, once or twice in our lives, at times perhaps of great bereavement, have more or less clearly had moments, or even days, of a wonderful consciousness of God's reality and presence in us and about us. That which before was a mere phrase—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding"—became, during this experience, a marvelous actuality. The problems and the ills of life vanished into utter nothingness, and we saw with radiant clarity that this earth needed but the universality and perpetuity of such moments or days to become a veritable heaven. Right doing was natural, and inward happiness, even in the midst of outward affliction, was complete. And then, somehow or other, swiftly or slowly, the moments or days of this experience passed, and we were forever after catching but glimpses of what has always seemed the best and the most real thing that ever entered our lives. But we know for ourselves thereafter that God is and is *at hand*: neither man nor circumstance can persuade us he is not, and prayer and church communion renew, at least, these glimpses of a possible heaven upon earth. It is individual experiences somewhat like this, recurring throughout all history, that have kept any national religion alive, or, better, have kept nations alive, and facing forward. Worldly-wise rulers of all eras and of all races—Egyptians, Greeks, Romans—have been vaguely or clearly conscious of the tremendous import of having their peoples walk with their gods, whatever those gods may have been. A mere materialism never long has prospered and never can long prosper, even materially. Materialistic nations breed materialistic neighbors which turn and crush them, or else arouse against themselves the just and overwhelming wrath of nations less material. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding"—understanding, yes; and the will and power to do what that understanding bids would men but constantly and very humbly look to him and seek this inspiration.

¹ Written April, 1917.

We and all Christian nations have had peculiar reason to know God. Yet we and all Christian nations, for different sums and in different positions, have sold our birthright. There is no nation but has seen the higher and followed the lower ways, no nation but has turned its eyes from God, no matter where it may have turned its tongue. The world has been too much with us, and it has always been so complex a world. It is so easy in days like these, for instance, to be patriotic, or so easy to be religious, but it is very, very hard to be both together without making of God a purely national God whose face is set against all misdeeds save our own. "My country, right or wrong, but still my country" is one of the many human cries—so human and so appealing—that imply so much that's noble and so much that's base. Where is God? where is duty? we ask ourselves in days and crises such as these, when the nations, largely by the sins of their past, have allowed themselves to come to the point where they must so often choose, not between moral black and white, but between black and gray. We, however, are for the most part but living over again the lives of those who have gone before us, the lives of those who have had to make the same unhappy choices—yet who can doubt that God was somewhat in their lives as well, and in their nations' destiny? For, despite all temporary seeming, it is clear that throughout the ages one increasing purpose has run. Trusting, then, to the experience of ever-erring individual and ever-erring nation, of two things we may be certain: that God is most where the most good is, and that God cares.

A football team at a middle Western college was in the habit of gathering on the Friday night before a game and praying fervently for victory on the next day. The president of the institution, a dry old clergyman, grew rather weary of this weekly performance. One Saturday morning he concluded his chapel address with the statement: "I understand that the young thugs on the football team of this college last night prayed God for victory in to-day's game with the young thugs of — college. My recommendation to both sets of young thugs is that they leave the Deity out of their reckoning and purchase a liberal supply of arnica." At the very outset of the present war there were many men in

neutral countries who felt that both sets of belligerents had best leave the Deity out of their reckoning. Here they were in a world whose goodness or badness, happiness or unhappiness, they and their forebears, with God's aid, had had the privilege of establishing. They had sown the wind of selfishness, suspicion, cruel competition, and now were reaping the whirlwind. Weeks and months and years have passed. We have seen a solemn treaty torn to shreds, a peaceful country ravaged and depopulated, a whole people forced to suffer Christian martyrdom, men, women and children of every land murdered on the seas wantonly, defiantly. We should know full well by now where God *least* is. On the other side we have seen self-interest, too, and injustice, and cruel reprisals—but not unprovoked frightfulness, godless and inhuman. We have seen a nation take arms to defend its ally and its very soil, resolved, cost what it might, to leave a better, safer home to coming generations. We have seen another nation roused as a nation primarily to save a sister nation treacherously assailed and mangled. And, last of all, we have seen a great people, long oppressed, rise against its brutal masters and show promise of a fair and glorious future. Is it not clear by now where God most is? Is the Deity to be left out of the reckoning when deeds like these are doing? He surely is not unconcerned when individual or nation sacrifices ease and comfort and life itself to right a wrong. It is unthinkable so long as the motive of that individual or nation be single, righteous, and unselfish. And even though the motive, as in this struggle, be not wholly pure, still must we believe that God is nearest those in whom the most good is. The pity of it is that by our own self-seeking we shut out so much of God and goodness and content: the marvel of it is so much remains.

And what of us in our relation to this God in this world war? Has our motive been single, righteous, and unselfish? Till three months ago, till the time of our peace note, many of us felt that we had played no shameful part. To be sure it would have been a fine and chivalrous thing to have done our utmost for Belgium at any cost. But it was a fine and noble thing ourselves to suffer indignities and injuries—provided we were sure we suffered them not in cowardice or in apathy but in Christian-patience—so long

as there was the faintest hope that Germany's soul might be awakened. It would still have been a fine and chivalrous thing to have risen against Germany as a nation when she took the first foreigner's life in this present lawless submarine campaign. Every fiber of our being tells us that he who fights and dies in another's righteous cause need not hide his weapons and fear to face his God, whether that God be Jehovah, God of battles, or our Father and the Father of our Lord, a God of love. But we, with many a high moral issue calling us, have in these later days failed to do the highest, noblest thing. A crusade beckoned us; we, gloss our action as we may, have waited to follow war. It will be no unjust war, as wars have gone. It will be most certainly a war that came through no selfish will of ours. But it surely had been far better for this nation in the sight of God could it more unmistakably have gone to battle, not in the name of American rights, or in the name of American honor, or in the name of American lives barbarously taken, but in the name of Belgium, of Armenia, in the name of human righteousness, in the name of undeserved suffering throughout the world. We cannot change the causes of our entering this war, but one fine and noble thing, one fine and chivalrous thing, we still have it in our power to do. Praying God to sanctify our spirit and cleanse our hearts of bitterness, we can fight this war through like men, not beasts, fairly and magnanimously, and in the end strive to bring it to pass, by the terms of peace and by a league of peace, that all nations, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—of freedom, of security, and of generous good will.

Paul Hixon

THE RELIGION OF THE COMMON GOOD

MEN unite upon principles. Discover to them a great truth that universally applies to them and to their common interests, and you have added another tie to all that which binds them into a co-operative unit. They respond to whatever serves their individual interests, and, as the socializing process goes on, men respond more and more to that which is for the common good of all. For the individual's personal wellbeing is merged into the wellbeing of the group, and the wellbeing of the group into that of the larger group, and so on, until each person is made to recognize that his own welfare lies wrapped up in the welfare of all. The man finds his good in the common good.

This process of social evolution has reached the national stage and there it has been halted for centuries. It has been halted there by autocratic rulers who would not merge their interest with the interests of mankind on an international scale, but who, because of a narrow-minded selfishness, sought to make their subjects believe that their welfare depended upon the overpowering of the neighboring peoples. But the day of such blindness is past. The light of world democracy has shone more and more unto the perfect day. As men have learned to discover their own good, first in the good of the family, then in the good of the clan, then of the tribe, then of the nation, so they are now making the next step of discovering that the welfare of each man lies in the welfare of the race, and the good of each nation is identical with the common good of all the nations of the world, not with the destruction of them. There is going to be a new citizenship which shall in no wise belittle, but shall complete true citizenship in the state, and that is to be a universal citizenship of the world. All good citizenship and allegiance to the state and nation will find itself in loyalty to the welfare of the entire race, to the universal common good.

Long have we dealt with the problem of good and evil. What is the good and what is the evil? No other problem has so much engaged the intelligence of all generations. It is the one great

question which men will not let rest, for, seemingly, it must be solved, and a man's life never gathers momentum until, for him, this matter is somehow settled. The question has been approached from the standpoint of "authority." That is to say, the attempt has been repeatedly made to settle the dispute as to what is good and what is evil by a "Thus saith the Lord" argument handed down from an ancient past. Each race has claimed its Holy Scriptures, divinely inspired and infallibly correct, though they all differ upon the issue. If our "Thus saith the Lord" does not agree with the Mohammedan's "holy writ" we and he may each assure ourselves with confidence that "I am right and you are wrong," but that does not furnish us with a basis for mutual understanding and harmony in our future conduct, and this basis we must have to-day with every race and creed, for we are at last all next-door neighbors and none of us liveth to himself alone.

The problem of what is good has been approached from the view point also of the individual conscience. And, in the real solution, conscience must be at the bottom of all, but it will be an enlightened conscience. Conscience has not yet solved the problem for the social mind even if it has satisfied a few individuals. The Hindu mother conscientiously threw her babe to the crocodiles. The Fakir conscientiously knocks out his teeth and cuts his limbs. The American Indian of some tribes conscientiously killed the aged and infirm grandparents in his tribe. The great Cotton Mather of colonial days expounded conscientiously, if not wisely, in a large volume upon "demon possession," and the book "received the approbation of the governor of the province, the president of Harvard College, and various eminent theologians in Europe as well as in America." But a wholesome skepticism came, as usual, to the rescue of the truth and challenged the belief in witchcraft, so that executions were stopped. But the good Mr. Mather "spent his last years groaning over the decline of faith." There is such a thing as the moral obligation to intelligence. Ignorance always was a breeder of crime, and misery, and evil. It is a moral sin to be less intelligent than one can be.

The question of good and evil has been approached from the purely speculative point of view. Among the Greeks, Aristotle

argued that the good man was the fully developed man; Socrates, that virtue consists in knowledge. "Know thyself," he taught. And surely all this has some direct relation to goodness. Among the Hebrews there were three standards of virtue. To possess "wisdom," that is, spiritual insight, was the ideal of the writers of the philosophical portions of the Old Testament, but to the priest goodness meant loyalty to ritualism. But the ideal which stands out so nobly above all others is that of the Hebrew prophets. Using their own word, it was "justice," that is, right ethical conduct toward man and God. We must recognize that the great prophets were no mere soothsayers. They were not foretellers. They were the great seers of truth who stood out against the institutionalized religion of their day to declare justice and the moral order in place of ceremonial observances. They dared proclaim that which was right even if it were not orthodox. They were as a rule stoned to death by the sanctified body of orthodox religionists. It has always been so and it always will be so. That is the universal meaning of the cross. The pioneer who will discover a new continent for the race must die in prison. And the prophet who will break with the traditions of his time in order to discover new continents of truth to men must consider the place called Golgotha. For his generation will crucify him there, but their children will plant flowers upon his grave and their children's children will raise him up unto immortal life.

To the church of the first century we must give the credit of having a wholesome ethical bias. We are told that, as a rule, the company of Christians in any place was looked upon favorably by the outsiders. They at least made good neighbors, and it is a pretty good religion that will make your neighbors pleasant to live by. As the church grew in power, however, the ethical emphasis was largely lost. It became, in the middle ages, an institution of great wealth and political power, not to minister but to be ministered unto and to rule by might rather than by spirit. Then it was that the good man was he who kept the regulations of the church, said his prayers by rote, performed his penance, kept the fasts and acknowledged the divine right of the Pope. Or he was especially good if he should turn his back upon the world, enter a

holy order, and meditate upon his righteousness. And the finest virtue of all was that of the ascetic illustrated by the well known saint who spent his days perched upon the top of a pillar and daily drew up such morsels of diet as the admiring passers-by were honored to give.

A more modern and possibly a more improved standard of goodness is the one popularly held to-day, which is—to accept the creed, belong to some orthodox church, to be honest, that is, according to arithmetic, to get along peaceably with all men, to do a kind turn occasionally where convenient, to avoid breaking the conventionalities, to beware of the tabu, and to lead a decent, self-respected life. And to be all this *because* it adds to one's own comfort here and hereafter. This is the good man. He will cast his bread upon the water, when he can spare it, for he believes it will return to him in some way or other. He is a believer in charity, for,

He that hath pity on the poor
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo, his recompence is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

Our good man sings lustily, for it is good business to be good. A woman of a practical turn of mind, after being baptized, asked the minister if he thought her heavenly mansion would have hardwood floors. The only difference between this woman and the rest of us is that we have different tastes. At heart we all wish to be very certain that it will pay us to be good, and then, of course, I will be good, for I want my reward. I will return the valuable I found yesterday, for certainly the owner will offer a reward for it. Take away the allurements of rewards, and the crowd battering at heaven's gate would be much smaller, though probably just as many would gain entrance. A man once turned his back upon a needy world and started out to find paradise, but he never arrived there, for the way of selfishness leads away from paradise. We cannot go to heaven, but heaven can overtake us some day when we are most busy giving a cup of cold water to some thirsty one, or kissing a tear from a child's soft cheek, or making the road safer for the youth to travel, or fighting a grim fight for human justice

and for truth. Then, and only then, can heaven's gate open to us and the swift conscript angel say, "Well done. 'Tis enough. Enter thou immortal into the everlasting life of the generations." Heaven is not for those who seek heaven, but for those who seek heavenliness.

When a man cries out, as did the Philippian jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" it is no evidence that he is prompted by the motive toward goodness. He may be prompted merely by fear of punishment, of loss or death, as this jailer may have been. "Getting saved," as it is sometimes expressed, may call for no higher motive than that of getting rich, for both may be only from the desire to get personal gain, though the gain be in different terms. But when a man rises above the greed for mere personal gain, when he sees the human race groping half blindly, stumblingly, for life and truth, when he is touched by the same motive that touched the heart of the Christ, he will stretch out his arms to a world and cry, "What may I do to save?"

Goodness must be unselfish, or else it is not good. A good deed is one that benefits more than the doer. Here is the principle of the whole matter—goodness must mean the common good. A man cannot be good apart. It requires another person, a company of persons, a world of persons before there can be goodness. There is no individual virtue. There is no good but common good, and he who would be virtuous must seek the good of all. Whatever serves the interests of a community and ministers to its need, that is a holy service, a divine ministry. There are many ministries. The teacher, the preacher, the writer, the craftsman, the mechanic, the merchant, the judge, the homekeeper, the soldier, the street sweeper, the artist, the singer, the farmer, the miner, the clerk, these all, if they purpose and achieve some service to the welfare of mankind, are ministers of good, ministers of God, ordained not for their task but by it. There are no secular callings—they are all divine if they minister to the deeds of mankind.

We are very near the day when we shall quit estimating a man's worth by the amount of money he has collected from his fellow men. For every dollar that he derives from a community he owes that community a dollar's worth of service in some form

or other. When he gathers a million dollars from his townsmen without doing some real and needed service for his town he is in debt to the town just a million dollars, plus the inconvenience of having him around. When he is accommodating enough to die, his friends come and carry away the million dollars and leave a granite monument to keep the townsmen unforgetful of the man who collected a fortune from them.

Some fortunes were made and some are only collected. One day we shall be wiser. We shall honor the man who creates wealth, be it economic or social worth, material or spiritual values, but we shall tolerate no man to reap where he has not sown. He must not merely collect a fortune, he must create common wealth.

I have emphasized that whatever serves the community good is good; that it possesses social value. On the other hand, it is just as true that whatever is contrary to the social wellbeing is evil. Religious bodies have made a catalogue of "sins." Some are actually wrong, while some are only conventionalities. From time to time one has been taken from the list or one has been added, to suit the convenience. The prohibition as to personal ornamentation is crossed out of the catalogue and we are permitted to look at least as well as the Lord intended; or even to camouflage a little if that will improve appearances. The crime of going to sleep in church is no longer punishable by law, though it ought to be with a brick; and there is still a little embarrassment about using the wrong word, at the right time.

What I mean to say is this: We have never faced squarely the great reality of wrong. We have tagged our tabu onto a hundred insignificant things too small to waste time mincing over when we have the mighty problem of wrong to deal with. We have been snipping around at the grass when we have a giant oak to uproot. It is not a few little practices contrary to our conventionality that we have to deal with, but the mighty manifold forces that operate against the common good and social wellbeing. We must see from the social point of view if we are ever to have a vision of what evil and goodness are. We have now to realize that there is an everlasting principle of good and evil that remains constant while our so-called "sins" and "virtues" come and go.

It is repeatedly stated these days that we are on the verge of a great revival of religion. This statement may mean about as many different things as there are ideas of what religion consists of. It is true that we are beginning to perceive a great awakening of the social conscience. It promises to eclipse the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. But it is not a going back to the old ideals any more than was the Reformation. It is not to be a reviving of the old standards of religion. It is not a revival at all. It is an *arrival* of a new ideal, long evolving in the consciousness of the race, an ideal whose time has come and which is to possess the soul of mankind. There will be no artificial stirring up of selfish motives by the old evangelistic appeal to "get saved or you'll go to hell." It is the awakening of the divine passion for human justice and the common good.

This war is not the final crash of a fore-doomed world, though some of our churches and ministers who would rather be orthodox than right preach that it is. It is furnishing an occasion for the host of "premillenarians" and "last day" advocates to make use of their vast stock of ignorance. What we are seeing to-day is the greatest step we have ever known in the evolution of man toward freedom and righteousness. There was a day when the present policy of the Kaiser was the legitimate program for a nation to pursue. Germany has not gone bad. She simply stepped out of the world's moral progress fifty years ago and the rest of the world has gone on ahead of her. And the other nations have made such moral progress that now when Germany tries to practice some of her out-of-date virtues upon her neighbors almost the whole civilized world says "No." We are living in the twentieth century while Germany is a hundred years behind the times in the evolution of the social mind. The difference between the early nineteenth and the twentieth centuries is the difference between the soul of a kaiser who would crush a smaller nation, crucify its manhood, rape its womanhood and murder its childhood, and the soul of a President who would give joy and freedom to every man, woman, and child, and everlasting peace to a war-riven world. That is progress. Never before did men or nations act voluntarily from such high moral purposes. The new religion of the common good

possesses them and has awakened the divine passion of vicarious sacrifice for the good of mankind.

The young American poet Alan Seeger, who heroically sacrificed his life in the Allied cause long before America entered the war, writes this to his mother: "Had I the choice I would be nowhere else in the world than where I am. Even if I had the chance to be liberated, I would not take it. Do not be sorrowful then" Again he writes to her: "You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly." Writing to a friend he said, "I am glad to be going in first wave. If you are in the thing at all it is best to be in to the limit. And this is the great experience." Soon after writing these words he fell in a brilliant charge, mortally wounded, but exultingly waving his comrades onward as he fell. How appropriate are his lines:

"The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade.
That other generations might possess,
From shame and menace free in years to come,
A richer heritage of happiness,
He marched to that heroic martyrdom."

This is not merely the word of a poet. It is the conscious purpose of whole armies of men who may not have the language to express it so beautifully, but who do have the moral courage to perform it gloriously.

But can we call this religion? And where is the divine prophet to herald this new faith? Yes, this is religion of the noblest sort. This unselfish devotion to humanity's welfare is the finest motive ever evolved in the life of the race. It is the high mark of the growth of the social conscience. It is the will of God—this will for the good of all. It is the will of God finding expression in the will of men, proving that God is not a being apart from them but a spirit within them.

And where is the prophet of this new religion? He lived

nineteen centuries ago in a village of Galilee. He was the son of a carpenter. He had one great ideal and he proclaimed it to his people. It was the ideal of the Kingdom of God, the reign of good will among men. It should be founded not upon tradition but upon brotherhood and mutual service. Whosoever should seek selfishly the interests of his own life apart from the good of others should lose it, but he who would give his life in the service of all should find life. That is his message.

Competitive civilization has failed. Selfishness has failed. Hate has failed. Kultur has failed. The Monroe Doctrine has failed. Narrow-minded patriotism has failed. Conventionalized religion has failed. Everything has crashed into the maddening maelstrom of destruction—everything but one. And that which survives alone and rises from this baptism of blood is a new world-life, which shall know neither race nor caste nor creed nor sect; a world-life which shall find itself in the new religion of the common good—the brotherhood of man—the dream of the Son of Mary.

Hugh R. Orr

THE HISTORICITY OF THE WHALE

SOMETIMES I wonder if I am getting to be a pessimist—about myself first and foremost and then and to a lesser degree about the rest of the world. Those are the times when I almost persuade myself that there are some things in this world that never will happen. I get to thinking that if I resign myself to a thorough-going acceptance of that as a principle of life I shall not only be less subject to cruel disappointments but, having given up expecting the un-expectable, I shall be better able to concentrate on expecting the merely expectable. I have no statistics upon which to base an analysis of the relative un-expectability of unexpected things, but I have learned that to expect some of us humans to root out in ourselves the fallacy of the importance of the historicity of the whale comes somewhere near the head of the list. As well expect us to be content to give up the struggle in behalf of the vocal power of Balaam's ass as to think that we will allow the historicity of that whale to sink into merited oblivion or even into a subordinate place!

There has just come to my hands (though not just from the press) a book of one hundred and nineteen pages—*The Story of Jonah*. Not *The Story of Jonah and the Whale*, but *Just The Story of Jonah*. At last, I thought, we have Jonah freed from his whale and with his face set toward Nineveh as God directed, and here are one hundred and nineteen pages given over to this thrilling indictment of religious bigotry, to this vision of internationalism and world brotherhood. Not at all! Here are one hundred and nineteen pages devoted to proving just one thing: the historicity of Jonah's whale. The whale could be, should be, and was. The whale ought to have been, is said to have been, and therefore must have been. We are to be everlastingly lost, not if we fail to shake ourselves free from the narrowness of religious bigotry, but if we fail to believe in the whale. We fall short of our heritage as sons and daughters of the Most High God, not if we miss the vision of world brotherhood, but if we fail to visualize the whale!

Now I hold no brief against the whale as such. He may have been a real whale; a man-swallowing and man-preserving whale. He may have been long enough and broad enough and deep enough—and altruistic enough too—to have swallowed Jonah and fifty more like Jonah all at once. I have no dispute with anyone who says anything in regard to either the dimensions or the moral character of the whale. My sole objection to him is based upon the way in which he monopolizes all the attention so there is none left to go around. And he does this monopolizing at such an inauspicious moment too. If he had only appeared earlier and then unobtrusively gotten out of the way. If Jehu, for instance, had used him to dispose of the Baal worshipers I shouldn't in the least object to his distracting the attention of the whole world from this and everything else Jehu did. As a matter of fact it seems to me it might be a good thing to have attention thus distracted. Or if he had appeared in conjunction with Jael and relieved her of the necessity of using a tent pin on Sisera I shouldn't mind at all. The milder sex would have less to answer for if we could refer some of the blame for that episode to the whale. But appearing at so important a juncture as he did he usurps a place and an interest we are loth to grant him and seems to deserve little at our hands.

And yet, am I not a bit harsh with the whale? Is he really to blame? So far as I can ascertain from a careful perusal of his personal history he was content to play a quiet and inconspicuous role, to come on the stage, an unassuming silent instrument in the hands of fate, and then to pass off as soon as the necessity for his presence had ceased to exist. There is a certain dignity in the automatic way in which he worked in accordance to orders. But the way in which commentators have worked him makes me feel—with apologies to George Eliot—that the more I know of some commentators the better opinion I have of whales.

If, however, Jonah's whale were the only monster who is forced into playing a chief part for which he was never intended I should not be so much concerned. But his name is legion. My experience with one brand of human nature, my own, is unlimited, and this brand proves to me conclusively that whales are a prolific

breed, and that they have been increasing and multiplying ever since the days of Nineveh, that great city: race prejudice, religious prejudice, class prejudice—all based on a failure to get away from the everlasting whale of human differences; social, economic, religious dogmas—some whale too big and awkward for us to get around; a whale of environment, or hereditary instincts and desires, or, worst of all and most whalish of all, of personal bias. Is there no exterminating these whales? or, if it needs must be that whales persist, is there no doing away with the stage management that masses all the star impulses of our lives at the rear of the stage and allows the whole foreground to be monopolized by these uncontrolled monsters? I guess I'm not a pessimist after all, for I believe they not only are controllable but will be controlled. You see I haven't given up expecting the unexpected in spite of my protests that I would. Or perhaps there is no such thing as the unexpected. If not—*exit the whale!*

Helen Grace Murray

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THREE "IFS"

I

"If the Lord be God." 1 Kings 18. 21.¹

THE figure in the word "halt" is that of a bird hopping from twig to twig as if uncertain where to build its nest.

This was precisely the position of the children of Israel under the reign of Ahab. They were undecided whether to worship Baal or Jehovah. There was something to be said on both sides.

On the one hand it was not easy to forget the God of their fathers who had brought them forth out of the house of their bondage into a land that flowed with milk and honey. The pillar of cloud, the tottering walls of Jericho, the smitten rock, the manna white and plenteous as hoar-frost, the battle of the stars against Sisera, all these and countless other blessings were in evidence as to the true God.

On the other hand it was both natural and convenient to drift with the current. The worship of Baal was the state religion. It had been introduced by Jezebel, the royal consort, and was conducted with imposing rites and ceremonies. It flourished under the patronage of the court; and the people, following the fashion, kissed their hands before the winged horses of the sun. The temple was forsaken, while the altars of Baal blazed on every hilltop. It requires more than ordinary courage to brace oneself against the rock of conviction while the crowd sweeps by.

To-day, however, there is to be a settlement. The people have come to Mount Carmel to witness "the controversy of the gods." Baal and Jehovah could not both be God: let them defend their respective claims. The Lord's altar shall have a bullock, and Baal's altar shall have another, and the devotees of each shall pray for the consuming fire. "The God that answereth by fire let him be God."

¹ By D. J. Burrell.

The preparations are made. The court-chaplains are there in force, and over against them stands the solitary prophet of the Lord. Before the signal is given for the controversy, Elijah admonishes the people: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, then follow him!" And they answer with one accord, "It is well spoken."

It was indeed well spoken. And behold, how mightily the Lord was vindicated that day! The Baalites in the morning began their cry, "O Baal, hear us!" But there was no voice nor answer nor any that regarded. As the day wore on, the prophet of the Lord taunted them with rude and merciless irony: "Cry aloud, for he is a god! Either he is on a chase, or upon a journey, or engaged in conversation, or, peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awaked." And they persisted in their vain entreaties until the sun sank towards the western sea.

Then Elijah stood forth in the presence of the multitude at the time of the evening sacrifice and made his simple prayer, "O God of my fathers, hear me this day and let the people know that thou art God!" There was a moment of breathless silence. Then it came, a blazing fleece out of heaven! Nearer, nearer, until it fell upon the altar. It consumed the bullock; it consumed the stones of the altar; it lapped up the water in the trenches. Silence for a moment, and then a loud cry, "The Lord he is the God!" Ten thousand voices caught it up and ten thousand more, until there was a rolling flood of acclamation, "The Lord he is the God!"

Old Kishon heard and sent it echoing back. The rocky slopes and beetling cliffs of Esdraelon, that had reverberated with many an ancient battle shout, returned the cry, "The Lord he is the God!" Far away the Great Sea was calmed as if to listen, "The Lord he is the God! The Lord he is the God!"

But if the Lord be God, why do ye not follow him?

There is no "if."

There is no "if" in nature. The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge of him. There is no speech nor language; their voice is not heard; yet their line is gone ought through all the earth and their words to the end of the world. Their "line" is like an electric wire from heaven to earth, over which perpetually passes this message, "The Lord is God."

There is no "if" in grace. The story of redemption is eloquent

of God. For Carmel read Calvary, and you have the climacteric counterpart of this event. There the sacrifice is laid upon the altar in answer to the cry of a ruined world for deliverance from the power of sin: "O God, answer by fire; and let us know that thou art God!" The fire falls and consumes the sacrifice. Christ dies for us men and our salvation. The world looks silently on; but all the angels in heaven are shouting, "Who is like unto our God, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders!"

There is no "if" in history. The man who can read the story of Christian civilization without ruling all false gods out of the reckoning is a blind man. Blinder still is he who can read the daily newspapers without reading between the lines, "Jehovah is God, and there is none other beside him!" There never was such a controversy of gods as we are witnessing in current events. Armies driving other armies before them; thrones trembling and dynasties tottering to their fall; nations that but yesterday were Great Powers now groveling in the dust—what do these things mean? The gods of Valhalla and the Pantheon are being put to rout. In vain do their devotees cry "Hear us!" There is no response from *unser Gott* or great Allah of the Turks. It is Jehovah alone who answers by fire; and "the God that answereth by fire, let him be God!"

But if the Lord be God, why do ye not follow him?

There is no "why."

There are pretexts and subterfuges without number; but no man can offer a valid excuse for withholding his love and service from the God who has manifested his love in the sacrifice of his only begotten and well beloved Son.

A business man sits yonder in the middle aisle who excuses himself for not being a Christian by pleading *honest doubt*. Is that a valid excuse? Suppose you were in doubt as to your financial solvency; what would you do? Would you lie down to-night to pleasant dreams? O, no: you would sit up and study your assets and liabilities by the light of midnight oil until your distressing doubt was solved. If your trouble with reference to Christ were honest doubt—and particularly in view of the great issues involved—you would treat it in the same way. Otherwise you are bound to conclude that you are not a doubter at all, but an unbeliever. If you are sincere in your perplexity you will give neither sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids until you have settled it.

There is a housewife sitting yonder by the door who excuses

herself for not accepting Christ by saying that she is so cumbered with much serving that she has really *no time to consider it*. This also is a delusion and a snare. How much time do you require? Would a year or ten years be enough? Time and tide do not wait upon our convenience: "And our hearts, though stout and brave, still, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave." If there is anything to be done, the part of wisdom is to do it now.

Here at my right sits a man who says, "*I have no feeling*." What of it? The day before yesterday was the first of the month: when your grocer presented his bill did you say, "I recognize the justice of your claim: but somehow I have no deep sense of obligation in this matter. When I really feel that I ought to foot my bill I will come around and see you"? Had you spoken that way his brief answer would have been "Business is business: pay what you owe me." In like manner duty is due-ty whether you feel it or not. And, if you are an honest man, you will render what is due to God as to your fellowmen.

Up yonder in the gallery is another who says, "*I am good enough as I am*." I tell the truth, pay my honest debts and keep the Ten Commandments; and that's more than many of your church members can say." My friend, if every professing Christian in the world were a double-dyed hypocrite it would not deliver you from personal responsibility in these premises. "Other men's failures can never save you." Is it possible that you think yourself a perfect man? If so I commend to you the picture of the Pharisee who lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, "God I thank thee that I am not as other men are," and also the sequel of it. You will probably admit, however, that you are not altogether without sin. There are some things in the past which you would rather forget. But forgetting will not blot them out. Nothing but the fountain opened at Calvary for our uncleanness can do that. Would it not be wiser to resort to the only method which has ever been suggested for the obliteration of the mislived past than to have it rise up against you in the Great Day?

I am looking over my congregation now to find an honest unbeliever; one who will frankly admit that he has not accepted Christ as his Saviour because *he does not want him*. Where is he; the man who confesses that he worships Baal because he likes him better than God?

"Ye will not come unto me," said Jesus, "that ye might have life." In that "*Ye will not*" all excuses for rejecting Christ are

resolved into the simplest terms of fact. It is the stubborn will alone that interposes between the soul and its high destiny. "The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not." You may discredit Baal as you will; so long as you love Baalism better than you love the things that make for eternal life you will continue to reject the gracious Son of God.

It was in view of this fact that Jesus propounded this problem in the higher mathematics which never has been or can be solved: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his life, or what shall he give in exchange for his life?"

II

"If thou be the Son of God." Matt. 4. 3.¹

"If!" There is a way of interjecting that little word "if" which makes its influence upon a soul like a blast from the Arctic Zone. It is possible for us to say "if" to another person, and to say it with such a look, and in such a tone, and at such a time, that all the young and aspiring growth in the soul and all the tender leaves of hope feel the chilling touch of winter. An "if" may be so subtle in its sarcasm, it may be so laden with irony, or so steeped in incredulity or contempt, that a man's healthy confidence in himself begins to wilt, under its influence, like a plant in the cutting breath of the frost. Who has not seen the effect of an incredulous "if" upon the tender, fragile ambition of a little child? "If I am ever the head of the school!" "Yes, if, if." That "if" may be the minister of paralysis, and the child's aspiration may sicken like a young growth under a stroke of lightning. And a slyly interjected "if" may enter a more mature life and may introduce a sense of discouragement, or a feeling of doubt, or a germ of uncertainty, which may work destruction among all the active powers of the soul. "Yes, if, if!" It is like a deadly poison gas. It is a destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

Well, now, here is a young peasant from Nazareth. He carries no worldly distinctions. He has no money. He has no station. He has had no social privileges. He is the son of the village carpenter, and up to manhood he has worked at the carpenter's bench. He is the eldest son of a large family, the mother of whom is a widow. He has toiled to keep the home together. All his material circumstances are small and confined. Everything is on the village scale.

¹ By J. H. Jowett.

There is nothing regal in his environment. There is nothing majestic in his setting. There is nothing significant of lofty splendor and sovereignty. His work is just common work. His ways are just the common roads. His relationships are just the ordinary kith and kin of Nazareth. "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brethren, James, Joses, Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not with us?" This Jesus seems to be just an ordinary Nazarene!

"And the tempter came to him and said, *If thou be the Son of God.*" "If!" And you must put a chuckle into the word, and you must put a little acid irony into it, and you must put more than a suggestion of incredulity into it. "If thou art the Son of God, O carpenter of Nazareth!" That is where the temptation begins. It begins in the insinuation of a grave doubt. It is an attempt to make the man of Nazareth question his own royalty. It is a subtle endeavor to shake a man's confidence in his own supreme relationships. It is an insidious effort to lead a man to suspect that his fancied crown is only a phantasm of perverted sight, a poor ghostly splendor of his own creation. It is a temptation to make a man believe that a fond wish is the father to his greatest thought. It is a plot to make him doubt his pedigree. "Is the tempter right? Am I a victim of richly colored dreams? Am I held in the fantastic bonds of delusion?" . . . "If thou art the Son of God?" "If" . . . "Am I?" That is the deadly poison in the temptation. . . . "And Jesus said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan. And behold angels came and ministered unto him."

Now we are living in a time when this form of temptation is peculiarly active. Ironical voices are very busy suggesting that our supposed treasures are unrealities, attractive fictions, manufactured in worlds of make-believe and delusion. Insidious presences, visible and invisible, are pointing ironically at our spiritual regalia, the cherished distinctions which we have worn as our most precious possessions, and they are cynically hinting that they belong to the hollow reverberating world of legend and dream. "If thou art! If! If! If!" And under the chilling influence of the suggested doubt and uncertainty, our songs change into sighs, and we begin to wonder whether, after all, we are deceiving ourselves, and if the light that is in us is darkness. "If! If! If!" When that hawk gets into our sky, all the birds in our souls are apt to lose their song in fearful silence.

I should call this form of temptation the distemper of our day.

It is the temptation to doubt our royalty, to be uncertain about the reality of our vast relationships, to be tremblingly disquieted about our moral and spiritual estates. Let us listen to two or three of these voices that are speaking to us, and that in bitter irony are suggesting doubts about our inheritance. Who is there here who has not heard the *voice that would question the reality of our own divine sonship*? "If thou art a son of God! If!" Is there a single man or woman in this congregation who has not felt the chilling influence of that sarcastic doubt? "If thou art a son of the eternal and holy God! If! And if thou art a daughter of the eternal and holy God! If!" It is so easy for this secret or public voice to challenge us and demand the proofs of our august and divine relationships. Where are the signs of thy royalty? Where are thy seals? Look at the mire upon thy garments. Look at thy torn and tattered robes. Is that the likely attire of a king's son? And look at thy passions, so chaotic and uncontrolled. And look at the periodic emergence of thy flesh-life, when, by apparently natural right, it ascends and occupies thy throne. And look at thy total lack of stately moral order and spiritual harmony. And would all this suggest a king and a king's son? And then look at the many signs of thy gallivanting with the world, and thy keen and eager willingness to wear its mental and moral fashions. And look at the thin and meager character of thy joy, and the equally thin and ignoble character of thy sorrows. And what a lack of wing there is in thy life, and how broken and irregular is thy flight!

"And you a son of God! If! If!" "And you a daughter of God!" Ask those who live with you what they think of your royalty and your sublime relationships! Is it not more likely that you are just a child of the dust? You are a mere worm. You are just a very imperfect product of Mother Earth. You are a clod without a single spark divine. "If thou be a son of God! If! If!" When that uncertainty begins to invade and possess our souls, all the powers of spiritual aspiration and progress are paralyzed.

Listen again to another of the unsettling voices of our day. Who has not heard the *voice which suggests uncertainty as to the reality and validity of our so-called spiritual experiences*? Listen to the spiritual claims we make in our venerable creeds and confessions. Listen to the still more jubilant claims which we make in our hymns and spiritual songs, where confession soars into adoration, and where the assurance of the heart blossoms forth into flowers of praise. What

great boastings we make of moral and spiritual happenings! Or what wonderful emancipations we sing about, liberties which issue in life and joy and peace! And then there comes a cynical suggestion that the experiences are all fictional, and that the emancipation is only an airy product of our dreams. Take the supposed fact of our conversion. You say you were converted? Yes, I do. "If! If!" I testify to you that I met the Lord in the power of his converting grace in the English Lake District, in the light of one beautiful dawn of many years ago. "Yes, If! If!" Sometimes in gray days, when the chill gloom of some moral defeat hangs heavy upon my soul, I hear that bitter wintry "if," and I am tempted to enter a realm of grave uncertainty and doubt. Who is there among the disciples of Christ who has not heard that voice? When did you say you were converted? In October, 1900? "Converted," says the tempter. "Look at your conversation last night! If! If!"

"I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."

"And the tempter came and said unto him, If! If!"

Or take the fact of our supposed forgiveness in the atoning grace and love of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. What pæans of joy and praise resound through our hymn books, the songs of the forgiven and home-returned exiles of our Father-God. We have sung those songs, and we have sung them as if they had been moltened and fashioned in our own experience.

"O happy day! O happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

We have sung the words and the song was laden with our praise. And then there has come a dull day in the spirit. We have been out in desert places, and the tempter has come to us in our depression and he has said, "If thou art forgotten! If!" How that ironical voice troubled poor John Bunyan, and into what disquietude and gloom it plunged his soul! Listen to him: "Wherefore I began to sink greatly in my soul, and began to entertain such discouragement in my heart that laid me as low as hell. These things would so break and confound my spirit that I thought at times they would have broken my wits, though no one knows the terror of

those days but myself." And John Bunyan suffered all this because of the interjection and the invasion and possession of an illegitimate and destructive doubt. "If thou be forgotten! If!" And the heart changes its song into a frightened cry, like a bird that sees a hawk in the sky.

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it gives me anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?"

The tempter comes to him and says, If! If! If! If!

Let us listen again to another of the ironical voices of our day which would tempt us into destructive uncertainty and doubt. Who has not heard *the voice that pours laughter and irony upon all our personal efforts to establish the King's will, and to transform the kingdoms of this world into the kingdoms of our God?* We are happy in thinking that we are the privileged servants of the Lord's love and grace. We hug the inspiring confidence that we are permitted to share in building the new Jerusalem. Then some day, when the clouds are very low, and our spiritual enemies are multiplied, there is breathed into our spirits the paralyzing air of a doubt which saps the very springs of confidence and hope. "You a servant of the Lord! If!" What is the value of your service? What is the precise worth of your contribution to the readjustment of a disordered universe? What is the working power of your tiny quota of rectitude? And just what is your anæmic prayer going to accomplish on the ravaged continent of Europe? You cry and you sigh; what currents of vitality begin to flow? You give your little mites; what is their weight in turning the moral scales of the world? Do you presume to think that the great heavens would miss your trivial endeavor if you were now to cease? Would the ocean miss the babbling rivulet, even now shrunk to the thinnest line of water, if it were to be entirely absorbed by the sand? Will *God* miss *you*? Do you really think you count? You a fellow-laborer of the Lord! If! If! If! If! And heart and will are prone to droop under the blast of this cutting irony and contempt.

But all this is so unlike our Saviour. One of the great distinctions of Jesus was this, that he placed infinite value upon everybody and everything. He conferred an immortal garland upon a poor widow who had just dropped two mites into the treasury. He told us that the penitent cry of a poor publican created music through

all the courts of heaven. He said that the tender ministry of a loving woman would continue to resound along the highways of time. Was he not always magnifying small fidelities, as though small things were such glorious ligaments in the body of Christ? "He that is faithful in that which is least!" He never spake ironically of little folk with their seemingly little enterprise. He never breathed upon them with sarcasm. He never withered them with contempt.

But, O! these voices of the tempter with his deadly "ifs" in the presence of our labor! How easy it is, in a city like New York, to make us wonder if our devotion counts. A raindrop will never be missed! "You a fellow-laborer with God! If!" And thrice deadly is the tempter's influence if it lead us to shut our little wallet, and to put away our balms and cordials, and go away home to minister no more among the children of men.

There is one other "if" I should like to mention, an "if" which the tempter is just now whispering ten thousand times a day. You can hear it everywhere in Europe. "*If* Christ be not risen! *If* the dead rise not! If! If! If!" That is the voice of the tempter. He tells us there is no proof of the beyond. Sir Oliver Lodge may fondly assume that he has opened up communications with another world, but his evidence has nothing about it of the compelling distinctions of reality and truth. The tempter hints that we have no evidence that would serve in a court of law. And "*If* the dead rise not!" he adds, "Well, would it not be wise to live as the children of the passing day, a day which rarely stretches beyond the narrow limits of threescore years and ten? If the dead rise not, then why not plan our lives accordingly? Why not plan a lighter craft for smaller waters. Why not shape our lives as river craft for local cruises, and not as ocean-going liners intended for infinite seas? If the dead rise not, eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

O, these belittling "ifs" of the tempter. "*If* thou art the Son of God! *If* thou wert converted! If! If!" "*If* thou wert really forgotten! If!" "*If* thy little raindrop is really a contributor to the immeasurable sea!" "*If* the dead rise not! If! If! If!" How did Jesus meet them? How did Jesus meet every temptation which sought to belittle and impoverish his life? He faced every temptation and vanquished it. Nay, he laid hold of every temptation, and he robbed it of its spoil, and he added the very strength of the temptation to his own spiritual resources.

How did he do it? Can we in any way enter into his secret

and share the power and triumph of his holy life? The first thing Jesus did when the tempter appeared was to make a positive affirmation of God. He never argued with the tempter. He never set out the logical steps of a reasoned defense. Whenever the tempter spake to him, Jesus affirmed the reality of God. In every temptation he immediately exalted God. No matter how disquieted were his circumstances, or how ironical the tempter's voice, he quietly affirmed his Father, God. Every time the tempter approached him the subtle tones of seduction were met with the unalterable affirmation of the being and sovereignty of God. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God." It is God! God! God! It is God versus the tempter in every season when the tempter sought to break up the integrity of his spiritual life.

It was even so with the Master's great disciple, the apostle Paul. In every temptation he affirmed the Lord God, even though his outer world was upheaved in convulsion, and tossed with all the turbulence of a fiercely angry sea. "Sirs, I believe God!" that was ever the apostle's answer to the assault of disturbing circumstances. And that too must be our first resource, in the midst of all our modern convulsions, and in a world that is just clamorous with disturbing "ifs" and "buts." We must quietly and steadfastly reaffirm God, we must declare his name and being to our discouraged souls. "God is our refuge and strength. . . . Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be shaken in the heart of the sea."

But Jesus Christ the Nazarene did more than affirm the Father-God when the tempter approached him, carrying the poisoned weapons of insidious doubts. Whenever Jesus was tempted he resurrendered his life to the service of God's will. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and *him only shalt thou serve.*" In the very breath of the devil's irony Jesus entered, if that were possible, into deeper and more sacrificial service. And, my brethren, that must be our way, for it is the only way of conquest. When the devil questions our loyalty, let us enlist in a deeper service. If he insinuates doubt about our conversion let us answer him with a larger consecration. If he hints that we count for nothing with God, let us fling all we have into God's Kingdom with a more abandoned sacrifice. If he sarcastically declares that we are only the trifling spawn of the hour, let

us answer his contempt by building everything for eternity and putting infinite significance even into the toil of the passing day.

And thus, in affirming God as the resting place of our minds and hearts, and in seeking the deeper life of a larger consecration, we shall be able to do the third thing which Jesus did when the tempter came on his destructive mission; we shall be able to turn away from him, and cast him behind our backs. We shall say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and the angels of God will come and minister unto us.

If! If! If! If! Against these ironical "ifs" let us hear the grand, firm soul-music of the apostle Paul: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." "We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

III

"If I be lifted up." John 12. 32¹

The magnet is a great mystery. There are sixty-odd pages about it in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and after reading them one is no wiser than before as to its singular power. It has been invested with a curious interest from time immemorial. They used to call it "the Magnesian stone," from the place where it was found. In the absence of any satisfactory explanation of its phenomena it was invested with all sorts of magical virtues. It served as a love philter and was supposed to heal diseases. Alchemists and conjurers made constant use of it.

But while no one can explain the magnet, one thing is admitted on all hands, to wit, its power of attraction. Sir Isaac Newton had a loadstone in a seal ring, weighing only three grains, which was capable of holding up seven hundred and fifty grains of iron; but he did not undertake even to define it.

The spiritual antitype or counterpart of the loadstone is Christ crucified. Here, also, there is much of mystery. A simple lad can ask more questions in an hour concerning the great doctrines which

¹ By Dr. Burrell.

center in the Cross than the wisest theologian can answer in a lifetime. But one thing is beyond controversy, namely, its power of attraction. David Hume, a rank unbeliever, was frank to admit that the Christian religion had wielded an influence among men and nations which passed his comprehension. How the story of a crucified Nazarene should have been the enlightening and evangelizing influence of all the centuries is beyond our comprehension: but the fact remains precisely as Christ announced it, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

As one approaches the harbor of Queenstown, skirting the southern coast of Ireland, he sees a graveyard on a green hillside and, towering aloft in its midst, a white cross whereon a white Christ faces the west with hands outstretched, as if to say, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved!" It is an apologue of grace in history. This is the mighty influence which, all along the centuries, has been appealing to men and nations. Other religions have one after another been stricken with decay and death; but the gospel, like a rising sun, shines brighter and brighter; and the red-cross banner is being advanced to the farthest headlands of the earth. The vision of Isaiah is in process of fulfillment; the ships of Tarshish, rams of Nebaioth, dromedaries of Midian, doves flying to their windows, all mean that the great Loadstone is doing its work. Our crucified and risen Lord is drawing the world unto him.

One reason for this is found in the attractiveness of Christ himself. There never lived another on earth like him. His challenge was, "Who layeth anything to my charge?" and the answer was forthcoming on the lips of the heathen judge who sentenced him to death: "Take ye him and crucify him: I find in him no fault at all!"

The world reveres character. In the bloody days of The Terror, when all Paris was clamoring for the king's life, the appeals of the noblest men of France were wasted on the unreasoning mob. Then Lafayette came out upon the balcony of the palace, leading by the hand an old man named De la Uire. "Citizens," he said, "it is seventy years of character and usefulness that would speak to you," and they all kept silence to hear him. For a like reason the incomparable, immaculate, unaccountable, divine Man is heard above the tumult of the passions of men.

Another reason is found in the teachings of Christ. He spoke of the three greatest problems that ever confront us. "Who is God?" we ask; and he answers, "When ye pray say, Our Father." When

we ask "Who is man?" his answer is, "Man was created in God's likeness; but that likeness has been defaced by sin; and sin alienates man from a holy God." And when we ask the inevitable question, "What shall I do to be saved?" he answers, "I am come to expiate your sins by bearing them in my own body on the tree: so that whosoever believeth in me shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

Now there is a threefold reason why this teaching attracts all who pause long enough amid the hurly-burly of life to think upon it.

To begin with, *its simplicity*. The wayfaring man, however foolish, may read it while he runs. A child can understand it. I was once, while engaged in city missions in Chicago, called to the bedside of a boy of fifteen who knew nothing about Jesus except as he had heard his name on profane lips. He whispered, "I'm dying, and I'm not ready." There was no time to philosophize: so I told him the simple story of the Cross. He whispered, "Are you sure that it was done *for me*?" And when I assured him that it was, he laid his thin, transparent hand on mine saying, "Go now, please, and come back in the morning. *I think I have it!* But don't say another word, or you'll get me all mixed up." In the morning he was gone, but his last word was "*Jesus.*" Blessed be God for the simplicity of the truth that saves us.

Then think of *the sweet reasonableness of the gospel*. We are not asked to believe anything which does not commend itself to our best judgment. When Nahash the Ammonite came up against Jabesh-Gilead, and its inhabitants proposed to capitulate, he answered, "On this condition will I make a covenant with you, that I may thrust out your right eyes." It is a mistake to think that any such condition is laid upon those who approach the gospel. It proposes on the one hand an ethical system to which our whole being intuitively assents: for no one has ever successfully impugned the integrity of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount. On the other hand it presents a doctrinal system which is equally consonant with reason. In particular the doctrine of the atonement is presented not as a hard and fast ultimatum, but as an appeal to our thoughtful acquiescence. "This is a faithful saying, and *worthy of all acceptance*, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

The vicarious pain of our Lord and Saviour is distinctly in line with the analogy of human sympathy. The self-sacrifice of God as set forth on Golgotha is merely the consummation of that self-sacrifice which is universally regarded as the highest point of human character.

It is precisely what a thoughtful man should expect to find in God. We are, indeed, asked to receive it by faith; but faith is mere credulity unless it is buttressed by reason. "Come now, saith the Lord, *let us reason together*: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

If a son of yours had wandered into the slums and was going at the pace that kills would you not go out after him and do your utmost to reclaim him? But what is the incarnation but the going out of our Father, and what is the Cross but his self-sacrifice for us? It is indeed so reasonable that we are impelled to say, "This is just like God!"

A still further explanation of the drawing power of the gospel lies in its exclusiveness. "To whom shall we go?" asked the disciples of Christ, "for thou only hast the words of eternal life." He has, indeed, a monopoly of salvation. There are other systems of ethics and spiritual abstractions; but there is no other religion or philosophy that has ever given the faintest hint or suggestion of an answer to the question, "What shall a sinner do to be delivered from the penalty of his past sins?" The crimson stain on the hand of Lady Macbeth is so indelible that all the waters of the multitudinous seas cannot wash it out. The blood of Jesus Christ alone cleanseth from all sin.

It is such considerations as these that have led multitudes of the wisest of men to yield to the doctrines of Christ. "It finds me!" said Coleridge. And it will find any man who consents to divest himself of prejudice and take time to think of it.

But aside from the character of the historic Christ and the manifold power of his teaching there is still another reason for the power of his attraction, namely, *his abiding Presence*. The promise "Lo, I am with you alway" is not to be explained by saying that his influence is abroad in the world. He himself is here. Unseen? Yes; but as real as the power of a loadstone in operation, the nearness of which is indisputable though we may not be able to see it. Thus it is written of Jesus, "Whom, not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

All heaven is full of souls who rejoice because once, feeling their need of a Saviour, they were drawn and came running to him. And there are hundreds of millions of living men who rest their confidence

in him for everlasting life. The white Christ whom the soldiers say they saw on the firing line in Flanders is everywhere beckoning and calling to the children of men.

In these last days he has been drawing the nations. The taste of war is bitter on our lips; but the men who carry khaki Testaments in their knapsacks have been putting the gods of Walhalla to flight, while impious thrones and dynasties are trembling at the cry, "The Lord, he is the God!" The world will presently be a better world to live in. The horizons of Christendom must be enlarged; for the kings of the earth will presently be bringing their glory and honor into it. The God of justice and humanity has all along stood within the shadow keeping watch above his own. "The dead hand" that puzzled Napoleon has lost none of its power. "Tell me how it is," he demanded of Bertrand, "that while I dwell alone and friendless on this barren rock, the dead hand of a Nazarene carpenter can reach down the centuries and draw millions to follow him." The drawing power of that "dead hand" has puzzled wiser men than Napoleon. Not more surely does the shining sun attract the earth than the Sun of Righteousness is slowly but certainly drawing the wandering race back to the God who created and sustains it.

But unless there be a response to the overtures of the gospel they are unavailing. A magnet has no power over a block of wood. Some men are antagonistic to Christ; as Voltaire was, who cried, "Crush the Imposter!" Others are so indifferent that they give no serious thought to his imperious and irrefutable claims; wherefore they see in him "no form nor comeliness, nor any beauty that they should desire him." But there are still others who look upon him until they are enamored of him. They hear the call, "Whosoever will, let him come," and yield themselves with the cry, "I will!" It is when the soul, like the Shulammite maid, hears the voice of the bridegroom calling, "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away"; and answers, "Draw me, and I will run after thee," that its espousals are sealed in the assurance of everlasting life.

Now these are the reasons why we preach Christ and him crucified. All the adventitious attractions in the world are ineffective as compared with him. To draw a crowd together is of itself a vain thing, but to draw an immortal soul out of death into life is worthy of God. And God in Christ alone can do it. "I, if I be lifted up," he said, "will draw all men unto me." He has been lifted up on the Cross, once for all; it remains for us as his witnesses to lift him

up in the pulpit as well as in our walk and conversation, so that all the world may be drawn unto him.

"The Jews require a sign and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God!"

Behold the Magnet of the world! Who can resist it?

THE ARENA

THE NEW CALVARY AND THE ATONEMENT

IN the METHODIST REVIEW for November-December, 1918, Dr. Stidger wrote: "Contemporary war literature is, consciously or unconsciously, interpreting the great world strife in terms of a New Calvary." There is no denying the truth of this statement. Circumstances have conspired to make it highly probable. The literature proves the probability to be a fact. Careless, adventurous men, by the million, have been facing the issues of eternity. Their thinking has been projected into a new environment. Men familiar with the precious traditions and doctrines of the church have been hurled into the grim reality of war. Their beliefs have been put to the supreme test. In the heat and glow of camp and battlefield much of the doctrine of New Calvary has been forged.

The newspapers have handled the religious significance of the war with a fearlessness and abandon that would be an inspiration if it were not for the menace it contained. Countless volumes have been written by men from the trenches, "men who have never in all their lives before given Jesus Christ a loyal thought." In most of these books is found the message of New Calvary. The salient points of the new interpretation of Calvary are written in orthodox phraseology. The New Birth, Crucifixion, and Atonement are used with a familiarity, by these prophets of the New Calvary, that will commend their message to many earnest readers. We have been wisely warned against the use of the shibboleth of meaningless and obsolete phraseology. Certainly it will take more than the garments of orthodox terminology to admit the New Calvary into the fellowship of the church at large. This terminology, apart from the Scripture, is capable of any interpretation. If there is a New Calvary it must have its conception of Atonement. Calvary and Atonement are one. If there is a New Calvary what of the Atonement of Christ?

The scriptural reason for Atonement is "that God so loved" a sinful world that he gave his Son as a love token on Calvary's cross. He was called Jesus, "for he shall save his people from their sins." In the American Magazine for March, 1918, Private Peat, a much quoted teacher of New Calvary, writes, "We don't think it makes a bit of difference, even if we should be killed in the middle of an oath. God would under-

stand." Surely it will not seem irreverent to say that God will understand only according to his established revelation. If "God would understand" in the way Private Peat says then the New Calvary must give a new definition for Jesus. He died to provide salvation from sin. New Calvary provides for salvation in sin.

I would not write a word that would take away any of the comfort and peace of those who know somewhere "over there" lies the body of a son, brother, or sweetheart. If ever grief-stricken fathers and heart-broken mothers needed comfort it is now. But can we agree with the Word of God, and Private Peat too, as we read?

God will gather all these scattered
Leaves into His Golden Book.
Torn and crumpled, soiled and battered,
He will heal them with a look.
Not one soul of them has perished;
No man ever yet forsook
Wife and home and all he cherished,
And God's purpose undertook,
But he met his full reward
In the "Well done" of his Lord.

"By grace are ye saved through faith, and not of yourselves," says the Word. "Not one soul of them has perished," says Private Peat. Then God must be under obligation to them for "forsaking wife and home and all they cherished." Peat says that sacrifice merits placing the leaves in "His Golden Book." Paul says without merit but "by grace" it is done. It is either the Word of God or the testimony of the man who said that a man could be perfectly religious as he beat out the brains of a Hun who had thrown away his gun and was on his knees begging for mercy. If the testimony of Private Peat is to stand as evidence, then the New Calvary substitutes death and heroism of men for the Atonement of Christ.

Under the very orthodox title of "Atonement" John Oxenham writes:

At one with thee,
Earth's cares are gone.
What matters else,
With thee at one?

The idea of at-one-ment with God is very beautifully expressed by the poet. We all know that this awful struggle has been the means of drawing thousands of boys to the heart of God and oneness of will with him as nothing else has been able to do. But what has this to do with the great crisis for which the title of this poem stands? Nothing whatever as interpreted by the poet. The title suggests the great tragedy of Golgotha, but the poem tends to put that in a secondary position. There is but one way to oneness with the heart of God and that is through the Son by the way of the cross. The New Calvary is exalted at the expense of his Atonement.

Again Mr. Oxenham writes:

For us he died,
For you and me;
For us they died,
For you and me.
That love so great be justified,
And that thy name be magnified,
Grant, Lord, that we
Full worthy be
Of these, our loved, our crucified.

Our prayer should ever be that we might ever be worthy of the price they paid. The poet writes of their crucifixion in the same relationship as that of Christ. Commenting on above verse, Dr. Stidger says, "And here side by side with Christ this great poet puts the lads. Not side by side as criminals were, but as brothers with him. And if Christ were willing to accept the thief into his fellowship on the cross simply because he believed, how eagerly and warmly he must welcome these lads who died as he died, for others, that the world might be better." God forbid that I should cast a single reflection on the sacrifice made by the boys. Their cup is full to overflowing while ours has but a drop in it. The page blurs before me as I call to mind those of my own Sunday school class and circle of friends, who have paid the price in "action." They made the "sacrifice" for others, but not in the way that he did. Their death made "the world better" by insuring freedom and democracy. His death made "the world better" by atoning for the sins of the world. Their sacrifice will make the "world better" by calling our attention to the social-service aspect of the gospel. In *The Vision Splendid*, Oxenham writes, "If this fierce flame free us from ruinous wastage of drink; from the cancer of immorality; from the shame of our housing-systems both in town and country; and bring about a fairer apportionment of the necessities of life; a living wage for all workers, leisure to enjoy and opportunity to possess and progress, it will have done much. If it result in a pact of nations which will ensure peace for all time it will have done much. If it brings the world back to God it will have done everything. This, our great sacrifice, will have turned to everlasting gain."

Every honest heart prays for this result from their sacrifice. No sane man will begrudge the boys the welcome of the Master, but they do not belong beside him in the way that the poet and Dr. Stidger insist. In the above quotation the "believing" of the thief was belittled in comparison with the sacrifice of the lads. The Word says, "But as many as received him, to them he gave the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Thousands of Christian boys died in battle. That our heavenly Father made "believing," and not sacrifice, the way to his family of redeemed is not for ours to question. We leave that to the New Calvary. The boys do not put themselves by the side of the Master on the cross. This the New Calvary does.

Straight thinking is just as essential as straight living. Straight thinking will no more allow the unhallowed use of the great events in the life of the Master than straight living will tolerate deviation from the path of rectitude. There is something sinister in the way New Calvary lays its hands upon these crises of Christ. If literal interpretation of biblical figures is mischievous, then spiritualizing the great events of the life of Christ is vastly more so. In all Christendom Gethsemane and Calvary are associated with Jesus in a way that forbids their ever being connected with another. Men may come to the place where they settle whether it is their will or that of God to be done. They may have to choose between disobedience and the cup of death on the battlefield, but there is only one Gethsemane. No experience of men is worthy to be compared with that of the Lamb of God who saw the flood of sin rolling down upon him there in the garden. Men may give their lives for their loved ones. The sons of American mothers have died for freedom. But there is only one Calvary. Death was their cross to carry for him, but that is not Calvary. The great crises in the life of Christ are sacred to him, and to him alone. The Bible has so hallowed them with eternal consequences that it is sacrilege to associate them with any other than his crimson Atonement for sin.

It would be strange, indeed, if out of such an environment of hate and love, strife and religion, belief and unbelief some new teaching did not arise. The church must always face the new. She must always be ready to welcome any truth that will advance the cause of Christ. Blind adherence to scriptural inerrancy in the face of demonstrated error has done much mischief. Uncharitable attitude toward those who have differed from her has done the church much injury. A church not open to conviction would do his cause irreparable damage. A non-progressive church would be a paradox. But she must have something from which to start in order to note her progress. The one foundation of the church is Jesus Christ her Lord. Her credentials are the Bible, the Cross, and the crimson flow. Calvary and Atonement cannot be divorced. In the thinking of the church they are one. In the Word they are united in the purpose of Jehovah. Calvary means blood Atonement of the Master. In New Calvary atonement is by sacrifice and shed blood of men. The question will not down. If there is a New Calvary what of the Atonement?

NELSON S. GARDNER.

Dighton, Kansas.

RELIGION AT THE PEACE CONGRESS

AUNT MATHILDA reported last week that the lecturer on current events, whose discourses in French she sits under, had said that it was futile for President Wilson to go to the Peace Congress "*au nom de Jésus Christ*," because he would not be able to put it over.

The lecturer seemed to have got the idea that Mr. Wilson had gone

over as a sort of Sunday school agent, to invite the Europeans who had suffered awful things by the war to forgive all their enemies, wipe the tale of German transgression off the slate, hush up the fuss, and go on.

That is probably not an accurate description of what is in the President's mind. The effects of the war cannot be straightened out on any such basis. Who have sinned must make what atonement is possible and accept what regulations can be contrived to guarantee that they will not sin in this particular way again. And for those who have suffered, what reparation is possible must be made for their sorrows and their losses.

Nor is Mr. Wilson at all likely to raise in spoken words the issue mentioned, and tell the Peace Congress that the world must be arranged as Christ would have it. That idea is hardly likely this time to be recorded so explicitly as it was a hundred years ago in the documents of the Holy Alliance.

And yet it is the idea that must govern the Congress if its efforts are to be useful. There is no other idea available for the job which has a ghost of a chance of succeeding. The Holy Alliance monarchs realized that, but they botched the application of it. The idea of resettling the war-torn world on monarchical principles could not last, and now the idea of resettling it on business principles and expecting such a settlement to abide must make shrewd observers laugh. Business principles are not enough to sustain such a settlement. It must rest at the bottom on religion, which all civilization has always rested on, and because the dominating religion of the Allies, and almost the only religion of Europe, is Christianity, it must rest on that. Modern democracy is a fruit of Christianity, and not except as it reflects the spirit of the Founder can democracy be made safe for the world.

Civilizations go as far as their religions will carry them, and then stop. The Assyrians got along with Ashur or somebody, and made a fair military and commercial success for some centuries, and then, becoming universally hated, broke to bits. So later the Babylonians with Bel and other deities, and the Egyptians with Isis, and the Greeks and Romans with paganism. When each had gone as far as its religion was good for it broke down. The Chinese built on the teachings of Confucius, and there was so much wisdom in them that China could not smash, though it came long ago to a standstill. Japan with Shintoism and Buddha, and whatever else it works with, is still progressive. India with a variety of religions, some of them full of truths, is not progressive, but under British supervision it maintains a civilization. Mohammed's bolt seems about shot, notwithstanding the enormous number of Mohammedans still in the world. Moses is still potent with the Jews, and he was a very great religious leader, and the Jews are imperishable, but the reorganization of the world will not be based on Moses nor led by Jews. Great as he was, Moses is a back number. German Kultur, which got entirely away from the spirit of Christianity, was much less distinctly detached from Moses, but it has been broken into fragments not yet numbered.

For the civilization that is represented at the Peace Congress Christ is still the great mind, the great restraint, the indispensable means to

make democracy safe and guard liberty with forbearance. If Christ is a failure the Congress will be a failure, because Christian civilization is a failure and the world must have a new prophet. Most people do not know that. They think of religion as an embellishment of life. Many of them, tainted with Puritanism, think it concerns going to church and being nervous and half Mosaic about Sunday, and voting for prohibition of rum and all excitements, and the extirpation of temptation, and things like that. Others think it is doleful, priggish, and negligible by real sports. But they are away off from the truth about it. It is the vital element in modern life. Where there is no vision, the people perish. When faith goes out of a civilization it comes rattling down, and the roofs begin to fall in on its buildings, and rotting ropes to hang from the rings on its wharves.

The Congress at Versailles will have to listen to the Jesus Christ mandate whether anybody puts it into words or not.

It is all there is to go by. The hope of restraining war rests on the religion of Christ, supplemented by the immense development of efficiency in mechanical and destructive agents. Experiment with the latter means is thought to have gone far enough. The Congress will have to try to make its proceedings square with the former remedy.

For, except for poison gas, gunpowder, and its cousins, and Christianity, the world and its inhabitants in their relation to war are little different in fundamentals from what they were forty—fifty—seventy centuries ago.

E. S. MARTIN.

New York.

WHY?

I SAT on the slope of a hill where singing pines their soft, deep shadows fling. Below, in the peaceful valley, a crystal river wandered at will among fields of clover and acres of ripening corn. The little birds soared in the blue, but never roamed afar, for in the quiet meadows their fledglings nested low.

Throughout the livelong day the sound of reapers murmured, and smoke from distant chimneys met the fragrance of new-mown hay, while out in the large open places I heard the shouts of the children at play.

But a hot breath as of fire swept over the peaceful plain. From over the crest of the hills, new kissed by the setting sun, I saw a Fiend arise, deliberate, cruel, huge. Men crumpled and melted in the heat of his crimson spue that blasted the soul of man.

A hideous mist came chilled from the river that had turned to blood, and the wail of a great earth woe moaned back from the sobbing pines.

Quickly I rose to escape from the Horror, but a sudden roaring smote my ears. I turned and beheld a sight that held me as in a spell. The reservoir of Greed was broken. The huge fist of the mailed Fiend had released Destruction, and its fierce waters rushed down the hillside

through the valley toward the sea. Where cities and towers had been, where men with eager zest had toiled for love, I saw only acres of ruins, and the pitiful fragments of broken homes showed in the swirl of war about a tottering church.

When, lo! Where the pit of Hell yawned deepest a Form arose that stayed the stream of woe. Even as I looked, the crimson current crystal grew, and raging Greed gave way to Peace.

At last there stood beside me One who knew, and I asked Him, "Why is the Cross in the midst of the flood, and no more on the crest of the olive-crowned hill?"

With infinite tenderness His clear voice said,

"Because women pray!"

GRACE FOSTER HERREN.

Westfield, N. J.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

SACRED STONES

Though stone-worship may be regarded as one of the lowest forms of idolatry, a mere fetishism, it has been, nevertheless, very prevalent from remotest antiquity in almost every portion of the world. "It has," says Professor G. F. Moore, "frequently persisted in venerable cults in the midst of high stages of civilization, and in the presence of elevated religious conceptions, while its survivals in popular superstition have proved nearly ineradicable, even in Christendom," and have been condemned time and again by councils and synods. If we attempt to trace this form of worship back to its origin, we become lost in the mists of prehistoric ages. In this as in other matters age lends a sacredness even to such a form of religious adoration.

Man is naturally religious. It seems that he must worship something. It is, therefore, not strange that a tree, a river, a spring of water, or even a rude block of stone should become the object of his veneration. For any one of these might have been, according to ancient belief, the actual abode of some deity. The tree, the bubbling spring, and the dashing brook were full of life, and the rude stone, strong and imperishable, capable of resisting the furious elements, even if lifeless, was something worthy of spiritual homage. The fact that rude blocks of stone were worshiped simply proves the antiquity of such a cult; for it takes us back to paleolithic times, when there was neither artist nor artisan. The piece of rock is necessarily unhewn, untrimmed, unshapen. Man had no taste for the artistic, neither had he tools even to form tools, except such as nature furnished. It is easy to understand why aërolites or meteoric stones should be regarded as proper objects of divine adoration. For in an unscientific age these were supposed either to be gods or to have descended directly from the gods. This explains why such a heaven-descended stone was deposited in many a magnificent temple of

later ages. We are all familiar with the words of the town-clerk at Ephesus, who spoke of "the great Diana and of the image which fell down from Jupiter," that is, heaven, as in the margin. (Acts 19. 35.) Contrasted with the magnificent architecture of Diana's temple, her image was very inartistic. The same is true of the image of Athena at Athens, and of Cybele of Pessinus. Pausanias and other classic writers tell us that the worship of rude pieces of stone was both very ancient and widely spread, the oldest form among the Greeks, and that many a temple had its sacred stone or idol. He also tells us that it was customary to carry phallic emblems in stone in procession in Attica. It was also customary for the worshipers to carry vials of oil with which they anointed these sacred stones. Even to-day there is nothing more common in many portions of India than stone-worship. Every village seems to have it. Those familiar with the worship of Vishnu at Benares and other places will recall the obscene representations in stone, before which elegantly dressed women and even young girls offer their gifts, and worship. Especially sacred are the Shalagrama stones from Gandaki in Nepal. These are inherently sacred, and no ceremonial act of a priest to consecrate them is at all necessary. They are regarded as a part of the deity himself. No wonder, therefore, that sacrifices of food, water, flowers, etc., are made to them.

The wide extent of stone-worship may be accounted for much in the same way as other customs, for instance, the use of certain foods. Customs descend from generation to generation, from land to land. Stone-worship has been found in India, Japan, large portions of Asia, almost the whole of Europe, interior Africa. The same is true of the various countries bordering on the Mediterranean, to say nothing of Semitic territories.

The two most famous collections of sacred stones in Europe, as far as we know, are at Stonehenge, England, and at or around Carnac in Brittany, France. Both of these are still imposing in their simple and solemn grandeur, though they have suffered grievously from the ruthless hand of time, and the still more ruthless hands of ignorant peasants, who could see nothing more in these venerable piles than a convenient quarry, where stone could be found at little trouble for mending roads, or for the erection of bridges, fences, and houses.

The alignments of menhirs at Carnac, extending two miles or more, in parallel rows, varying at places from nine to thirteen, must have numbered originally many thousand monoliths, ranging in height from two to sixteen feet. One, however, prostrate on the ground and broken into four pieces is about seventy feet. There are various theories as to their age, origin, and purpose, or object. The same is true of the monuments at Stonehenge. But there is no general agreement, except that they are very ancient. There is much to be said in favor of a Druidic origin, and all admit that they were in some way connected with Druidic worship, though claiming for them a pre-Druidic origin.

Carnac and vicinity have not only menhirs, but also dolmens and cromlechs. The reader will notice the Keltic origin of these words, which

are all compounds. Menhir is from the Welsh *men*, stone, and *hir*, long, that is long stone or pillar. Dolmen is from *dol*, table, and *men*, as in menhir, stone. The etymology of cromlech is likewise Keltic. Compare the Welsh *crom* or *crown*, circular, and *llech*, slab or flat stone.

It would be interesting to notice other smaller alignments of menhirs, of dolmens and cromlechs in other parts of the world, especially in France and the British Isles, but we must pass on, for our readers are more interested in Semitic stone monuments, especially such as are mentioned in the Old Testament.

High places and their inseparable accompaniments, the altar and the stone pillar or mazzebah are constantly mentioned in early Hebrew history. These were not essentially Hebrew institutions, but rather the common property of the Semitic tribes settled in Canaan and surrounding countries before the days of the patriarchs. Even granting that all such stones were not objects of worship or even connected with sanctuaries, yet it seems that they were regarded with more or less veneration, and their origin may be traced back to some sacred event. There were memorial stones to commemorate a theophany, or some important transaction or event in connection with the ratification of contracts—all having more or less religious significance. (See Gen. 28. 18ff.; 31. 13, 45ff.; 35. 20 and often.) There were, too, stones or pillars set up at holy places, for instance, at Gilgal, Josh. 4. 5; Shechem, 24. 26; Mizpah, 1 Sam. 7. 12; Gibeon, 2 Sam. 20. 8, and various other places. Indeed, it is probable that altars and pillars were erected in every town of any importance, much the same as a synagogue, in later times. Reference is also made to altars of Baal, of course, with their pillar, Asherah, etc. (Exodus 34. 13; Deut. 12. 3.) In this latter passage we read: "You shall break down their altars and dash in pieces their pillars, and burn their Asherim with fire." The reason for such a destruction was not the stone or pillar in itself, but the immoral practices connected therewith. For we know that altars and pillars were as much in vogue in Israel in the early part of Hebrew history as among the Canaanites. Moses built an altar at Sinai, with twelve stones around or near it (Exodus 24. 4). When the Israelites passed through the Jordan, twelve men took twelve stones from the bed of the river and solemnly set them up at Gilgal. We are all familiar with Ebenezer, the stone of help set up by Samuel. These may be regarded as simple memorial stones. But when we read the story of Jacob at Bethel, the case is different. The fact that he poured oil on the stone on which he rested his head and called it "the house of God" implies clearly that he regarded the stone, not simply as very sacred, but as the abode of deity. And yet it may be objected by saying that we, too, in our day frequently call a church building or a chapel "the house of God," the place where the heavenly Father meets his earthly children, without in any way believing that God dwells in a building made with hands. At the same time we must not forget that nearly four thousand years have passed since Jacob worshiped at Bethel. The sacredness in which stones or pillars were held by ancient Israel may be inferred too from the words of Hosea (3. 4; 10. 1f.), who included them among the privileges

of which Israel would be deprived in exile as a punishment for her sins. There is also a significance in a passage in Isaiah (19. 19), where the prophet speaks of a *mazzebah*, that is, pillar, as a symbol of Egypt's conversion to Jehovah. It seems that pillar and altar were usually connected. The pillar was regarded either as the symbol or the very dwelling place of God. The altar on the other hand was the place on or near which the victim was slain and on which the blood was poured and the sacrifice consumed, wholly or in part, according to the nature of the sacrifice, or the desire of those who offered it. The smearing of pillars with oil, blood, wine, or water was a custom not peculiar to the Semites, but prevailed also among the Greeks, Romans, and other nations.

Coming down to the days of Solomon, we read that he, too, followed ancient usage and had two pillars, Boaz and Jachin, erected in the porch or in front of the temple. No doubt, he was influenced in this by his foreign wives and friends. Unfortunately the wise king grew rationalistic, worldly-minded, and yielded to lower passions and foreign fashions. Possibly these pillars were erected at the suggestion of his Tyrian architect in imitation of Phœnician temple architecture, without any religious convictions whatever. Two such pillars were found at the temple of Melcart (Baal) at Tyre. Herodotus (II. 4) describing a temple dedicated to Hercules at Tyre, speaks of two pillars, one of fine gold, the other of emerald. Pillars are also mentioned in connection with the temples at Paphos and Hierapolis in Egypt. The latter is the Beth-shemesh (house of the Sun), of Jeremiah (43. 13). Here should be mentioned that there were two large brick columns at the entrance of the court of a temple at Nippur.

As stated above we have frequent references in the Old Testament to the *Bamoth*, or high places, of the Canaanites against which the Hebrew prophets and reformers were so loud and persistent in their condemnation. Fortunately, recent archæology has unearthed several of these very sanctuaries, as at Gezer, Tell el-Hesi, Tell-es Safi, Taanach, Megiddo, and Petra. Pillars were found in all of these with the possible exception of Petra, while the altar was wanting, except at Petra. This is not strange, for the altar was less substantial than the *mazzebah*. The pillar, being the symbol, or the very abode of the deity, would naturally be substantial, solid, and permanent. The altar is thus described in Exodus 20. 24, "An altar of earth shalt thou make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt-offerings, and thy peace-offerings, thy sheep, and thine oxen: in all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee. And if thou make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stones." In any case, whether of loose earth or of rude stones loosely put together, it would sooner or later succumb to the elements.

In passing we might explain that the Hebrew word *mizbeach*, from the verb *zabach*, to slaughter for sacrifice, primarily means "a place of slaughter," and not a high place, as altar, probably from Latin *altus*, implies. The fact that altars were generally built on hills or elevated places may account for the term.

Professor Sellin, of Vienna, who carried on rather superficial excavations at Taanach, an old city in the plain of Esdraelon, discovered more than a dozen pillars, or *mazzebahs*, in three separate parts of the mound. There was a double row of five pillars, ten in all. There were two others, as Sellin believes, which served as private altars. Of a private nature, too, were a libation bowl and an incense altar in terra cotta, curiously decorated. At another place there were two monoliths, "one with a hole in the top and the other with one in its side, for libations." Contrary to the general custom, these two standing stones had been hewn. This, however, may be explained on the supposition that they were of rather a late date, about 1000 B. C. Indeed, the high place at Taanach may have been one of those sanctuaries denounced by the Hebrew prophets. Schumacher brought to light two pillars in the high place at Mut es-Sellin, probably Megiddo of Hebrew history, some four and a half miles southeast of Taanach. These pillars were seven feet eight inches and seven feet high. They were found in what was called the Israelitish stratum, and, therefore, it has been inferred that we have here a Hebrew sanctuary of the time of Jeroboam. Near these pillars were some jars containing the skeletons of children, who had been, perhaps, offered in sacrifice to Moloch or some other strange god.

But by far the most interesting example of a high place is at Gezer. This was scientifically examined, and at great expense, by Bliss and Macalister. This old Canaanitish sanctuary had ten pillars, varying in height from five feet to eighteen feet and a half. Eight of these were in good state of preservation. They stood in a curved line in two groups at a short distance from each other, one of seven, the other of three. Three, seven, and ten were sacred numbers among the Semitic people. The fact that there were ten pillars does not prove that they stood for that many gods, but they were rather set up at different times by different kings or rulers. The second monolith in the row of seven is smoother than the others. It was made so probably by continuous smearing of blood, fat, and other substances, as well as by patting, fondling, and kissing. The words of Jehovah to Elijah throw light upon the appearance of this pillar: "Yet will I leave me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which has not *kissed* him" (1 Kings 19. 18; compare Hos. 13. 2). Kissing of sacred objects and idols has prevailed through many ages and in many lands. The black stone in the Kaaba at Mecca is worn perfectly smooth from continuous kissing by Mohammedan pilgrims. Attention might also be called to the statue of Peter in Saint Peter's at Rome, without imputing any idolatry in the latter case, or to stones in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and in many other places.

The seventh stone in the series is altogether different in its composition and structure from its mates. It must have been brought from some other locality, since it differs from stones found at Gezer. Some have conjectured that it came from the Jebusite sanctuary at Jerusalem. According to the Tell el-Amarna tablets, Gezer was at war with Jerusalem when these tablets were written. It is well known that it

was a custom from remote antiquity for victorious kings to plunder temples and to carry away whatever sacred objects they could find or suited them. Nebuchadrezzar and Titus carried trophies from the Temple of Jerusalem. This seventh pillar has a groove cut into it in such a way that a rope could be fastened around it and thus facilitate its removal, or, as Mr. Macalister says, "Apparently to prevent a rope by which it was dragged from slipping." When Mesha, king of Moab, made war upon Israel, he indulged in the same practice. Among other things which he caused to be inscribed upon the Moabite Stone, that is, a stele describing his campaign, we find: "The king of Israel built for himself Ataroth, and I fought against the town and took it, and put to death all the people of the town, and I removed thence the altar-hearth (?) of Dodah [Jehovah?], and I dragged it before Chemosh in Kerioth."

We now come to Petra in Edom where three or four high places have been found—Petra may be the Sela of the Old Testament. We shall notice but one of these, the best preserved and most extensive. It differs greatly from those on the west side of the Jordan, and is no doubt of much more recent date. The sanctuary proper measures forty-seven feet by twenty-four feet, is cut out of the solid rock. The altar, about fifteen feet from this, also "cut out of the rock, is nine feet long, six feet wide, and three feet high." No pillars were discovered in this sacred place, though two mazzebahs were found at some little distance. Whether these had been a part of the original sanctuary, or belonged to another, or, indeed, had any connection with the religious ceremonies can only be a matter of conjecture.

From what has been said, it is seen that sacred stones have been found in practically all lands, among all peoples, and in some connection with "the worship of gods of the most various kinds." Stone-worship is not only very ancient, but had a prominent place in the religions of many nations, all through the ages, and is still very common among heathen people in Asia and Africa. Driver says that even to-day in parts of India every village and town has its sacred stones which are worshiped by the natives.

In conclusion let us say that it is not easy to decide in what light the patriarchs and early Israel regarded their mazzebahs. In the case of Jacob, it is distinctly stated that the *stone* set up by him, and not the *place*, was God's house, or the abode of God (see especially Gen. 28. 22). It is possible, however, that when the patriarch so designated this rude block on which he rested his head and dreamt, he used the word Bethel much in the same way as we do now when we call a chapel or a church building "God's house." Be that as it may, the word Bethel passed through the Phœnicians to the Greeks and Romans, who worshiped their *baetylion* or *baetylia*.

Let it also be said that as time went on, as the rude stone gave way to the idol, more or less artistic, and this in turn to the stately obelisk or elegant pillar in stone or metal, so too along with this artistic development there has been a gradual evolution and a truer conception of God,

who dwelleth not in wood or stone or in temple made with hands, but in the heart of his people.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE RE-EVANGELIZATION OF EUROPE

Just here, doubtless, lies the heart of the world-problem. The world needs the gospel above all things. And Europe must be evangelized anew. Or must not one rather say: in part for the first time? But what of America? Have we not reason to ask ourselves: Is not the evangelization of America no less imperative than the evangelization of Europe? But it is a "foreign outlook," not a survey of the home field, that is promised in these pages.

Of all the countries of Europe none seems to show so large a measure of positive, aggressive Christianity as Great Britain. Yet the Christian leaders of that country cannot take it amiss when a clergyman of the Church of England, Canon Hephner of Winchester, publishes a book entitled *The Re-evangelization of England*. For this is only one of many books calling for a religious reconstruction from the very foundations. There is, for example, a series of books bearing the general title: *The Religious Revolution Series*. Five years ago we should have expected a series so styled to be not only iconoclastic but even radically negative. Not so to-day. In this era of reconstruction the radicals are in many instances the real conservatives. Radicals of this style have no thought of uprooting positive Christianity, they merely insist upon going to the root of the matter. Or—to change the figure—they would dig down to the rock foundation and build solely upon "the one foundation."

In England many religious thinkers clearly see that the problem is not simply to "reach" the unchurched masses, not merely to "win" them to the forms of Christianity that have hitherto prevailed. Christian thinkers in every branch of the church have been aroused to a sense of the profound defects of modern Christianity. The "Church" now sees the faults not only in the "sects." The Nonconformists, too, are humbly ready to heed the call that judgment should now begin at the house of God. On every hand there is a clear recognition of the divine call to conciliation and understanding among Christians. And this means no mere mutual courtesy and toleration, but mutual recognition and cooperation, which are equivalent to a real union. The new spirit of fellowship toward Dissenters which now prevails in the Church of England is one of God's marvels. From our standpoint there is immense encouragement in the present-day practical exaltation of the Word above the sacraments in the Anglican communion. It seems impossible that in a time of profoundest distress the truth should not break through all barriers, that the sacraments are effectual just because they are a powerful vehicle of the Word. The Word (that is, the gospel of Jesus Christ), the supreme—rightly understood, the all-comprehensive—means of grace! In a time

like this, how could it be otherwise than that everywhere genuine believers should give practical recognition to this truth?

Of course there is not everywhere perfect clearness and essential agreement in the preaching of the message. But when was ever the measure of agreement as to the real message of the gospel so large as to-day? It is particularly gratifying and encouraging to note that it is not the neologies which are gaining the ear of the larger public, but the gospel of Jesus Christ. Not that we see in England a marked revival of religion. Men are running, it is true, after various leaders who promise social or economic betterment; but in so far as men want religion, not many are attracted by the vapid theories which a few years ago so boldly proposed themselves as an improved gospel. If we dare not claim that at present a much larger proportion of the people are religious than just before the war, we may at least be sure that those who want religion want it real.

Concerning the open door for the gospel in France we had occasion to write at some length in a recent number of the *REVIEW*. It is gratifying to us now to be able to confirm what was there said by highly competent opinion from another quarter. Our broad-minded senior missionary secretary Dr. Frank Mason North, after a careful study of the religious situation on the very ground, has wisely said: "We recognize the fact that France must ultimately be evangelized by the French themselves. Our relation to French Protestantism is to bring to it resources in the way of our ideas, our experience, our money, and our personnel, for the promotion of those agencies that will themselves develop a program of evangelization and social work in France." For our part we hold that it would be a serious mistake for us to seek to develop in France an extensive denominational work. God has set before us in France a great open door, but it is a door which *all* our evangelical churches should enter. Not, however, specially to establish denominational missions—though for practical reasons something of this sort may be necessary here and there. France needs our help; the world has at the present time few needier fields and few which promise so large rewards for our labor. But France does not need and certainly she is not asking for a multiplication of religious denominations; nor would she be grateful for missionary activities controlled from without. Our church, however, has learned much in these wonderful years. We shall not fall into the error which we here deprecate.

Of the religious situation in Russia we all know something, but certainly very few of us know much in comparison with what we earnestly wish to know. For our own part we frankly acknowledge the narrow limits of our understanding of the situation. Some things, however, are clear. In the first place it is clear that the Russian Church has suffered almost as complete a collapse as the old imperial government. The Church was a part of the system, and so it fell with the system. Before the war the prestige and power of the Church were largely factitious. The Russian hierarchy had no such hold on the common people as the Roman hierarchy has in perhaps every Roman Catholic land. Yet the Russians are said to be a very religious people. At present the

Church is utterly unable to give the people the needed light and comfort. But the sects also are unequal to the task. Some of them—the Stundists, for example—show no little pious enthusiasm, but not one of the many sects exhibits the normal evangelical spirit and tendency from which alone a real evangelization of Russia could be expected. The sects are exceedingly diverse in character, but in one respect they are much alike: They are all one-sided, narrow, unenlightened, and superstitious. The number of adherents of the sects, whether taken severally or collectively, is not easy to estimate. The total number, according to some investigators, cannot fall far short of 25,000,000. This reckoning does not include the Jews. Of the remaining millions comparatively few are religiously well anchored. Even those who adhere firmly to the Church find little strength in its cold orthodoxy. Torn asunder by the wildest social and political theories and fancies, the Russian people are indeed as sheep having no shepherd.

Clearly the need is overwhelmingly great. But what of the opportunity to help? What can we actually do? Is there to-day an open door for the gospel in Russia? If we may trust the testimony of men who have had a peculiarly good opportunity to study the Russian situation, we must answer: The door now stands ajar and it will soon be opened wide. And surely nowhere in the world does the Macedonian cry sound more loudly than in Russia to-day.

But what of the missionary policy for Russia? It is manifest that we cannot deal with Russia as we can with France. Numerically French Protestantism is weak, but in spirit and understanding it is strong. We can well go to France to help the French Protestants to build upon the foundation already strongly laid. Strictly speaking, no such foundation has been laid in Russia. Of course there is in Russia much Christianity of a sort, but there is no adequate evangelical basis upon which we may build. Yet even for Russia there is surely a better policy than that we seek to build up a lot of denominations which the people would necessarily look upon as exotic. We are confident that our leaders, not only in Methodism but also in the other churches, will be too broad-minded and wise to adopt any narrow policy.

We refuse to ask the question, whether the Russian people will fairly respond to the gospel. Is it not the universal gospel that we preach—the gospel of the Son of man? There is an ugly saying, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." The true disciple of Jesus will amend the saying to read: "You will find a man." The Russians are a most human people, but they are a people sadly in need of light and guidance. Bolshevism is a tremendous peril, but the Bolsheviks themselves are made of the same stuff as the rest of us. In this hour of "the red peril" it may be quite necessary to meet Bolshevism with the drawn sword of defense; but the cure of Bolshevism is the truth of God. We confidently expect to see a vast evangelical movement in Russia in the years just before us.

The religious problem in the Balkans is in part analogous to that in Russia. The elimination of the political power of Islam in Europe and

the weakening of the power of the Greek Church even in the Balkans means for us that evangelical Christianity has a new and great opportunity in all this region.

Concerning the enlarged opportunity for the gospel in Italy a few words may suffice. If the basis of operation is less ideal here than in France, it is nevertheless far better than it was a few years ago. When we remember how extensive the estrangement of the people of Italy from the papacy has become and how cordially the Italians welcomed the services of the Protestant Young Men's Christian Association, it must be evident to us that the opportunity of evangelical Christianity in Italy has been wonderfully enlarged in these years of the world war. And now also we are—rightly enough—beginning to take a new interest in Spain.

And now what of Hungary and the other non-German states that were parts of the dual monarchy? Of the newest religious conditions and tendencies in these countries we cannot speak with much certainty. Broadly speaking, however, these intensely Roman Catholic countries constitute a part of our problem. Just what may be our immediate duty is not altogether clear. We venture, however, to call attention to the admirable quality of some of the evangelical forces that have long been at work in Bohemia, and we would suggest the same policy of cooperation there that we have recommended for France. In German Austria Protestantism is numerically weak, but even here there are some hopeful signs. We do not mean the old "Los-von-Rom" (Away-from-Rome) Movement, for that in and of itself was largely a political movement. Yet even before the war the conditions for the enlarging life of the Protestant churches showed an improvement. The restricted toleration of the Protestant "sects" which Austria practiced before the war will now doubtless give way to full liberty in matters of religion.

The religious problem in Germany is peculiarly complex. At present the shadows are deep. Yet those who know the religious life of Germany best believe that some rays of light are to be seen among the shadows. The most striking fact in the present religious situation in Germany is the way in which the religious leaders have been eclipsed by men of a wholly different order. The cause of this phenomenon is not obscure. The former subjection of the church to the monarchical state was such as to discredit the church in the eyes of all the liberally inclined people. The estrangement of the masses of the people from the church had progressed to an astonishing extent. And now with the fall of the monarchy the church as a politically constituted body which had been trained in the completest subserviency to the monarchy has in a sense fallen too. Those ministers who have had a message of real strength and comfort for the people will be rehabilitated as ministers of Christ, but the average clergyman will be repudiated by the majority of the people as having represented a system now overthrown. The complete disestablishment of the church is a part of the program of the present government. From the standpoint of American Christians this should turn out for the furtherance of the gospel. It is only as a minister stands clearly in the

office of a minister of Christ rather than as a state official that he can perform his true mission. In the present time, therefore, the ministers will be striving to reestablish themselves or to regain a hearing. For a time the clergyman as clergyman is sure to be pretty generally discredited. But after a longer or shorter period those men who have a real message of truth and righteousness and love will get a good hearing for the sake of their cause. In the meantime it is highly significant and interesting that the most noted theologians seem to be exerting extremely little influence on the public life of the people. If they get the rehabilitation which their abilities and their general character deserve, they must get it by virtue of a new spirit in relation to the common people.

If the question is once again raised, whether there is enough of genuine evangelical Christianity in Germany to leaven the nation, we can only answer that it is a question of time and of the relative temporary strength of conflicting parties. Possibly matters may be worse before they are better. Possibly for a season the *Zeitgeist* may seem to triumph over the gospel. The present situation is indeed very serious. But even in Germany God has not left himself without witness. Anyone who knows something of the spirit of such men as Schlatter and Ihmels and Loofs and Richter (professors of theology) or Hunzinger in Hamburg, Conrad in Berlin, Meinhof in Halle (pastors) will find it impossible to be altogether hopeless even respecting Germany. It is true, we still wait for the due acknowledgment of national guilt. Yet surely we find here and there expressions of an eminently Christian attitude on the part of German (and Austrian) Christians. A very interesting example of the way in which "tribulation works patience, and patience triedness, and triedness hope" among German Christians is to be found in the article on "Prayer and the War" by the Rev. Otto Melle, Superintendent of Methodist Missions in Austria-Hungary, a translation of which appeared in *The Christian Advocate* for April 10, 1919. The article originally appeared in an organ of Christians of the State Churches. "The German Christian who loves his nation cannot be blind toward the sins of his nation. . . . Sins against the laws of God have been proclaimed as natural rights, yes, even as virtues. Measureless pride was to be seen everywhere. What would have become of us, if we had won a glorious victory? . . . God has put us into the furnace, that he may purge us from our sins and prove our sincerity, our faith and our love. . . . It is of the highest importance that the people shall not sink in night and doubt, but find the way back to God, who is able to comfort, to help, and to heal. . . . Who knows what plans God has for us—and for the others? . . . What is progress in the eyes of men may be in God's eyes a failure. . . . O nation, that once hadst men like Luther, that in the time of the Reformation wast light and salt to the world, think of the special gifts bestowed upon thee. Take the hand of the Father, that smites thee; it is the hand of eternal love. . . . The deep humiliation—if only thou goest back to thy heavenly Father in sincere contrition of heart like the prodigal son—will be a way to a far better glory than this world knows, even to *His* glory." Such utterances are apparently relatively few, but they are

numerous enough to afford us no little encouragement. Even before the war there were many evidences that God had kept for himself in the German nation a remnant that had not bowed the knee to the gods of this world. Once, for example, Rade was discussing the delusion of all wars animated by the lust of power. "But (someone may ask) does no war make a people morally better? Yes, a disastrous war!" Rade has now before him the supreme example of a disastrous war. The whole world is ready to agree that a German triumph would have been a moral disaster for the world, above all for Germany herself. May we not hope that God's awful demonstration of the truth that all power is of God, the God of righteousness, may cause even Germany to "be still and know that Jehovah is God"?

Now is Germany to be regarded as a field for missionary activity like Russia, or may we intrust the work of re-evangelization to the Christian forces already in the country? We believe the answer has already been implicitly given. Germany does tremendously need an evangelical awakening, but she has within herself the men of faith who can lead in the work. Help and encouragement from without she will need, and after a season would probably be in a mood to welcome it.

A really important problem, which only time can solve, is the effect of the war upon the fundamental tendencies of German theology. It is important even for us, because in the new world an isolated theology is unthinkable. God grant that we may henceforth be free from the spell of certain negative tendencies in German theology. But no one who knows the powerful evangelical spirit of some of the leaders of German theology can wish utterly to banish all theological thought that comes from that land. Now is it possible that the tremendous experiences of the last few years will have helped to reveal even to the Germans themselves the fruitlessness of the negative theology? We dare to hope it. Not that we are commending theological conservatism as over against theological liberalism. The attitude of many of the German theological conservatives to the fundamental questions of international righteousness was just as bad as that of the liberals. It is not what is commonly called conservatism for which we contend, but Christian reality. We hope for a turning of the hearts and minds even of the theologians to the Christ of the Gospels. A return to traditional views in matters of historical criticism we do not prophesy. The general return of Germany to the sincere faith of the gospel may come slowly, but here alone lies her salvation.

The war which has come to a close was a war among nations, a war largely provoked by the ambitions of autocratic dynasties. Apparently there lies before us a tremendous struggle among the classes and the masses. We trust it will not be a great bloody war. Yet the whole world is forced to ask itself: What are the things that belong to our peace? We are sure the answer lies only in the gospel of Christ.

Everywhere the one great need is the light and the power of the gospel. In calling for a general re-evangelization we are immeasurably removed from questioning the present power of the gospel among great

multitudes in all the so-called Christian lands. But in view of the other multitudes in every land that are estranged from the gospel, we hold that the program of the church should be an evangelization so thorough, so fundamental, so sweeping as to deserve to be called a re-evangelization.

It is a matter for humble gratitude to God that the United States of America has been so largely animated by Christian motives not only in the war but also in the determination of the conditions of peace. This will be a new world indeed, when the leaders of all nations hold to the principles which have been the firm foundation of President Wilson's international policy. And in fact he has not stood alone. There is strength and cheer for us all in the words which Viscount Grey, now stricken with blindness, gave to his biographer, Harold Begbie, as his last message. "I want to say to people," said Viscount Grey, "that there is a real way out of all this mess materialism has got them into. I've been trying to tell them for thirty years. It's Christ's way. Mazzini saw it. We've got to give up quarreling. We've got to come together. We've got to realize that we're members of the same family. There's nothing that can help humanity (I'm perfectly sure there isn't—*perfectly sure*) except love. Love is the way out and the way up. That's my farewell to the world." A happy day for the world when all our statesmen shall be such preachers of the gospel of Christ!

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Religious Reality. A Book for Men. By A. E. J. RAWLINSON, formerly Tutor of Keble College and late Chaplain to the Forces. 12mo, pp. xi+183. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$1.50, net.

We do not often come across a religious book addressed directly to laymen on the great truths of Christianity. There is need for such writings in view of the quickened interest of laymen in the purpose and mission of the Christian gospel. Such books must give a reasoned account of Christianity, and make clear the essential reasonableness of the Faith, without evading any of the theoretical or practical problems nor offering readymade solutions. These excellent qualities are found in the present volume. When it is understood that it is addressed to men of the Anglican Church and that it was written as the result of experience in preparing men and officers in military hospitals for confirmation, we can appreciate the author's standpoint. But the spirit of suave self-complacency with the position of the Church of England is somewhat tantalizing to the outsider. There are many things in the book with which we radically disagree, particularly the sections on the sacraments and the ministry, but we overlook and even disregard these parts, to turn our attention to the rest of the book, which is really stimulating. The first part, on "The Theory of the Christian Religion," is devoted to what is

fundamental to Christianity; this refers more especially to chapters one to seven. That on "The Holy Trinity" is very suggestive. "There are conceptions of God proclaimed from Christian pulpits which are less than the full Christian conception of God. The God who is eternal Energy and Life and Love, the God who is revealed in Christ, and whose Spirit is the Spirit of Freedom and Brotherhood and Truth, is neither the tyrant God of the Calvinist, nor the dead-alive God of the traditionalist, nor the obscurantist God of those who would decry knowledge and quench the Spirit. Neither, again, is God the God of militarists, a God who delights in carnage; or the God who is thought of by his worshippers as being mainly the God of the sacristy, a kind of 'supreme guardian of the clerical interest in Europe.' Least of all is God the commonplace deity of commonplace people, a sort of placid personification of respectability, the God whose religion is the religion of 'the Conservative Party at prayer.' He is a consuming Energy of Life and Fire. His eyes are 'eyes of Flame,' and his inmost essence a white-hot passion of sacrifice and self-giving. At the heart of his self-revelation there is a Cross, the eternal symbol of the almightiness of Love: the Cross which is the source and the secret of all true victory, and newness of life, and peace." If this truth, so well expressed, were consistently applied, there could be no place for the ecclesiastical pretensions which underlie and vitiate the discussions in the subsequent chapters on "Sacraments," "Clergy and Laity," "Corporate Worship and Communion." Part II, on "The Practice of the Christian Religion," is concerned with questions of Christian aim and motive, and the bearing of Christianity on commerce, industry, politics, and war. "Christianity means the Christianization of life as a whole." The fullness of its noble ideal is strikingly set forth in the following paragraphs. "It is the ideal of consecration to service. It means discipleship in Christ's school of unselfishness, both individual and corporate: for there is a selfishness of the family, of the class, or of the nation, which bears as bitter fruit in the world as does the selfishness of the individual. Christianity, in a word, means the carrying out into daily practice of the ideal of the *Imitatio Christi*, the imitation of Jesus Christ, in the spirit if not in the letter. It means that as he was, so are we to be in the world. It means that all things, whatsoever we do, are to be done in his Spirit and to his glory: that our every thought is to be led captive under the obedience of Christ. It means that we are to love God because God first loved us, and to love men because they are our brothers in the family of God: because love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. It means that we are to consecrate all comradeship and loyalty and friendship, all sorrow and all joy, by looking upon them as friendship and loyalty and comradeship in Christ, as sorrow and joy in him. It means that we are to live glad, strong, free, clean lives as sons of God in our Father's House. It means also struggle and hardship. It means truceless war against the spirit of selfishness, against everything that tends to drag us down, against the law of sin in our own members. It means a truceless war against low ideals and tolerated evils in the world about us. It means

soldiership in the eternal crusade of Christ against whatsoever things are false and dishonest and unjust and foul and ugly and of evil report. It is an ideal which, considered in isolation from the Christian gospel of redemption and the power of the Holy Spirit, could only terrify and daunt a man who had a spark of honesty in his composition: and for this reason the mass of men refuse to take it seriously. It is an ideal which, in the case of all who do take it seriously, convinces them of sin. Nevertheless to lower the ideal, to abate one jot of its severity, to compromise, on the score of human weakness, though it were but in a single particular, the flawless perfection of its standard, were to prove false to all that is highest within us, and traitor to the cause of Christ.

'Never, O Christ—so stay me from relenting—
Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul.' "

The chapter on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage" touches on some of the vital problems of practical ethics. His ideas of temperance are very defective and must be rejected. A better interpretation of this question is contained in *Why Prohibition?* by Stelzle. The third part, on "The Maintenance of the Christian Life," has brief but lucid expositions of prayer, self-examination, and repentance, worship, and the devotional use of the Bible. What is here written is acceptable, with the exception of High Church intrusions that must be both discounted and discountenanced by those who enjoy the freedom of evangelical Christianity. The volume as a whole breathes the spirit of brotherhood and of reality.

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D., with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE, D.D., and JOHN C. LAMBERT, D.D. Octavo, Volume II. Macedonia—Zion. Pp. xii+724. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$6 net.

THE first volume of this excellent Dictionary appeared in 1916 and now appears the second volume, showing the same marks of scholarly ability of its predecessor, and having in mind more especially the needs of the preacher. These two volumes and the Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, also in two volumes, make a contribution of the first grade to the study of the New Testament. While these volumes are prepared for preachers, their purpose is not to furnish "homiletical material" but to give a liberal and broadening culture which will enable them to become skillful in rightly dividing the word of truth. Attention is thus given to political and social conditions and customs in the Roman Empire, where Christianity so speedily and extensively established itself. Articles on "Roman Empire," "Roman Law in the N. T.," "Trade and Commerce," "Trial at Law" bring to us information that is not easily available. The religions with which Christianity came into conflict are also described and discussed. The article on "Mystery, Mysteries" gives the results of research on the mystery-religion. It maintains, in opposition to certain scholars, that Paul was not dependent on them for his theological thought. As the writer on "Quotations" points out: "The

analogies with Stoical writings and the mystery-religions, at all events, show the influence of the *Zeitgeist* rather than first-hand study of the literature." The scope of the Dictionary is not strictly confined to the Apostolic Age. There are articles on the "Sibylline Oracles," helpful in the study of New Testament eschatology; the "Odes of Solomon" which were imitations in Christian Circles of the Psalms; the "Wisdom of Solomon" and the "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," dealing with the background of the New Testament writings. The article on "Mysticism" touches on the mystical element in Christianity which does not, however, rest on a mystical basis, for it is "a historical religion founded on facts, apart from which the experience of Christian believers is inexplicable; that experience is mystical in proportion as the soul has direct personal intercourse with God through Christ." The greatest historical fact is the "Resurrection of Christ," on which there is an exhaustive article of thirty-nine double column pages by Professor J. M. Shaw, dealing thoroughly with all the important issues. "It is the fountal source or spring of the apostolic faith, that which brought the church into existence and set it moving with that wonderful vitality and power which lie before us in the N. T. Much of modern historical criticism attempts to find the impulse which constitutes Christianity in the impression of the life and teaching of Jesus on his disciples. But so far as that went, and if that were all, there would have been no such thing as the Christianity of the apostles. There might have been memories of him, there might have been a school of thought founded on his teaching, but there would have been no living faith, no Christian gospel, no Apostolic Church." Part V of this able article reviews the older and more recent attempts to explain or rather explain away this central fact of the gospel, but the author shows conclusively, in the light of all evidence, converging and cumulative, that there is no other single historic incident better supported than the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. This article alone is worth the price of the volume, and the study of it will be profitable in many directions. We next turn to the article on "Paul," the apostle of the Resurrection gospel, from the practiced pen of Professor James Stalker. "While many figures of the past are unintelligible and incomprehensible, he is as human as if he had walked in upon us out of the street. This may be partly due to the details of his life being so well known and his words read so frequently in our hearing; but it is traceable still more directly to the largeness of his humanity and the realism of his thinking." The article on "Ministers, Ministry," by the well-known Anglican scholar Dr. Plummer, reaches a conclusion which sacramentalists would do well to ponder: "The priesthood belongs to Christians, not as individuals, but as members of the church, in the 'royal priesthood' of which each has a share; and the sacrifice which each brings is service and self-consecration, made acceptable by union with the sacrifice offered by Christ." Baptism and the Eucharist are the Christian sacraments *par excellence*, and they are considered in their Godward and manward aspects with reference to the sacramental observance of the early church. "They possessed in com-

mon similar general relation to the entire scheme of redemption. Both were means toward the fulfillment of the mystical union with Christ. Both had respect to the sacrifice offered by him on the Cross. Both were inseparably connected with the cardinal fact of the resurrection. Both looked up to a Prince and a Saviour by the right hand of God exalted. Both had in view the constitution and service of the body corporate and the communion of saints. Both belong to a spiritual order which bore witness to the one hope of the coming and Kingdom of the Christ of God." The articles on "Preaching" and "Teaching" relate these two functions. "Apostolic preaching was the spontaneous, authoritative announcement of a truth felt to be new to the experience of man, and explicable only in the light of the incarnation, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ as Saviour of men." On the other hand, "teaching was the calmer and more systematic instruction in the details of Christian truth and duty which followed the summons to repentance and saving faith." The article on the "Old Testament" is far too short even though it is supplemented by one on "Quotations." Considering the influence of the Septuagint in apostolic preaching, it is surprising there is no article on the subject. The theological articles are Biblical, historical, and experimental. See the articles on "Mediation, Mediator," "Perseverance," "Parousia," "Propitiation," "Ransom," "Reconciliation," "Redemption," "Regeneration," "Repentance," "Resurrection," "Sacrifice," "Salvation," "Sanctification," "Sin," "Union with God." What excellent subjects for sermons and how stimulating is the treatment of these themes in this volume! "Righteousness," by Moffatt, is an important contribution, and, like everything from this writer, the article shows a perfect mastery of the subject. He also has an elaborate article on "War." What he writes about the literature of war does not apply to his own discussion: "The European war has naturally produced a crop of pamphlets and studies, which occasionally discuss the early church's attitude to war in general, but seldom to any scientific profit; the large majority, whether written by pacifists or by patriots, suffer from an unhistorical imagination and for the most part discover evidence for conclusions already formed." The article on "Persecution" practically deals with all the periods of church history up to the present day, and traces the varying currents of this bitter spirit and its damaging influence. The gradual disappearance of intolerance from among religious bodies has been due to the prevalence of the view that absolute certainty is difficult of attainment, and that no system or creed embodies the whole truth of Christianity. The series of word studies deserve attention, such as "Meekness," "Mercy," "Patience," "Peace," "Perfection," "Self-denial," "Soberness," "Temperance," "Thanksgiving," "Unity," "Rest," "Worldliness." All this is exceedingly suggestive for expository preaching as the theological articles are for doctrinal preaching. As might be expected, there are good articles on the characters of the New Testament both the better and the lesser known: here is material for biographical preaching. The articles on the epistles are scholarly, but they are treated from the standpoint of the preacher and not the professional theologian or exegete. There are also any number

of articles on the towns and countries mentioned in the New Testament or in any way bearing on the activity of the Apostolic Church. Mention must also be made of the discerning references to literature in connection with the articles, which would be welcomed by the student who desires to go further afield in study. The value of this volume will increase with use. No preacher who wants to be fully informed and well equipped should think of doing without this set of books.

Catechetics; or Theory and Practice of Religious Instruction. By M. REU, D.D., Professor of Theology in Wartburg Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa. Chicago: Wartburg Publishing House, 1918. Price, \$2.50. Pages xi, 716.

THERE have been historically two methods of admission into the Church: by conversion or confession of faith, and by catechetics and confirmation leading up to confession of faith, conversion or its equivalent being understood as involved in the process (baptism, of course, is presupposed in both methods). The first was used in apostolic times, and is well illustrated in the case of the Ethiopian eunuch who was returning from one of the great feasts in Jerusalem: "The Spirit said to Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran to him, and heard him reading Isaiah the prophet, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some one shall guide me? And he besought Philip to come up and sit with him." The passage of the Scripture was Isa. 53. 7, 8. The eunuch asked, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other?" And beginning from this Scripture Philip brought him good tidings of Jesus. And as they went along the road they came to a certain water; and the eunuch said, "Behold, water! What doth hinder me to be baptized? And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they both went down into the water . . . and he baptized him." (Acts 8. 27-38.) Here there was no preliminary instruction, no probation or catechumenate, but entrance into the church was immediate on confession of faith. It was a case of instantaneous conversion and instantaneous admission. But as years passed there was an uneasiness felt in the reading of this passage in the congregations. "Could the way to the glorious blessing of Church fellowship among Christian believers be so easy, so simple, so direct, so immediate? By oversight there must have been something omitted in this text. The copyist of this manuscript must have dropped out a question. Philip at least asked him if he had sincere faith in Jesus. Now we ask more, of course, but formerly they asked that much anyhow. So it is only right that I should put in here what the copyist of this roll left out by mistake." That was the argument of the later readers of the manuscript of what we have as the last part of Acts 8. For this reason these later readers and copyists inserted our verse 37: "And Philip said, If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." But even with that addition it was a very brief course of catechetics, so brief

as to confound even our Methodist preparation. Our revival methods are slow by the side of the rapid conversion and reception of the Ethiopian God-fearer. But in the later apostolic times there are numerous evidences of two things: systematic instruction in Christianity and a definite confession of faith in a kind of creedal form. We cannot stop to give the passages, but there is ample proof in the New Testament of a humble beginning of the science of catechetics so amply, learnedly, and interestingly treated by Professor Reu in this volume. By A. D. 180-190, as we learn from the new fragment of Irenæus discovered in an Armenian translation, and published in German in 1907 by two Armenian scholars who had studied in Germany, the instruction was quite full; including a threefold baptismal confession, a "history of the revelation of God and of the economy of grace from the creation to the entrance of the Israelites in Canaan, adding a brief reference to Solomon and the prophets, closing with a presentation of the incarnation and redemption work of Christ as a perfect fulfillment of prophecy, stress, however, being laid upon moral discipline both at the beginning and the end." (Reu, p. 25.) The author sketches the history of catechetics from the beginning to the present (pp. 7-219), then he gives a fine treatment of the spiritual and psychological side (the pupil and his inner life, pp. 219-303), then the aim (pp. 303-313), the material, such as Bible, catechism, etc. (pp. 313-481), the method, in which he even gives practical examples of how to teach Bible history, catechism, hymns (pp. 481-676), and the close of religious instruction in confirmation, etc., etc. (pp. 676-700). The whole is buttressed by extended bibliographies and indexes. It is scientific and thorough, the ablest and most interesting book on catechetics and religious education yet produced in English. Though this reviewer would state some of the New Testament parts differently, he has to give testimony to this unique work, the most valuable ever done by an American, in this section of historical and practical theology.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE and LOUIS H. GRAY. Vol. X, Picts—Sacraments. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons (Edinburgh: Clark), 1919. 4to, xx, 915 pages.

THAT in the height of the world war which struck Great Britain fearfully hard Dr. Hastings and his noble publishers, Clark, could issue the second and last volume of the Dictionary of the Apostolic Church, and the tenth volume of the above seems almost a miracle. Though the world is in turmoil all is quiet within the gates of the ancient town of Saint Andrews, and in the libraries where patient scholars dig for knowledge and wisdom as for hid treasures. An esteemed reviewer, to whom this volume had been sent by mistake, in forwarding it to the writer, said: "I am sending *Encyclopædia*, etc. I was interested to read in the last number of the *Expository Times* that the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* has been in constant demand during these years of war, and also that it is more frequently consulted in the Vatican than any other set of

volumes [which shows that, however it may be with Protestant clergy and scholars, the studious priests of Rome know a good thing when they see it]. If our preachers could be persuaded to purchase these volumes and study the articles, what a renaissance in preaching there would be! The new day demands a better type of preaching, and if the Church does not give it, God have mercy on us!" Every preacher should have the whole series of the Hastings Dictionaries in his library, the International Standard Bible Encyclopædia, and the last edition of either the Encyclopædia Britannica (not the Handy edition with its atrocious small print) or of the New International Encyclopædia, read them diligently, without swallowing all their theology and biblical criticism, and then pour their information into his sermons. Or, better, every church ought to put these works into the parsonage as indispensable furniture. The intellectual thinness of the ordinary sermon is a caution. We have made a count of the nationality of the contributors to volume X, with the following result, which is, of course, only approximately correct. England (including Wales and India), 100; Scotland, 27; United States, 24; France, 5; Germany, 4; Canada, 3; Ireland, Japan, Belgium, Finland, Australia, 2 each; Holland, Sweden, Russia, Switzerland, 1 each. While comparative religion is treated thoroughly, church history, theology, and affiliated subjects are not without large representation. We have read with deep interest the articles Pilgrim Fathers, Puritans, Ritschlianism, Regeneration, etc. We make a note or two. Lake is quoted as saying: "Baptism is here (Rom. 6. 3; Gal. 3. 27) clearly indicated as effecting a union with Christ." Whereas Rom. 6. 3 says nothing about a union with Christ, and Gal. 3. 27 speaks of those who having received Christ have been baptized into and unto him, and have thus been symbolically and publicly clothed upon with him. According to the intense and ready figures of the Orient, the closing around of the water upon the person was a kind of new clothing or putting on of Christ. Lake proceeds: "Baptism is, for Saint Paul and his readers, universally and unquestioningly accepted as a 'mystery' or sacrament which works *ex opere operato*" (from the mere automatic administration of the sacrament), and says that this was the universal teaching. Two things are against this: first, the universal emphasis upon faith, hope, and love as the means of salvation and the comparative silence about sacraments; and, second, the attitude of Paul in reference to administration of sacraments (1 Cor. 1. 14-17). It is inconceivable that Paul looked upon water as a magical "open sesame" of salvation and then was indifferent to its application. On the contrary, he would have been strenuous in insisting on immense baptisms, crowding streams, and rivers with his converts and himself officiating. For Wooley (High Church) on Sacerdotalism we have to say that Paul was compelled to use the terms of his day, but whether he used them in the pagan or technical sense is to be learned from his whole teaching. The "altar" of Heb. 10. 13 is not the table of the Supper, which is never referred to in the whole epistle, but is Jesus himself suffering without the gate (verse 12), and the sacrifice he asks is not his body and blood in the Supper, but the sacrifice of praise to God continually, the fruit of lips which make confession to

his name (verse 15). Wooley has to admit that in the New Testament it is the church, and not the ministry, which is the "priestly people." But he misinterprets Clement of Rome if he means that he had the proper priestly idea. On this point and others Lightfoot in his dissertation on the ministry is more scientific. With Cyprian, however, we come to priesthood in the proper sense. Cruickshank, on Proselyte, speaks of the fact already mentioned by Schürer that the term proselytes of the gate is a misnomer, though used by the later rabbis themselves, as these were not proselytes at all. For the latter three things were necessary: circumcision, baptism (immersion), and a sacrificial offering. But the term expresses an actual condition, namely, the existence of numerous pagan God-fearers who attended synagogue and were half-converts to Judaism. As is well known, these were the feeders of Christianity. There is an able article by pastor Keer on Propitiation (introductory and biblical), and two others on Greek and Roman propitiation. The three articles on Prostitution are written with fine scholarship, and that on Indian prostitution reveals horrible liberties allowed to tribal customs by the very tolerant British government. It is interesting to see the venerable König here with his usual learning on Prophecy (Hebrew), though the briefer article by another on Prophecy (Christian) is hardly up to the scholarly ideals of the encyclopædia. Cobbin in Private Judgment gives the oft-quoted words of Erasmus, "Where Lutheranism flourishes the sciences perish," a judgment as narrow as false. The two articles in moral theology, Probabiliorism and Probabilism, are given to Roman Catholics, as is fair, though the article by Joyce is unfair. Though slight discrepancies have been shown in Pascal's quotations (scientific literalism here is a recent gain), his substantial accuracy has been abundantly proved. Far from being a "caricature," his Provincial Letters are as true as they were damaging to much moral teaching in the church, especially to Probabilism, which while striking in the face all New Testament exhortations (compare 1 Thess. 5. 22) has encouraged a moral laxness in Roman Catholic lands which—human nature being as it is—has been and is a fearful scandal to the Christian religion.

Faith's Certainties. By J. BRIERLEY. 12mo, pp. 288. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, \$1.50.

ONCE more we let Brierley speak, especially for comparison with Boreham as a preacher's essayist: for which purpose we select the essay on Deep-rooted Souls: In a sense we are all deep-rooted, rooted as deep as the universe itself. We are part of a system of things of which no beginning is discernible, and no end. Our bodies are, in their essence, as old as the seas and the everlasting hills. They draw from them and will go back to them. There never was a time in which they were not; there will be never a time in which they cease to be. Our present sense of weakness, of decay, is only a temporary sense. Our ultimate being is in strength—the strength of eternity. When our bodies die it is for them to begin a new life, under new forms, but always a being, a life. While

we tenant them, the process is ever going on. And every moment the universe is passing into them, they into the universe. And mind is as old as matter. There has never been one without the other. There could never have been matter without a mind to know it as matter. Our mind, be sure, has this same quality of everlastingness. In what anterior forms, in what posterior forms, who knows? We remember the curious speculation of Leibnitz that all souls are perfected in a sort of organized body, which at the time of generation has undergone a certain transformation and augmentation. We prefer here what Emerson has to say: "I cannot tell if the wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame shall ever re-assemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have had before a natural history. But this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in my grave, but that they circulate throughout the universe. Before the world was, they were." In one form or another we are, then, and shall continue to be, old inhabitants of this universe, rooted, we say, in its everlastingness. But all that is a somewhat far cry. What we want to deal with here is not so much our fortunes in the far past or in the far future, but those to-day and to-morrow. We are thinking of the sort of souls we are producing, and are likely to produce under the influences of our present civilization. It is so much a question of the soil they are growing in; of its depth and richness. Souls are here very much like trees. Like them they depend on two things—their inward nature and their environment. You cannot make a kidney bean into an oak by any manuring process. On the other hand, you cannot grow oaks in Lapland, or in the sand of the Sahara desert. Give your acorn the right soil, a soil with depth in it and richness of quality, and you have promise of your oak, that tree of centuries. And do you notice, given its chance, what a wonderful individuality, one may say, what a force of character, your tree develops! With an infallible instinct, its roots, searching amid all the varieties the underlying earth contains, accept what is good for it, what feeds its life, and rejects all else. It knows what it wants, and keeps to that; absorbs it into its very self. To those other things it presents a relation only of contact and of quiet rejection. It is here that oakhood offers so potent a lesson to manhood. The deep-rooted oak has so much to say concerning the deep-rooted soul. We are thronged to-day with schemes of education; we are on the quest for the method, the scientific method, of producing the best men and the best women. Everybody sees that it is largely an affair of soil, of the kind of underground earth we are preparing on which the soul-germ shall root itself and find its nourishment. We are all agreed, too, that the soil shall be such as shall feed the right kind of character; shall help the growth of the right affections, of the high and noble ideals. And for this we all say that it must be rooted in truth, the essential truth of life. But what, and where, is that truth; how is it to be found? Here we are at issue. The twentieth century is at a vital point; a point where there is deadly disagreement. How critical the issue is, and how ominous the disagreement, is brought vividly before us in a small work issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate

in their Home University Library, entitled, *A History of Freedom of Thought*. The author is Professor J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University. Speaking from that authoritative vantage ground, the professor offers us what he conceives to be a true history of human progress up to the present day, and an indication of the path it is to pursue in the future. Let us see the kind of soil in which, according to the professor, the future generations are to grow. The book is, from beginning to end, frankly materialistic. Our first feeling about it is the oddity of the title. It is called a history of the freedom of thought; its entire subject is the non-freedom of thought, the complete slavery of the human spirit. We are chained beings in a chained universe, the controlling powers of which are matter and force. The religious view, which offers us a universe beginning with mind and resting on love, with man as an offspring of that mind, endowed with freedom, and responsible for his actions to that mind; in short, the whole idea of God, freedom and immortality, is dismissed as illusion, with no scientific basis. There is no such thing as a creative intelligence, a divine purpose in the world. As a specimen of the kind of argument by which this hopeful conclusion is sustained, we may cite the Professor's treatment of the design argument. He thinks it sufficient for the exploding of this argument to point to the imperfections that appear in nature, in structures such as the human body. He quotes Helmholtz as saying of the eye that "if an optician sent it to me as an instrument, I should send it back with reproaches for the carelessness of his work, and demand the return of my money." So we are to believe that because the thing may be bettered, there is no design! It is curious reasoning. Would any man conclude of a watch, because it was possible to produce a better, that there was no design in it? Would a Helmholtz hold that because the watch was imperfect, it was the work, not of an optician, but of the mindless operation of a nebulous mist? If he did say that, would it suggest to us anything beyond the enormous faith of philosophers in search of an atheistic conclusion? Has it occurred to these philosophers that in creating an imperfect world, the mind behind it—supposing a mind—may have reasons of its own for temporary imperfection? That there were reasons for starting us in an imperfect world, as a scene of education for us, as a condition of our own education in working with that mind, as co-operators in improving it, and by that means of improving ourselves? Has it occurred to them that if this mind was one which contemplated as a final end the development of human spirits, in strength and happiness, that the end would be better secured by putting us in a world where there was something for us to do, rather than in one where everything was done, and ourselves placed there, with our hands in our pockets, simply as idle lookers on? And we say that this is not a true history of freedom of thought, but an entirely partisan and one-sided one. It gives us the supposed triumph of materialism. It leaves out the free thought, the conclusions of equally free and cultivated minds that have arrived at a different conclusion. It attacks Christianity for its supposed opposition to freedom. It leaves out all it has done for the

deepening and enriching of the human spirit. It mentions Hegel as an opponent of Christianity. It has nothing to say of the Hegelian Caird of Balliol, of how he shows what a Christian a Hegelian can be. It has no mention of Fichte, or of what he thought of the Christianity of Christ. The history is supposed to be up to date, but we find in it nothing of Martineau, with his magnificent vindication of the spirituality of the cosmos, no word of Dr. Ward's *Realm of Ends*, nothing of Romanes, nothing of Eucken, who is revolutionizing German thought; and not a word of Bergson, of the great argument by which he shows how the necessitarians have been all along attacking the problem of free will from the wrong end with a wrong conclusion; nothing of Sir Oliver Lodge, of Sir William Crookes—nothing, in fact, of that whole intellectual process by which minds of the first eminence in science and philosophy have been delivering us from the slough of fatalism, from the nightmare of a chance-begotten world, and giving our poor humanity renewed reasons for hope, for aspirations, for noble living! A fine soil this, surely, which our professor is preparing for young Cambridge and young England to grow in! What room, what nourishment in it for the spiritual life of man? What room for the soul's highest exercises; for reverence, for love, for purity, for self-sacrifice; what room for all this in a world which has, back of it, no object of reverence, no love, no purity; but only soulless atoms, with chance as their governor; and with nothing in front of it but blank annihilation? What room for courage, except the courage of despair? The "freedom" it offers us is the Horatian freedom, to "pluck the day, for there is no to-morrow;" a freedom to eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Against reasonings of this kind—very poor reasoning at best—we prefer with Pascal to rely on the heart's reasonings, the soul's deepest instincts. The heart's instinct tells us that our noblest thought, instead of being above the actuality of the universe, is immeasurably below it. And the verdict of the truest feeling is ever a religious verdict. We remember here brave Dr. Johnson's remark on Hume's nihilism, "All that Hume has advanced had passed through my own mind long before." In spite of Hume the Doctor would trust his heart's verdict. All the great souls have rooted themselves deeper than in matter and force. Our twentieth century will have to find some better soil than this if, in its turn, it is to produce great souls. It has no large harvest of them just now. It is funny to note the condescending air with which our modern chatterers talk of "the Victorian age," as if any of them can compare for a moment with the voices of that age; with Tennyson and Browning, with Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot. And all these were deeply religious spirits. In the age of Darwin and evolution, and the most revolutionary discoveries in the realm of matter, they had struck deep into a realm beyond it. We mention George Eliot. She had broken loose from the dogmatic creeds. She had translated Feuerbach and Strauss; was the companion of Lewes, the intimate of Herbert Spencer, the admirer of Comte. But to the end her heart was in religion. Daily her reading was in the Bible which she loved. She writes to D'Alberty: "I have not returned to dogmatic Christianity, to the

acceptance of any set of doctrines as a creed; but I see in it the highest expression of the religious sentiment that has yet found its place in the history of mankind, and I have the profoundest interest in the inward life of sincere Christians in all ages." And where her heart lay—the heart which is man's surest guide—is evident in all her works. In *Adam Bede*, the freshest fruit of her genius, the heroine is Dinah Morris, the woman preacher. It is she who exhibits the finest fruits of character, the highest devotion, the most all enduring love. It is she to whom all the neighbors go in their hour of need, to whom they turn as the best they know. It is she to whom, alone of all others, poor Hetty Sorrel, in her condemned cell, finally turns for confession, and for the healing of her broken heart. The deepest in George Elliot is there, the deepest expression of that center of truth, the truth of feeling. A piece of literature we are much in want of is a natural history of great souls. It should be a scientific history, a world history. Some important chapters in it on the negative side would be the natural history of small ones. We want a clear view of the conditions which make for the two products. We should get a truer view of millionairism, luxury, materialistic pursuits and negative ideas when we learn what they have done towards growing men; and a truer, a more optimistic view of the world's pain and suffering, its toll and difficulty, when we perceive the spiritual product of all that. Assuredly, we shall find one thing, that materialism has never provided a soil deep enough and rich enough for high natures to reach their strength and stature. How luminous is the world history here! Socrates dies for his heresy, his "irreligion." But what is his heresy? Read the *Apology*, read the *Phaedo*. These souls are all rooted in the spiritual; they have a leaping-off place from the seen to the unseen. Cicero, in his final hour, knowing his fate under the Roman triumvirate, shows us where his roots are. "I do not repent of having lived, because I have lived so as not to have been born in vain; but I go from this life as from an inn and not an abiding place. Nature has given to man the terrestrial world to stay in it awhile, not to remain there. O great day, which shall liberate me from this sordid scene to rejoin the celestial assembly, the divine congress of souls!" These great souls of antiquity struck their roots deep. They sought the best, wherever they could find it. But since then the soil has become incomparably richer. Philosophy had already found that love was the greatest thing in the world. It had said it magnificently in the formula of the Stoic Cleanthes: "Love begins with father and mother. From the family it goes to the district, to the city, to the multitude. It goes on and becomes the holy love of all the world." But with Christianity, with Christ, a new warmth reached the soul. The Divine love, the sense of love, holy, self-sacrificing love, as the center of things, which the heart of man everywhere yearned for, became realized, actualized; spoke, breathed, lived, in the Man of Nazareth. In seeing, hearing Him, the fainting heart of humanity found what God was, and in that knowledge lived again. The secret of the Church's strength, as Matthew Arnold has it, was in its new, overflowing joy. Here was a new sphere for the soul, a new soil in which to push its roots. Here was the

element in which all its faculty of veneration, of affection, of loyalty, of service, could bloom into flower and fruit. As Eucken says: "Christianity meant an immense deepening of the human spirit." Science is apt to reproach the after Christian ages, as a period of arrest in the progress of knowledge. But it was not the arrest of humanity. Do we suppose, we who believe in an ordered evolution, that any one age of that evolution could be a mistake? There is no blunder in evolution. There may have been a stay in the development of one side of faculty. But it was that another backward side might catch up. Admit there was a pause in the matter of world-knowledge. About that we may say with Höfding, "The pauses in the world course may last very long, but only he who is able to weave them into their inner connection with what went before and what follows after can understand their value, and rest assured they are something more than mere interruptions." What Christianity has meant for character, for the opening out of the finer qualities of spirit; what it has meant as a stay in trouble, a gladness in hardest poverty, a hope in life and death, only those can understand who have first tried to live without it, and since have lived with and in it. To-day we have the richest of all souls for man to root in. We have all the glorious wealth of the Christian deposit, and mingled with it all that knowledge of the universe which modern science has opened. The two are, in the best minds, working together to a larger synthesis, to a vaster life. The thought of to-day is following the path opened by Schelling, who, in his later period, became mainly occupied by bringing about the rebirth of religion through the operation of science in its supremest form. And science in its supremest form will be occupied by the mystery of the soul as much as with the mystery of matter. It will not rest with the something to know; it must have also someone to love. It will have learned that goodness is higher than knowledge, and that the conditions of human goodness are given not in revelations of matter, but in revelations of the spirit. This theme is a personal one for us all. To make any success of life we must get our roots deep into it. If we are only deep enough rooted we can grow tall without fear. We must have a self developed in us which, like the oak, knows, amid all the elements it meets, what to choose and assimilate, what to reject. With that in us we can move amid all the experiences, all the clash of opposition, knowing what elixirs they contain. Welcome every new experience, the new burden, even the new sorrow. Let them perform their dreaddest function! Is it not to enrich the soil, to drive its roots deeper into the things everlasting? Blessed difficulties of life, which compel us to find our roots in God!—Thus once more we advertise Brierley for the equal benefit of readers and publishers.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Australian Reveries: Mountains in the Mist. By F. W. BOREHAM. 12mo, pp. 288. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, \$1.50.

BECAUSE the appetite for Boreham grows by what it feeds on, we further stimulate that hunger by presenting his meditation on "Hairbreadth Escapes." The loss of the Titanic will always be spoken of as one of the world's most thrilling and dramatic tragedies. Mr. L. Beesley, until lately Master of Science at Dulwich College, has written a picturesque and vivid volume telling in graphic detail the story of that fearful night. He describes his own wonderful escape from the ill-fated ship, and instances also many of the hairbreadth escapes of his fellow passengers. And this has set me thinking. For it seems to me that hairbreadth escapes have a philosophy of their own. All through life hairbreadth escapes are the only things we really care to hear about or read about. If you find a boy curled up in a cosy chair, absorbed in a book, you may be perfectly certain that his flushed face and flashing eyes betoken an exciting stage of a hairbreadth escape. The hero has just succeeded in scaling the prison wall, or he has just broken from a fierce tribe of Red Indians, or he is flying for his life from a horde of cannibals. Or—to take life at its other end—if you chance to find the armchair occupied by the boy's grandfather, and are happy enough to catch him in a garrulous mood, he will at once plunge into the story of his hairbreadth escapes. Even Paul, in writing to Corinth, succumbed to this inevitable tendency. It is ever so. And, just because it is ever so, the three most popular books in the language are simply crammed from cover to cover with astonishing records of hairbreadth escapes. I refer, of course, to the Bible, to Pilgrim's Progress, and to Robinson Crusoe. Look, for instance, at the Bible. Here are Lot's escape from Sodom, Isaac's escape from the altar, Joseph's escape from the pit, Israel's escape from Egypt, Moses's escape from Pharaoh, Elijah's escape from Jezebel, David's escape from Saul, Jonah's escape from the deep, Jeremiah's escape from the dungeon, the Hebrew children's escape from the burning fiery furnace, Daniel's escape from the lions, Peter's escape from prison, Paul's escape from shipwreck, John's escape from exile, and very many more. Did ever book contain so many astounding adventures? Then Bunyan's immortal classic is all about Christian's escape from the City of Destruction, his escape from the Slough of Despond, his escape from Apollyon, his escape from Vanity Fair, his escape from the Flatterer's net, his escape from Giant Despair, his escape from the Valley of the Shadow, and his escape from the waters of the river. And as for Robinson Crusoe, there is a hairbreadth escape on almost every page. The same argument holds good if we turn from biblical biographies to those of later times. The most impressive passages are the hairbreadth escapes. John Wesley never forgot his deliverance, as a child, from the burning parsonage. "The memory of it," his biographers tell us, "is still preserved in one of his earliest prints. Under his portrait there is a house in flames, with this inscription: 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the

burning?" He remembered this remarkable event ever after with the most lively gratitude, and more than once has introduced it in his writings." Everybody remembers Dr. Thomas Guthrie's miraculous escape on the cliffs of Arbroath, John Knox's extraordinary deliverance in rising from his study chair a second or two before it was shattered by a bullet, John Howard's wonderful escape from the hand of the assassin, and George Washington's similar adventure at White Plains. And as to David Livingstone, Mr. Silvester Horne tells us that, besides his historic escape from the lion, he sometimes met with as many as three positively hairbreadth escapes in a single day. I suppose the true inwardness of such escapes, and the element about them that has most profoundly moved us all at some time or other, was never better expressed than by the wild and dissolute Lord Clive. Thrice he attempted suicide, and thrice the revolver unaccountably refused to do his awful will. At the third failure he flung the weapon down, exclaiming, "Surely God intends to do some great thing by me that he has so preserved me!" And he became the victor of Plassey and the founder of our Indian Empire. But life has most wonderful escapes, quite apart from pistols and precipices, from floods and flames. Mr. H. G. Wells contributed a very striking article to the Daily Mail the other day, in which he emphasized the modern tendency to escape. "The ties that bind men to place," he writes, "are being severed; we are in the beginning of a new phase in human experience. For endless ages man led the hunting life, migrating after his food, camping, homeless, as to this day are many of the Indians and Esquimaux in the Hudson Bay Territory. Then began agriculture, and for the sake of securer food man tethered himself to a place. The history of man's progress from savagery to civilization is essentially a story of settling down." Then Mr. Wells goes on to show us how the tide turned. The day of the traveller dawned. Railway trains, motor cars, Mauretanas, Titanics, aeroplanes, and cheap fares became the order of the day. Migration is the watchword of the world. The earth has, almost literally, a floating population. "The thing is as simple as the rule of three," Mr. Wells concludes. "*We are off the chain of locality for good and all.* It was once necessary for a man to live in immediate contact with his occupation, because the only way for him to reach it was to have it at his door, and the cost and delay of transport were relatively too enormous for him to shift once he was settled. Now he may live twenty or thirty miles away from his occupation, and it often pays him to spend the small amount of time and money needed to move—it may be half-way round the world—to healthier conditions or more profitable employment." Mr. Wells's article is the story of a great escape. Men do not now live like poor Tim Linkinwater, sleeping every night for forty-four years in the same back attic; glancing every morning between the same two flower-pots at the dingy London square, and convinced that nowhere in the world was there a view to rival that landscape! No; we have escaped, and we keep on escaping. It becomes a habit. Every holiday is an escape, often a hairbreadth escape. "There is one person from whom you must contrive to escape," said Doctor Sir Deryck Brand to Lady Inglesby,

his patient, in Mrs. Barclay's Mistress of Shenstone. "One person—?" queried Lady Inglesby. "A charming person," smiled the doctor, "where the rest of mankind are concerned, but very bad for you just now!" "But whom?" questioned Lady Inglesby again; "whom can you mean?" "*I mean Lady Inglesby!*" replied the doctor gravely. And Lady Inglesby soon learned the joys of a hairbreadth escape, for, from the seaside inn at which she stayed incognito, she wrote: "It was a stroke of genius, this setting me free from myself; the sense of emancipation is indescribable!" Every composure of a weary head upon a soft pillow is an escape, a breaking loose from the cares that relentlessly pursue, an immigration into the land of sweet unconsciousness or radiant dreams. Every indulgence in really refreshing recreation is an escape. Every pleasure is an escape. I noticed that the theatrical editor of the London Graphic, in the issue that was crowded with pictures of the coal strike, headed his page "A Way of Forgetting all About the Strike." "In all good deer forests," he wrote, "there is a sanctuary—to which the deer can retire with complete immunity—not because their lord and master is philanthropic, but because he knows that, if he shoots everywhere in his land, the deer will cross the border into his neighbor's demesne and probably not return. At such a moment as the present—the great industrial war being in full swing—we all need a sanctuary to which we can retire from the rumors of war, from strikes, from newspaper jeremiads, and from all other depressing influences. The retirement is not an act of cowardice. It is necessary as a resuscitation. It helps one to get on the top of things, to see life in perspective, and with some sort of common sense." From such a source, that passage is wonderfully suggestive. "A way of forgetting!" "A sanctuary!" "A retirement!" The man who has found this way of forgetting, this sanctuary, this retirement, has *escaped*—that is all. Or think what an excellent means of escape a really good book represents. "Is your world a small one?" asks Myrtle Reed. "Is it small and made unendurable to you by a thousand petty cares? Are the heart and soul of you cast down by bitter disappointment? Would you leave it all, if only for an hour, and come back with a new point of view? Then open the covers of a book!" And we have all fallen in love with Mr. Edward Thomas's village scholar in *Hornæ Solitariae*. "He finds a refuge from the shadows of the world among the realities of books." He set his little cabin door between the restless world and himself, wandered across to his bookshelves, and felt a supreme pity for plutocrats, plenipotentiaries, and princes! Nor is this all. For in Mark Rutherford's *Deliverance* the genial and lovable philosopher says a very striking thing. In the poky little window of a small undertaker's shop in a London slum he saw, between two dismal representations of hearses, a rude cross. It powerfully impressed him. "The desire to decorate existence in some way or other," he says, "is nearly universal. The most sensual and the meanest almost always manifest an indisposition to be content with mere material satisfaction. I have known selfish, gluttonous, drunken men spend their leisure moments in trimming a bed of scarlet geraniums, and the vulgarest and most commonplace of mortals

considers it a necessity to put a picture in the room or an ornament on the mantelpiece. The instinct, even in its lowest forms, is divine. It is the commentary on the text that man shall not live by bread alone. It is evidence of an acknowledged compulsion—of which Art is the highest manifestation—to escape." The italics are his, not mine. In the rude cross that adorned the shabby and gloomy window, Mark Rutherford saw a hint of an exit, a way out, an escape. Just as the geraniums and the pictures are an escape from the sordidness and ugliness and bareness of London squalor, so the cross in the undertaker's window pointed a way of emancipation to aching and breaking hearts. Now, this is leading us very near to the heart of things. For surely the Christian Church, with her atmosphere of charity and purity and peace, is a most gracious and grateful escape. And even death itself, by the time that it comes, is to most people a gentle and welcome deliverance. But I really believe that, after all, the finest thing ever said or sung about an escape is that blithe note of one of Israel's sweetest singers. "*We are escaped!*" he sings as he looks upon the Captivity. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped!" It is like the gay outburst of the birds in an English grove while the torn meshes of the nets around bear witness to the perils from which, with ruffled plumage, they have lately been delivered. "*We are escaped!*" cried the Jews as they exultantly re-entered Jerusalem, and gave way to transports of gratitude and delight. "The snare is broken and we are escaped!" "*We are escaped!*" cried old Theodore Beza, his hair white with the snows of eighty winters, as he went up to the ancient church at Geneva after the long agony of persecution and oppression was past. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped!" And every year, on the anniversary of that historic proclamation of three centuries ago, the great psalm is chanted by the people gathered in the same building. "*We are escaped!*" cried William Knibb, as he announced to the slaves of Jamaica the victory of the Abolitionists. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped!" "*We are escaped!*" cried the dying McCheyne. In the collapse of the body, a strange darkness had overtaken him. He asked to be left alone for half an hour. When his servant returned, his face was radiant and his voice triumphant. "I am escaped!" he exclaimed. "The snare is broken, and I am escaped." Said I not truly that it was like the melody of birds in a sweet English grove while the torn and tangled snares lay all around? "The comparison of the soul to a bird is beautiful," says Dr. Maclaren. "It hints at tremors and feebleness, at alternations of feeling like the flutter of some weak-winged songster, at the utter helplessness of the panting creature in the toils. One hand only could break the snare, and then the bruised wings were swiftly spread for flight once more, and up into the blue went the ransomed creature, with a song instead of harsh notes of alarm: *We are escaped! we are escaped! we are escaped!*" Dr. J. H. Jowett, of New York, told the other day the story of a dream. A friend of his dreamed that he was a hare, with the hounds in hot pursuit. They were rapidly overtaking him, and he could feel their horrid breath as they drew nearer. Presently, as he reached some bare and rocky heights, he discovered that,

instead of hounds, they were his own sins that chased him, and that he was a flying soul. Far up toward the summit of the hill he saw a cave, flooded with a most unearthly light. At the entrance there shone resplendently a Cross. He hurried to it, and, as he reached it, the hideous things that had pursued him slunk dejectedly away. He awoke and knew it was a dream. But the dream led him to the Saviour. And it led him to the Saviour because he saw that, of all life's miraculous and hairbreadth escapes, the escape by way of the Cross is by far the most wonderful and by far the most amazing.—Boreham continues about "Escapes—*Not Hairbreadth*": I return to the matter of escapes, suggested by the remarkable stories of the survivors of the Titanic, and, on thinking it all over again, I have reached the deliberate conclusion that my own escape was as wonderful as any. In *The Six Gates* the Rev. T. Thomson, M.A., tells this excellent story: "Some years ago," he says, "a steamer going from New York to Liverpool was burned at sea. A boatload of passengers succeeded in leaving the ship, and were saved. Among them was a minister belonging to Dublin. When he returned from his ill-omened voyage, he was the hero of the hour, and told his thrilling story far and near with great effect. He used to dwell especially on the signal mark of God's favor he had received. So many had perished; yet he was saved! It was a marvelous and special providence that he had so cared for him and preserved him. He never told his story without dwelling on this aspect of it, the uncommon mercy of God. One day he was recounting his strange experience to a company of people, among whom was the great Archbishop Whately. When he came to the end, and made the usual remarks about the extraordinary providence that had snatched him from the burning ship, Whately turned to him and said, 'A wonderful occurrence! A great and signal mercy indeed! But I think I can surpass the wonder of it with an incident from my own experience!' Everybody pricked up his ears and listened for the passage in the Archbishop's life which should show a yet more marvelously merciful escape than that of the minister from the burning ship. Whately went on in the expressive manner for which he was celebrated: 'Not three months ago I sailed in the packet from Holyhead to Kingston'—a pause, while the archbishop took a copious pinch of snuff, and his hearers were on the tiptoe of expectation—'and by God's mercy, *the vessel never caught fire at all!* Think of that, my friends!'" The point is a good one. Said I not truly that, of all the wonderful escapes from the Titanic, my own was as notable as any? Hairbreadth escapes are enormously popular. These better escapes are not. Nobody in the room really felt that Archbishop Whately's escape was more wonderful than that of the Dublin minister. Nobody really believes that my escape from the Titanic was more remarkable than Mr. Beesley's or Colonel Gracie's. We are too fond of a thrill. We love the things we don't like. We all remember Darwin's story of the monkeys and the snake. A snake in a paper bag was inserted in the monkey-cage. The curiosity of the animals led them to unfasten the top of the bag and peep in. When they saw the reptile they rushed screaming up the bars of the cage, and huddled together at the

very top. But they could not stay there. One would come down, peep at the snake, scream, and rush away. Then another. And another. They could not leave it alone. They loathed it and loved it at one and the same time. The same peculiar instinct is in us all. We go a long way, and pay a good deal, to see a man in peril of his life. If he will fling himself from a balloon in mid-air, or insert his head in a lion's mouth, or walk a tight-rope over a roaring cataract, or swing by his toes at a dizzy height, the crowds will rush to see him. Now the question is: Do the people who pay to witness these sights really wish to see the performer killed? It is perfectly certain that they would not pay their money if the element of danger were absolutely eliminated. Make it safe, and no one wants to see it! Why, then, does the crowd throng the building? Do the people really cherish a secret and terrible hope that the parachute will not open, that the lion will sever with his dreadful teeth the keeper's neck, that the rope walker will miss his footing over the surging waters, that the acrobat will slip and fall from his lofty trapeze? No, it is not that; for the great sigh of relief is distinctly audible when the fearful peril has been safely negotiated. It is nothing more or less than the innate and morbid love of a hairbreadth escape. In some form or other this extraordinary passion characterizes us all. But it is totally illogical and unreasonable. The escapes of which I am now writing are infinitely better. There is a quaint old poem which Professor Henry Drummond, in his *Ideal Life*, turns to fine account. It is entitled "Strife in Heaven." It imagines the glorified spirits to be discussing which of them all is the greatest monument of redeeming grace. Each tells his story. Vote after vote is taken. At length only two competitors are left in the contest. The first of the two is a very old man whose whole life had been spent in the most diabolical wickedness. Yet, at the eleventh hour, on his deathbed, he was forgiven. It was a hairbreadth escape. His rival was also an old man. But he was led to Christ when quite a little boy, and had been saved from all the sins which the other had committed. The vote was taken, and all heaven acclaimed the second competitor the winner. "The one," says Henry Drummond, "required just one great act of love at the close of life; the other had a life full of love—it was a greater salvation by far." The one was a hairbreadth escape; the other was an escape of a very much finer sort. Every minister knows that there are no questions more frequently presented to him than those relating to questionable pastimes or amusements. "Is there any harm in this?" "May I play at such and such a game?" "Is it right to go to such and such a place?" "Is it wrong to take part in this, or that, or the other?" It all arises from our insensate craving for hairbreadth escapes. Even children love to walk on the edge of the curb, to creep near the brink of a precipice, and to lean far out of a high window. But why run the risk? The story of the Canadian pilot is very threadbare. But it is very much to the point. "Do you know," asked a nervous passenger, "do you know where all the rocks and reefs and sandbanks are?" "No, madam!" the skipper bluntly replied. The passenger was just preparing for the inevitable hysteria, when the captain saved

the situation by adding, "But I know *where the deep water is!*" Just so. Nobody wants a pilot who cruises about rocks and reefs, avoiding them only by the skin of his teeth. But the captain who, knowing very little of such terrors, is certain of the deep waterways, is a very safe skipper indeed! Our modern evangelism is in peril of collapse at this very point. We often glorify hairbreadth escapes, and, by inference, minimize the value of escapes like mine from the Titanic. I mean to say that we glorify guilt and belittle the preciousness of innocence. In one of his best books Professor W. M. Clow has a fine passage on the blessedness of a life which has nothing to forget. "There is a tendency," he says, "which hectic modern literature and morbid preaching are emphasizing, to think that the man or woman who has not had a wild and wayward outburst in the days of youth is a poor, pale-blooded creature. There is a feeling that the man or woman with a dark story behind is more piquant and interesting, and that a youth of blameless innocence merging into a life of saintly purity, as the dawn merges into the full day, misses the romance of life, and knows nothing of any high elation of spirit such as he feels who spurs into reckless sin. There seems to be with some the impression that a rake makes the finest saint, that his devotion has a richer and deeper color than that of the unspotted soul; and that even the girl who has had a frivolous and rebellious youth shall mellow into the wisest and kindest womanhood. Surely this is one of the wiles of the devil." Of course it is! I like to think that Jesus had a place in His great heart for the woman who was a sinner and the thief on the cross by His side. I like to remember that the guiltiest things that breathed found room in His infinite love and absolution from His pure lips. But I like to remember also that it was when Jesus met the rich young ruler, who had kept all the commandments from his youth up, that it is written that "He, looking upon him, loved him." Jesus never taught that the greatest escapes were the hairbreadth escapes. On a memorable public occasion the late General Booth was stepping from his carriage to enter a well-known public building. As he did so a drunken man staggered stupidly toward him, and in scarcely intelligible accents exclaimed, "Say, General, what are ye going to do with the like o' me?" The crowd gathered quickly round to hear the General's answer. The General laid his hand on the drunkard's shoulder, and replied, "My friend, we can't do much for you; but we're after *your boy!*" That is a piece of very sage philosophy which I commend to all parents and teachers. Hairbreadth escapes are very difficult to compass. There are escapes that it is much more easy to bring about. And those easier escapes are the best escapes after all. Nobody has enjoyed more than I have such books as *Broken Earthenware*, *Down in Water Street*, *Mending Men*, and the rest. They are great and heartening reminders that a man is never beyond redemption as long as a breath is left in him. But there is a peril lurking even in such admirable literature. The escape of old *Born Drunk* is not anything like so lovely a thing as the consecration of a child. Mr. Begbie, Mr. Hadley, and Mr. Smith have told us of thrilling and hairbreadth escapes. They are very, very wonderful; and

we thank God for every one of them. But the young fellow who yields his unstained manhood to the service of the Saviour; the girl who brings to the feet of her Lord the lovely offering of her sweet and gracious womanhood—these present a still nobler spectacle. Hairbreadth escapes are splendid, simply splendid; but, after you have unfolded their most thrilling story, a still more wonderful tale remains to be told.—Now, when an American edition of these Australian Reveries is issued our readers will want to buy the book, because of the taste this extract leaves in their mind.

Morale and Its Enemies. By WILLIAM ERNEST HOOKING. 8vo, pp. xv+200. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

Morals and Morale. By LUTHER H. GULICK, M.D. 12mo, pp. xiii+92. New York: Association Press. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

Morale. By HAROLD GODDARD. 12mo, pp. 118. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

LEADERSHIP is a question of morale and its strategic worth was strikingly illustrated during the war. What were adopted as war measures very appropriately apply to times of peace and reconstruction, not only in the political and social world but also in the work of the church. These three books deal with various aspects of the conditions which determine success. Quantity of life, writes Goddard, is the measure of morale, and excess of life is the nature of high morale. In a series of brief chapters he expounds the constituent elements of morale. Among the preliminary morales are health, gregariousness, humor; the major morales are pugnacity, adventure work, communal labor, revenge, justice, affection; the composite morales are pride, victory, sport, fatalism, reason; and the supreme morale is that of creation. The weakness and strength of these several qualities are discerningly pointed out, and he indicates some of the next steps to be taken toward making the ideal of democracy a reality. The war has been well fought on behalf of the democratic experiment, but now we are confronted with another war to carry through this experiment. "For do not imagine that its continuance will be uncontested. It will be bitterly contested. And the tragedy of it will be that many a soldier who proved himself a hero in the earlier struggle will come home only to prove himself a coward in the coming one—abandoning in a life of selfish pleasure the unfinished cause for which he fought. And many a citizen whose son gave his blood for democracy across the water will spend the rest of his days seeking to defeat democracy at home. But not all will be deserters. There will be others, soldiers and citizens, who will see the truth and stand the test of those great words:

'Wart capable of war—its tug and trials? Be capable of peace, its trials;
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in peace—not war.'"

Dr. Gulick puts the case from another angle. "Morale is the quality of the spirit of the whole. It is the product of many elements, among them hope, determination, health, consciousness of strength, confidence, and belief in God." His volume is in part a report of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in helping to win the war by conserving the power of the men. "From a careful observation of the present conditions of the American Army in Europe, I have no hesitation in saying that the chance of a young man to build up moral fiber and good health is better in the American Expeditionary Forces than it is in the average American home and community." A rare opportunity is now before the world to move up to a new level in the greatest things of life. Here then is the privilege and responsibility of the church. It must lead in making virtue popular, convenient, social, beautiful, comfortable and at the same time make vice unpopular, inconvenient, solitary, ugly, uncomfortable. In other words, conditions must be produced where it will be easier to do right and harder to do wrong. What is this but the Christianization of the world in a thorough fashion, working from the center toward the circumference? Surely, the Centenary movement, with its comprehensive program, is most timely; and the fact that the other churches have adopted its principles is evidence that the Spirit of God is leading the whole Christian Church in a mighty revival for the regeneration of the human race, in the name of Jesus Christ. "The day of collective righteousness is here. The day when nations must be responsible for their acts and abide by their treaties has come. The social consciousness of our large groupings will learn to live up to this doctrine and so to act in a powerful, unified, efficient way." Dr. Gulick drives home the truth, as few writers have done, of the direct bearing of hygiene on holiness. In the Appendix he brings together several important official documents written by our state and military authorities and the Y. M. C. A. leaders, which call for careful study, especially by preachers on whom rests the task of guiding the church in the great reconstructive movement that has already begun. The importance of Professor Hocking's book lies in its clear discussion of underlying principles. He shows a grasp of the relevant facts in their psychological and sociological bearings, and his conclusions command attention. If we had to choose between these three volumes, we would take the one by him, and urge it as a text book of the first importance in classes on social ethics. The lessons from the life of the soldier are finely applied to civilian life. Apt suggestions are made how to deal with industrial and labor problems, how to encounter the menace of profiteering and exploitation, how to distinguish between the apparent and real virtues and vices in social life, how to fight the evils of the slum in the tenement as well as on the avenue, how to dispel state-blindness and stem the tide of political corruption and direct the democratic movement in the nations toward establishing the commonwealth of man, the Kingdom of God. Some of the chapters to which we invite special attention are on "Enmity and the Enemy," "The Mote in Our Own Eyes," "State-Blindness," "Discipline and Will," "Fear and Its Control," "War and Women," "Longer Strains

of War." From this last chapter we take a few sentences: "The law of habit is a spiritual law: it is the ultimate attitude, not the visible practice, that decides what states of mind will come out of the war. The soldier's life is unsettled: will that produce in him a habit of restlessness and roving? He is used to sensational and sudden effectiveness: will this impose on him a dramatic or melodramatic mind, make 'all piping times of peace' dull to him and unnerve him for quiet labor? The soldier has been through-and-through an executive, schooled in sharp decision, braced for grim issues involving the overthrow of an enemy: will he now be unfit for judicial thinking, and will 'adjustment' in the give and take of social construction—will 'adjustment' seem to him a vile and loathsome word? Will he desire to storm education, culture, art, religion itself by 'intensive' methods? Or will he come back eager to discard the more mechanical linkages of man to man, and to cherish the role of reflection, leisure, the listening mind, the mystical element in all spiritual efficiency? There is no prophet who ought to venture an answer to these questions, unless he can see with what hidden approvals, rebellions, provisos, the alleged 'habits' are being accepted. It is a man's idea, his philosophy, that fixes the *angle of impact* of all experience upon him, and so decides what 'effect' that experience will have. No one need fear that the beauty of the gratitude of a delivered world will make our returning soldiers over-proud; the reverse will be the case. But there will be men in that multitude who will keep the next generation true to the genuine proportions of things, because what they have seen they can neither forget nor allow others to forget. In such minds, war, the most drastically physical of all human works, does indeed become the vehicle for the most spiritual of achievements. And the morale springing from such philosophy may be counted on to win the wars that lie beyond the war." This is the conclusion of a meliorist who is assured of the betterment of things and who understands the laws that make for genuine progress.

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Letters to a Soldier on Religion. By JOHN GARDNER. 12mo, pp. 95. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, 75 cents.

THIS little book of five letters can be read through at a brief sitting, but it contains more solid food for thought than many more pretentious books. The letters are informal and informing, suggestive and searching, direct and helpful. Tiplady in his book of sketches, *The Cross at the Front*, has a chapter on "The Chivalrous Religion Our Citizen Soldiers Will Require," and he emphasized the thought that Christian conduct must be creative and not conventional. *The Hardest Part*, by Studdert Kennedy, is a remarkable volume of meditations written on the field in the midst of the dead and wounded, dealing with the trying problems of the soldier. Gardner writes at second hand, from a study of books and

letters of soldiers, but he keenly realizes the difficulties of the soldier and writes with sympathetic understanding. He recognizes that the soldiers are returning to civilian life with revolutionary ideas of religion and he fairly meets the tendency to be sentimental or stoical. The first letter, on "Providence," considers the fatalistic spirit common among soldiers, with which is contrasted the spirit of faith as the better attitude. This is not a chance world, but everywhere are signs of a gracious guiding hand bringing good out of evil. "Look at what has already happened as a result of this present war. You know the conditions better than I do, but I suppose I am not exaggerating to call them hell. Yet if you could summarize all that has happened in invention and discovery, if you knew all that doctors and nurses have learned about the cause and cure of disease, about helping men who have been crippled; if you could comprehend the significance of changes in industry and social life, in governmental control of wealth and labor, in philanthropic efforts, in change of sentiments toward war, in changed attitudes toward other nations in favor of international alliances and international law—if you could realize all this, you would say that four years of suffering have accomplished more of beneficent purpose than any preceding four hundred years. They have been terrible years, the like of which the world never knew and, please God, shall never know again, but somehow they have been splendid years." The points are convincingly argued leading to the conclusion that God is actively evolving a moral purpose, at work on a vast scale, beginning with the individual life but reaching out to all humanity under the influence of the spirit of Christ. The truth of discipline is well expressed. "If the Father in heaven is chastening a child whom he loves and developing character and capacity for enjoyment, and if through him he is developing righteousness, not only for the sufferer but for the world, then you have a reason which makes faith in Providence an adequate explanation and a satisfactory belief to enable a man to play his part bravely and well." The letter on "Prayer" has some strong passages. "There are religiously inclined people who find life a failure. They are the people who give themselves to God's work or God's cause but do not give themselves to God. They want the divine but they do not want God. They put what is secondary in the first place. Hence, they become footsore and fainthearted. They have falsely dreamed of something, of devotion to a cause, as their highest life, and the discovery of their error makes them think that religion is a noble illusion, a magnificent bubble. When such people awake to their mistake, God appears and men wake to his reality and power. This is what is happening to-day. The churches at last are waking to the fact that fussiness is not piety. The ethical culturist is waking to find that he needs power and companionship. In the stern facts of life man is turning to God as one whom he needs, and prayer is found to be as natural to man as the air he breathes." It is not in a captious spirit that the writer blames the pulpit for the spread of spiritualism. Before the war preachers spoke slightly of other-worldliness and when sorrow came the few, fed on such chaff, turned away from the preachers to seek what relief was available from seances and

mediums. The war has stormed the pulpit and the question of immortality and the future life has become a live issue. Gardner offers helpful suggestions on this subject. In the letter on "The Death of the Soldier and the Death of Christ," he makes wise and timely discrimination. He rightly protests against the sentimentalism of which certain preachers are guilty, who regard the sufferings and sacrifice of the soldier as akin to the great work of Christ. He differentiates in redemptions: "Some are partial and imperfect. They are worth while, and there is high moral significance in espousing them and suffering and dying on their behalf. One redemption is universal and perfect. It was wrought out in Gethsemane and on Calvary. It was so august that I feel it an irreverence to use these names with reference to anything that can ever come to you and me. Yet there is a sense in which you and I can become participants in it. It is when we go beyond the politicians and diplomats and all others who have made this war, when we see that what is wrong is the very thing that Jesus said was wrong, that what is needed is the very thing Jesus proclaimed and died to accomplish when we give ourselves, living or dying, to its realization." Gardner is right when he says in his last letter that the teaching of Jesus on human forgiveness has always startled men. But in spite of his protest, there is an underlying current of pacifism in his interpretation, and if it were logically accepted society would be controlled by anarchists. It is clear he has not witnessed the scenes of desolation, and it is absurd to think that the Belgians and French should have surrendered to the demonic invaders without offering resistance. To be sure, let us not stultify ourselves; but forgiveness after the fashion of Tolstoy is ridiculous. This subject must be seriously reconsidered by all concerned, and we must remember with the apostle James that the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable. The Kingdom of God cannot come unless we conserve the interests of both righteousness and love, which in the final analysis are one.

The World Within. By RUFUS M. JONES, M.A., Litt.D. 12mo, pp. xii+172. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

We are threatened by a deluge of counsels how to formulate Christian thought and how to regulate the activities of the Church. The situation recalls that of Athens whose citizens and foreign visitors occupied themselves with repeating or listening to the latest novelties. We are, however, optimistic as to the future of Christianity and the Church. As it has frequently happened so once again we will recover our composure out of the confusion caused by disillusion and misunderstanding. After we have learned some needed truths, emphasized by recent events, we will make new applications of the eternal principles of the gospel, for the sake of advances toward the City of God. We recognize that there must be a deepening of the spiritual life, but it will come from an enlargement of soul rather than from new theologies or erratic panaceas suggested by the impulse of the hour. Professor Jones has shown himself a wise and suggestive guide in matters pertaining to the spiritual life,

and we recall some of his previous volumes, notably, *Studies in Mystical Religion*. As in a previous volume on *The Inner Life*, the present one consists of a series of brief meditations which summon us from busy attention to the necessary externals of religion to consider the true inwardness of life, without which our religious activities are bound to be ineffectual. This book helps us to take stock of our spiritual resources and shows how they might be enriched. The purpose of the author is well expressed in the Introduction. "We do not want a religion which meets the needs of experts alone, and moves in a region beyond the reach of common men and women who have no taste for the intricacies of theology. If religion is, as I profoundly believe, the essential way to the full realization of life, we, who claim to know about it, ought to interpret it so that its meaning stands out plain and clear to those who most need it to live by. I have always believed and maintained that the apparent lack of popular interest in it is largely due to the awkward and blundering way in which it has been presented to the mind and heart of those who all the time carry deep within themselves inner hungers and thirsts which nothing but God can satisfy. I do not want to write or print a line which does not at least bear the mark and seal of reality—and which will not make some genuine *fact of life* more plain and sure." The titles of some of the chapters are "The Deeper Universe," "The Way of Faith and Love," "The Way of Dedication," "The Soul's Converse," "Christ's Inner Way to the Kingdom." Pascal well said that the heart hath reasons which the reason itself cannot fathom, and so oftentimes the plumb-line of mere rational arguments has failed to strike bottom. On the other hand, these depths are not irrational, but super-rational. "There are some matters, and they are just the most vital ones, which lie too deeply embedded in the sub-soil of life itself to be settled by debate. Coleridge was in the main right when he made the distinction, so famous in his religious prose writings, between reason and understanding, or, as it might be put, between reason and reasoning, that is, logical argument. A position may be grounded and established in reason and yet at the same time lie beyond the sphere of argumentative debate. The range of logical proof is notoriously limited. One explanation of this situation is that 'thinking,' 'reasoning,' 'speculation' is a late-born faculty and capacity. Long before thinking or speculation had achieved any marked successes, long before man had learned to argue for the mere fun and fascination of the thing, that other strange trait of human life had flowered out—the tendency, I mean, to feel the *worth* of things, the power to appreciate values. This is even more distinctive of man, a more fundamental trait of personality than thinking or reasoning is. It was born when *man* was born—it is as immemorial as smiling or weeping. It is rooted and grounded in reason, but it is not due to reasoning." This thesis is very persuasively developed in the chapter on "The Things by which we Live." From this standpoint of essential worth, worship is regarded as the central act of religion. It is "the act of rising to a personal, experimental consciousness of the real presence of God which floods the soul with joy

and bathes the whole inward spirit with refreshing streams of life. Never to have felt that, never to have opened the life to those incoming divine tides, never to have experienced the joy of personal fellowship with God, is surely to have missed the richest privilege and the highest beatitude of religion. Almost all of our modern forms of Christianity make too little of this central act, and, with some truth, it has been called 'the lost art of worship.' The main reason for the decline of worship is the excessive desire, so common to-day, to have something always happening or, as we often say, to have something 'doing.' Hush, waiting, meditation, concentration of spirit, are just the reverse of our busy, driving modern temper." Well for us, if we take heed to these words and govern ourselves accordingly. The chapter on "The Great Venture" considers the ever-recurring and persistent question of immortality, in the same light of the essential worth of things. "As far as we are able to discover, the soul possesses infinite capacity. A blossom may reach its perfection in a day, but no one has fathomed the possibilities of the human heart. Eternity is not too vast for a soul to grow in, if the soul wills to grow. Why, then, should such a being come and learn the meaning of duty, loyalty, sympathy, trust, and the other spiritual qualities, only to pass as a shadow? My answer is the one Browning has given, that 'life is just a stuff to try the soul's strength on.'" Quoting a thought from Clement of Alexandria that prayer is "a mutual and reciprocal correspondence" or "inward converse with God," he treats of prayer as a two-sided energy of life, with a range of influence far beyond the personal life of the one who prays. "What we are and what we do flow out and help to determine what others shall be and shall do, and even so in the highest spiritual operations and activities of the soul we contribute some part toward the formation of the spiritual atmosphere in which others are to live, and we help to release currents of spiritual energy for others than ourselves. If we belong, as I believe we do, in a real kingdom of God—an organic fellowship of inter-related lives—prayer should be as effective a force in this inter-related social world of ours as gravitation is in the world of matter. Personal spirits experience spiritual gravitation, soul reaches after soul, hearts draw toward each other." The gospel emphasis upon the "wholeness of life" must be seriously faced. "Christ naturally, spontaneously, assumes that men are to live in health and tone and efficient power of life. His gospel is in this fundamental sense tonic. It aims at nothing less than an integral wholeness of life, a harmony of outer and inner self, a freedom from all physical hindrances except those which are a necessary part of finite and limited existence and a complete possession of the potential powers of personality." This is a worthy book with a message that brings spiritual replenishment and refreshment, of which we are greatly in need.

Reunion in Eternity. By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. 12mo, pp. xii+283. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.50, net.

A BOOK of rare comfort and consolation for those who have been called upon to travel through the valley of Baca in these recent years of distress from war and epidemic. The familiar teaching concerning the future life is given a new setting in these chapters, with special reference to the subject of reunion with loved ones who have entered the realm of beatific vision and celestial blessedness. Throughout the volume there is heard recurring, again and again, the conviction of Tennyson in regard to Hallam, "I shall know him when we meet." The bereaved heart will find such assurance in this volume, and for that reason we place it among the few really stimulative writings on the question of all questions, to which thousands are looking for a satisfying answer. What makes the book especially valuable is that it voices the consentient testimony of the Christian centuries on this inevitable theme. More than half of it consists of a precious anthology from a very extensive field of biography, history, poetry, and fiction, giving the mature convictions of philosophers, preachers, poets, essayists, and novelists, not in an official capacity so to say, but in a confessional manner as to their own experiences, impressions, and assurances relative to reunion "in the land of the dead." These testimonies are concerned with the manifold ties of family and friendship. Here are consolations to bereaved parents, weeping children young and old, sorrowing brothers and sisters, saddened lovers, stricken husbands and wives, lamenting friends. To read these words from the immemorial past and from the restless present is to be reminded that everyone has entered the temple of sorrow. But not all have worshiped in despair and desolation, since the blessed Christ himself has ministered relief and given "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." We are constrained to quote a few of these consoling testimonies. After the death of his five little daughters, Dean Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) wrote in his diary: "They are gone from us, all but my beloved Craufurd and the babe. Thou hast reclaimed the lent jewels. Yet, O Lord, how shall I not thank thee now? I will thank thee not only for the children thou hast left to us, but for those thou hast reclaimed. I thank thee for the blessing of the last ten years, and for all the sweet memories of their little lives—memories how fragrant with every blissful, happy thought. I thank thee for the full assurance that each has gone to the arms of the Good Shepherd, whom each loved according to the capacity of her years. I thank thee for the bright hopes of a happy reunion, when we shall meet to part no more. O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake comfort our desolate hearts. May we be a united family still in heart through the communion of saints—through Jesus Christ our Lord." A year after the death of his eldest son, Martin, aged seventeen, Archbishop Benson wrote to his wife: "How strange and how beautiful it will be to see him again: if we are worthy, to hear from himself that he would rather have passed away from us when he did than have stayed with us. This

is hard to realize—and Saint Paul even did not know which to choose. May God only keep true in heart and firm in faith our other loves." Dr. R. W. Dale was crushed by the death of his brother, the gifted and accomplished Thomas, and said in a letter, "One side of life has become quite dark to me. My other brothers died in childhood before he was born. I never had a sister. God has given me much love of other kinds—but the heart aches for what is lost and can never come back. We shall be restored to each other, but under other conditions; the old affection will be transfigured, but it will not be the same. We cling to the life that now is as well as to the life that is to come." Bishop G. H. Wilkinson wrote after the death of his wife: "We knew that she departed to be with Christ—in Christ—living to Christ—in that quiet home where no wind nor storm could ever disturb or depress, where the thunder's roar and the lightning's flash would no more make her nervous—gone before to wait till each of her sons and daughters, and he by whom these words are written, shall have finished their work on earth, and, washed from their sins in his blood and renewed by his Spirit, shall be forever reunited with her." After a lingering illness Dr. Martineau's wife passed away, when he wrote to a friend: "The long and painful watching through the summer and autumn has ended as the poor sufferer herself could not but wish; and we surrender that dear life with thankfulness and perfect trust, till the Infinite Love in which we live and die shall resume the interrupted communion." Browning is the great poet of immortality and love, whose verse has always quickened hope and increased strength. His "Prospice" has the rapture of confidence and assurance.

The elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast.
 O Thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

The essay on "The Teaching of Luther and Melancthon," by Miss Stoddart, contains several letters from the "learned Grecian of the Reformation" who had tasted more of the sharpness of personal bereavement than the massive Reformer. Melancthon wrote as a father to another sorrowing father: "We are neither born nor called hence by chance, but by the will of God. Jesus tells us that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father. When my son died I found wonderful comfort from these words which caught my eyes all of a sudden as I was turning over the Psalms: 'It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves.' How great, too, is the comfort that you know your boy died so piously that you will embrace each other again in the blessed company of prophets, apostles, and other holy men, where you will talk together of the glory of God, which as a child he heard you celebrate in words of praise." This same writer's essay on "Dante and Reunion" should be compared with Canon Barry's letter in the appendix on the teaching of the Church of Rome, which is lacking in the assuring directness of

the New Testament. The chapters in the first part of this volume are characterized by the spiritual flavor and Christian mysticism which have given such distinction to the writings of Sir William Robertson Nicoll. His earlier work, on *The Key of the Grave*, has the tenderness of Christian grace, sympathy, and cheer, but it did not awaken to any large extent a responsive chord because it was addressed to a generation that had no interest in immortality. Many have been greatly helped by its alleviating message, but his latest volume has a depth and richness of quality which will speak confidently and comfortingly to a wider circle of readers who are looking for just such a testimony. "In this world of death a message of Reunion in Eternity is a first necessity. It is as music to all souls in pain. We do not say that it is always listened to by the bereaved in the first force of their passionate misery, while they feel in their breasts the burning of the murderous steel. But the months and the years soften a little the first anguish of the bitter wound. Then the dreadful thing is to think of the long life to come which may go on in loneliness for so many years. This passes into the calm of acknowledged loss settling deep and still over the subduing days of life. After that there may come the peace of believing, the waiting in hope." The chapter on "Immortality without God" points out that such an experience in the beyond would, of necessity, be as barren and stultifying as the life on earth that knows not the uplift of the divine fellowship. The thought is more fully brought out in "Life in God and Union There," with this conclusion: "Given a personal God, a God who is Love, who bestowed love on his creatures and made them love him in return, a God who can be reached only by the stair of love, and given also the persistent individuality which maintains itself through all tamings and subduings and discipline and purifying, and we have a doctrine of recognition and reunion in eternity which, properly understood and fortified, defies denial." The experience of communion with God and the consciousness of the divine Presence, here and now, cannot be dissolved by death, as is so well demonstrated by Professor Peake in his brief article on the Old Testament view of immortality printed in the appendix. Indeed, the truth that God is love confirms our faith that he who is the Author, the Sustainer, and the Finisher of love "does not betray the soul that has found him so, neither will he put to shame the hopes that have been built on his faithfulness." The chapter on "They without Us" declares that "the perfection of the blessed dead cannot be achieved till the living they wait for come. We feel that we are not worthy now to loose their shoe-latchet, or to touch their garments' hem; but since love is love, that must not trouble us. While they complete themselves in regions beyond our view, we are to remember them, to look for them, to prepare for them. We must try to keep the straight path, so far as we can see it, to seek that we may reach the spirit-land unsoiled and noble. They remember us, they wait for us, they will welcome us. They are saying, if we had ears to hear, 'Dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and my crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.'" It is with reserve that the question is ap-

proached, whether we have actual communion with the dead before reunion. "We have no distinct revelation, and yet 'in clear dream and solemn' vision much may be granted to the soul. Christ holds the dead by his right hand and his left hand holds ours. Is it possible that new currents of covenanting love may pass through him from one to the other? How many can speak of sudden upliftings, touches, guidances, which seem to come from the ancient love?" This is surely more sobering and satisfying than the pseudo-gospel of spiritualism as seen in the pathetic volumes by Sir Oliver Lodge, entitled: *Raymond, or Life and Death* and *Christopher, a Study in Human Personality*. It is not in spiritualistic seances, but in the spiritual realities of God and Christ and the fellowship of Christian believers that we receive the assurance of immortality and the blessedness of reunion in "the land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

India Beloved of Heaven. By B. T. BADLEY, OSCAR M. BUCK, J. J. KINGHAM, with an Introduction by BISHOP W. F. OLDHAM. 12mo, pp. 217. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

New Etchings of Old India. By B. T. BADLEY. Pp. 54. New York: The Centenary Commission of the Board of Foreign Missions. Paper covers, price, 25 cents.

THE princes and peasants of India have fought in the great war, and they rendered valiant service in this conflict in France, in Turkey, in Arabia, in China, in East and West Africa. Her representatives took part in the discussions of the Imperial War Conference. India is further to have a place in the Imperial Cabinet and full partnership in the Councils of the British Empire. De Witt Mackenzie, an American journalist, has made a full report of India in transition in a very readable book entitled *The Awakening of India*. His review of the economic, political, and social conditions of this remarkable land is optimistic. All who are interested in the spiritual future of India should read it and then turn to the two fascinating volumes which we introduce in this notice. These sketches and stories have all the rich color and tropical atmosphere of India, for these three writers know India from the inside, and their love for this land and its peoples is evidenced in their picturesque narratives. As to style Buck is didactic, Kingham is journalistic, and Badley has the Kiplingesque way which will be appreciated by all readers of *Kim* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*. We are introduced to native customs, religious beliefs and practices, eager longings for peace, steadfast loyalties to Christ in spite of terrific persecutions. "On His Majesty's Service" is a touching story of Indian devotion shown by Gulah Singh on the battlefields of France. Another war story is "For the British Raj." The results of the remarkable conversion to Christ of a dangerous incendiary and his ten sons are related in "The Tiger and the

Lamb." In "A Mission School Romance," the curtain is lifted and we witness a scene of the slavery of Hindu womanhood which, please God, can pass away only as the leaven of Christianity and Christian education spreads throughout the land. "The Lawyer-Preacher" is a glowing testimony to the wonderful sacrifice of which the native Christians are capable. Vetha Nayagam decided to give up his lucrative practice of law and become a Christian preacher, but the missionary could not support him. What of that? He must preach anyhow, pay or no pay. In a short time his house was burned down by the persecutors, and when the missionary visited him to show sympathy, this is the prayer this modern martyr offered: "O God, I have not asked this missionary for any salary, and I do not want pay in money, but give me for my salary the hearts of all the people around here, that I may bring them into thy Kingdom, for Jesus' sake, Amen." On one of his tours, Kingham met a blind man who forty years previously had learned the Lord's Prayer from his father. But during all these years he had received no instruction and his hungry soul was craving for the bread of life. What a joy it was for the son to complete the work of his honored father. The story is graphically told in the chapter entitled "In his Blindness." Another of those vivid sketches of the intense religious spirit of the Hindu is given in "With the Gods in Muttra." What a splendid climax when the burdened pilgrim of this tale found peace in Christ and entered the Training School to prepare for missionary work! Other incidents vividly told, with quick movement and surprising turns, are found in Badley's New Etchings. "In the Habitations of Cruelty" tells of Christian heroism and endurance. The man whose bones were broken would not take any action against his persecutors but forgave them freely. "Isa Masih (Jesus Christ) forgave me in this same way," said he, "and, in the prayer he taught his disciples to say, has made it clear that we must forgive, if we expect to be forgiven." So it was that the breach was healed and the villagers who had beaten the Christians came to the missionary, when next he visited that village, and asked him: "Padri Sahib, when are you going to tell us about the *Guru* (Master) who teaches men to forgive their enemies? He has drawn our hearts." "Thus it always is in India, and the beatitude of the *persecuted* is fully understood. Houses may be burned, fields destroyed, abuse, dishonor, and injustice be the lot of our people, but ever the policy of heaping coals of fire on the head of the adversary wins in the conflict." It is interesting to read about the secret movements toward Christ as well as the mass movements from among the outcast classes. One of the missionaries met a Hindu ascetic who was dressed in the saffron robe of his class and reading a Sanskrit book. They engaged in conversation and talked in the Hindi language of the things that are eternal. Then the Hindu surprised the missionary by dropping his Hindi, and speaking in fluent English. He put aside the Sanskrit volume, and from a bag took out a bundle carefully wrapped in cloth. This he undid, and produced a copy of the New Testament. He then passionately made this confession: "There is this difference between Christ and the other

religions of the world: all the others are passing away or will pass away. Christ alone will remain." Surely the touch of Christ is felt in India and the day of her deliverance is near. Would that the church at home realized the urgency of this rich opportunity and answered the call with more money and more missionaries of the evangel of redemption.

Essays on the Early History of the Church and the Ministry. By VARIOUS WRITERS. Edited by H. B. SWETE, D.D. 8vo, pp. xx+446. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$4.

THIS volume registers a healthy departure from what used to be the prevalent methods in the study of Church history. Presuppositions and preconceptions are tested by documentary evidence; earnest investigation is undertaken in the interest of truth and not of tradition; the voice of the past, as found in its writings, is allowed to speak from the past and its testimony is accepted on its own merits; the historic sense and historic perspective are reckoned with, and ecclesiastical bias is toned down by the spirit of charity. These six essays go over familiar ground, but from a new angle, and in the main avoid the serious weakness of former controversialists who drew large conclusions from small premises. The distinction is clearly made between the functions of historical investigation and interpretation, and of ecclesiastical reconstruction which looks to future advances. Early Church history does not furnish ready-made solutions of present difficulties. The right attitude to it should be neither that of "blind acceptance of all that bears the hall mark of antiquity, nor the equally fatuous refusal to be guided, where guidance is needed, by ancient precedent." We must set aside "the fetish of primitiveness" and "the fetish of medievalism." All these writers recognize the inevitable changes which took place in the course of the Church's life, but it is too much to expect them wholly to renounce their High Church views. Every once in a while they are caught between the Scylla of traditionalism and the Charybdis of ecclesiasticism and fall back on evasive generalizations. The first essay, on "Conceptions of the Church in Early Times," does not adequately reckon with the elasticity and adaptability of the New Testament Church. It is true "the Church was Catholic from the outset," but in the sense of an underlying unanimity of sentiment as to fundamentals among local Church communities, who were members of the One Ecclesia, and all one in Christ. Dr. Robinson's criticism of a "charismatic" ministry, in the essay on "The Christian Ministry in the Apostolic and Sub-apostolic Periods," can hardly be sustained by the facts. The Church was the special sphere of the Holy Spirit and every gift was a manifestation of the Spirit of grace. While "apostles, prophets, and teachers" constituted a triad, they did not stand apart, "as an exclusive spiritual aristocracy with authority to rule the Church." Their mission was temporary, called forth by special exigencies, and it was superseded by a different type of ministry, adapted to more settled conditions, but equally in need of "charismatic"

endowments. It was the failure to recognize this need that led the Church to rely on the rigidity of rule and organization more than on the versatility of spiritual vitality. Institutionalism thereby ousted inspirationalism; more emphasis was laid on forms of appointment than on personal qualifications, on rubric and formulae than on righteousness and faith. The result was a fall from grace which was a prelude to the distressing controversies of later centuries. We agree with Dr. Robinson that "the Christian ministry was gradually evolved in response to fresh needs which came with new conditions, as the Church grew in numbers and enlarged its geographical boundaries." But we cannot accept his conclusion that a threefold ministry of "bishops, priests, and deacons" has "proved itself capable of satisfying the wants of the Christian Church from the second century to the present day." His position is that "the episcopate is the successor of the apostolate," and that for purposes of unity the "historic episcopate" must be accepted. But it is just here that the contracting parties cannot agree. Assumption is not argument, and the appeal to history must not be made on a basis of generalization, but for a comprehensive consideration of all the issues. The crucial question of the "historic episcopate" is very partially faced in this volume. It is referred to in passing by Dr. Turner, in his learned essay on "Apostolic Succession," but he is chiefly concerned with other matters. The recent report of the joint committee composed of representatives of the Anglican Church and the Free Churches of England deals with this question in a similarly evasive way. To declare, as they do, "that continuity with the historic episcopate should be effectively preserved" and, "that acceptance of the fact of episcopacy, and not any theory as to its character, is all that is asked for," is to reason in a circle. Indeed, the rock of offense which stands in the way of reunion is episcopacy and its high claims to ordination. Any demand which magnifies the mechanical transmission of spiritual gifts by the laying on of hands is a reversion to pre-Christian practices, suggestive of Jewish and pagan customs. In his essay on "Early Forms of Ordination," Dr. Frere discusses the two treatises by Hippolytus on Ordination and Spiritual Gifts, and points out that their "strong assertion of the apostolic tradition, and of the episcopate as the sole authority that is empowered to continue the tradition, does not, however, necessarily mean that the imposition of hands is itself the exclusive channel of spiritual grace." We misread the New Testament if we fail to see that in matters of organization there was considerable diversity in unity. The progressive principle of adaptation to circumstances of necessity, in the interest of advance, contradicts the idea of rigid rule advocated by Cyprian, whose claims for the episcopacy were well characterized by Lightfoot as "blasphemous and profane." No one who reads the writings of Cyprian can avoid detecting the spirit of intolerable intolerance of this convert from paganism, who after serving a brief novitiate was elevated to the episcopacy, taking with him into his new life heathen ideas of sanctity and sacrifice wholly foreign to the spiritual glories of the New Testament. His treatise *On the Unity of the Church* illustrates the characteristic

weaknesses of the lawyer and a misuse of the Scriptures, which were not regarded as a progressive development of divine revelation, but a coherent unity of equal value in all its parts. It is no defense of Cyprian to state that his writings were hastily produced in the heat of controversy, because the theories he propounded with merciless logic have been the prolific cause of the disastrous dismemberment of the Church. Those who accepted his doctrine of the ministry were, however, wanting in Cyprian's breadth of charity which at times "refused to be bound by the logical fetters which he had forged for himself." This principle of charity, "the very bond of peace and of all virtues," was conspicuously advocated by Augustine, whose conception of the unity of the Church included within its fold even those outside the visible body. The Western Church went with him in his contention that baptism administered by schismatics and heretics was valid, while the Eastern Church accepted the unyielding sacramentalism of Cyprian and refused the covenants of grace to those outside the Church's pale. If such baptism is valid why not also the eucharist when celebrated in the name of the common Christ and by virtue of the indwelling of the one Holy Spirit? Augustine went so far as to argue for the liberty and authority of a schismatical ministry, which needed no reordination, after being reconciled to the Church, but was entitled to exercise all ministerial functions with freedom. "This was so enormous a revolution," writes Dr. Turner, "in the ideas and practice heretofore prevalent, that it took nearly a thousand years before the older conceptions were finally ousted even in the west." The question of apostolic succession emerged during the Gnostic crisis, when emphasis was laid on the apostolic Scriptures and the apostolic Creed, with a view to rebutting the preposterous claims of Gnosticism to "a secret tradition of higher and more advanced teaching imparted by the apostles to such of their converts as were capable of receiving it." The Church met this insidious peril by establishing its title to the exclusive possession of the genuine Christian tradition on the threefold appeal to apostolic Scriptures, creed, and successions. The idea of successions as understood by them was not that of a single line, but of many lines of descent through which the stewardship of grace was conveyed, and which linked the Church of the second century to that of the apostles and guaranteed the security of the deposit of faith. The Faith was not to be looked for in books or in formulas, but in the fellowship to which the books were committed, and of which the formulas constituted the test of membership. No single Church had a monopoly of the truth, for it was to be "found in the consent of the churches, and in their joint fidelity as guardians of the common tradition." In his celebrated work *Against Heresies*, Irenæus argued that the test of truth is spiritual and not intellectual. In spite of a diffusive style, this deliverance of the apostolic Father shows a spirit of liberality and a discernment of essential values which are truly apostolic. What he wrote concerning schism is worth quoting, not for the sake of his point of view, but as a warning to the schismatic whose spirit is found in the advocates of ecclesiastical sacramentalism no less than in those

whose professions of spiritual freedom are not indorsed by their practice. The believer, he declares is the true recipient of the Spirit of God, the spiritual man who judges all men and is judged by none. "He will judge also them that make schisms, who are empty of the love of God, and look to their own benefit rather than to the union of the Church, who for any and every reason will maim and mutilate and, as far as in them lies, destroy the great and glorious body of Christ; speaking peace and working war; truly 'straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel,' seeing that no reformation they can effect can be as great as is the harm of schism." These early writers, like Irenæus, Clement, Hegesippus, Eusebius, Tertullian, Hippolytus, and Origen, regarded the theory of apostolic succession as a living reality, even as a principle of order, a custodian of the faith, a guarantee of historical continuity. While there were "inequalities of temper and teaching among the Catholic writers," we must also appreciate "the superior importance of the conceptions which they shared as a common inheritance." Dr. Turner mentions two in particular: (1) "Complete agreement as to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, the visible fellowship of the disciples, the body of Christ": wherever there was schism it was caused by a lack of charity on both sides. (2) "Whatever the differences of theory about the recognition of non-Catholic sacraments, recognition was in fact never given save where what was done outside the Church was done in the same manner, and with the same general belief in the meaning of the act, as it was done within the Church." There is much for us to learn from the praiseworthy practice of the Church of the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, when schisms and heresies arose within its borders. So long as a question of principle was not involved, the leaders maintained that those who had gone out might return, without rebaptism and reordination. They regarded Christian charity and unity as more important than ecclesiastical regularity. "To lay too exclusive a stress on the prerogative of Catholic Orders might be to imperil the attainment of the great object of unity." Dr. Brightman's essay on "Terms of Communion and the Ministration of the Sacraments in Early Times" is distinguished by rare patristic learning, but he deals largely with conditions in the third century and does not follow the Church tradition back to its sources. Professor Swete rightly remarks in his Preface that "each age of the Church must live its own life, and deal with its own problems, following to a great extent the lead of circumstances, which offer in fact a Divine guidance for the shaping of its course." Much of the controversy has been due to attempts to compel the living present to move after the fashion of former days and according to antiquarian precedents. We do not minimize "historical continuity," when it is insisted that the Church exists to serve the present age and that an effectual service could be rendered only as the Church understands the spirit and struggles of the age. It is a reflection on "the manifold grace of God," if we try to limit its operation to severely prescribed channels, as though he were a geographical or an ecclesiastical God, more interested in forms than in faith, in the letter than in the spirit. What is this but a futile

attempt to go back to the minutiae of law and precedent, as though they were more important than love and principle? The essence of democracy is the rule of the people, and, at much cost, this truth has been placarded abroad in these recent years. We hold that the teaching of the New Testament, which is still final, is that authority is conferred by the people and not imposed upon the people. This principle is set at naught by the theory of the "historic episcopate." Just as the superstitious idea of the divine right of kings has been flung into the limbo by the war, so its counterpart, the divine right of bishops, has more than once been condemned by the steady growth of Christian truth and liberty. When the principle of freedom is becoming the universally accepted standard among the nations, it is a step backward for the Church to insist on obscurantist policies and to enthrone a monarchical or oligarchical order, on which all history has passed final condemnation.

A READING COURSE

Psychology and Preaching. By CHARLES S. GARDNER, Professor of Homiletics and Sociology in The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.

A GREAT deal has been written on the subject of educational psychology and the psychological study of religion, but this volume by Professor Gardner is the first serious attempt to apply the results of psychology to preaching. Every preacher is more or less of a psychologist and has some knowledge of the intellectual, emotional, and volitional operations of his audience, but much of this knowledge is empirical without any scientific correlation. The importance of the study of psychology to the preacher is self-evident. President Faunce in his Yale lectures on *The Educational Ideal in the Ministry* has a chapter on "The Service of Psychology." It has demonstrated beyond question or cavil the reality of religious experience, the unreality of many conventional sins, the mutual interrelation and interdependence of mind and body, that the unity of personality should guide the preacher's method in arousing and holding the attention of his congregation, that the emotions and will are the center of personality, that action directly bears on the development of character, that adolescence has a far-reaching meaning, and that the central truths of Christianity are re-enforced when interpreted in terms of life (p. 158ff.). Professor Gardner deals with the subject from the standpoint of functional psychology, and suggests how the preacher must meet the present challenge to the pulpit. This volume does not take up the vexed questions of theology, old or new, but deals with the more fundamental factors of human nature. Such a preliminary investigation is indispensable to the man who would effectually commend the gospel. "Certainly the opportunities for influencing the actions of men by moral suasion become larger and more various; and if preachers find their power failing, it only emphasizes

their duty better to adapt their noble function to the changing conditions of human life." Chapter I, on "General Controls of Conduct," goes into such elementary but essential subjects as reflexes, instincts, consciousness, habit. A word of caution is also uttered as to the attitude to that mysterious realm known as the sub-conscious. An audience is a clear call to the preacher to understand the subtle, subterranean currents of life, the conditions of inspiration and uplift, and the methods of conclusive appeal. It is in the matter of appeal that much of our preaching is so weak. Study carefully the chapter on "Mental Images," and note what is said about cultivating the habit of close, concentrated, energetic attention and varied observation. Explain the conclusion that the arts of persuasion develop with the progress of society (p. 15). The chapter on "Mental Systems" deals with some situations which are baffling to him who does not see life truly and see it whole. One of the practical problems involved in securing results is that of understanding others and being understood by others; another problem is that of exposition which is the art of interpretation and communication of truth; yet another is that of creedal union and cooperation. The chapter on "Feeling" discriminates between feeling and emotion, pain and unpleasantness, and points out the relation of feeling to desire, and the effect of feeling on habit. Very interesting is the discussion of the enrichment of the emotional life by education, its bearing on the value of culture in the religious life, and the need for a rounded and balanced culture in the pulpit. The preacher more than any other speaker deals with sentiments and ideals, and since they are of the very substance of character, a whole chapter is devoted to methods of their development. A vital matter in the question of appeal relates to the excitation of the feelings through delivery. How far is Gardner true that the average preacher is sadly lacking in dramatic power? (p. 124). Very timely are the references to the skillful use of language. In producing belief there are at least six ways in which the mind reacts to new presentations. It may feel itself compelled to accept the new presentation as real or true, passively admit that it is true, welcome it with more or less cordiality, receive it with more or less suspicion as tentatively true or real, hold it aloof for investigation, or positively and unequivocally reject it. Consider these points in the light of your own experience, noting also that belief is the acceptance of a presentation as true while doubt is in its nature a temporary function. "Chronic doubt is hurtful and ultimately ruinous," and it is "justifiable when, and only when, it is a temporary stage in the organization of a more adequate belief." In view of this fact, how are we to meet the problems of the present age, which is one of doubt due in part to its being dynamic and changeful, and to the fact that modes of life and points of view are constantly changing? "It is the especial function of preaching to present religious truth in such a way as to secure its intelligent and wholehearted acceptance, and through genuine belief to influence conduct in right directions." It has been stated that only the first twenty minutes are really absorbed by the hearer. The strain on the attention of an audience is intense because

of the many distractions. What bearing does this have on the worship of the sanctuary? There are three kinds of attention—compulsory, voluntary, spontaneous. The chapter on "Attention" raises a whole set of questions on interest, volition, environment, point of contact, responsiveness. Note what is written about the public speaker, especially the preacher, being a man of *strong will* (p. 205). The chapter on "Suggestion" has some good remarks on the personality of the speaker. "Some men seem to wake up all that is latent in our personalities. In their presence we seem to be most truly and fully ourselves." We are accustomed to think of the superior value of the prompt response to appeal as against that of postponement. Is this always so? Has enough care been taken to guard against damaging reactions from thoughtless impulse and the consequent enfeeblement of the will? How far is the author true in these sentences: "One is often precipitated into action which is subsequently deplored and can only with difficulty be reconsidered; or committed to a position from which he would gladly recede, but cannot without self-stultification; and so goes on through life embarrassed and morally compromised by the consciousness of standing in false relations. This exactly describes the situation of thousands who to-day are enrolled as members of Christian churches, and, while it enables the churches to make a brave show as to numerical strength, is one of the chief causes of the comparative lack of power of organized Christianity. I make bold to say that the disastrous results of this false psychological method are more general and more irremediable in the realm of religion than anywhere else" (p. 233). The psychology of the inspirational gathering and the deliberative body is well diagnosed in the chapter on "Assemblies." Other subjects of equal importance are reviewed in the chapter on "Mental Epidemics." It is a searching study of modern conditions and should be carefully studied. With regard to the difficulties in securing a heartier response to religious appeals it is well to remind ourselves that "the average man to-day has many interests, corresponding to the many relations in which he stands to his fellow men; and every one of these interests and relations claims a part of his attention, time, and energy." A necessary caution is uttered against the prevalent, popular notion that the Divine Spirit is more distinctly present in human emotion than in the operation of the reason and the conscience. But the conclusion is satisfactory: "Man will always be an emotional being, but in his upward development his emotions will be more thoroughly incorporated in the unity of a rational personality and organized into sentiments and ideals. Communities will always be subject to waves of common feeling, which will prompt to united action; but collective action will be less spasmodic and irregular, more rational, ethical, and orderly. The religious revival will more than gain in moral significance and social value all that it loses in wild extravagance and abnormal demonstration." A very important chapter is that on "Occupational Types." It is a contribution to the psychology of society. The section on the ministerial type will naturally receive your first attention because it deals with the dangers and

opportunities that confront the preacher. The breadth of his occupation tends to make him versatile and shallow. Its narrowness exposes him to dogmatism, to a superficial gravity of tone and manner, to the institutionalizing of religion at the cost of spiritual vigor, and to economic influences which threaten to sap prophetic insight, power, and independence. Of much value is the discussion of the perils and temptations which surround the wage-earning type and the business type. The whole situation is finally faced in the closing chapter on "The Modern Mind." A comparison with former generations makes more conclusive the pressure of the artificial environment in which we live both in city and country. The effect of life under these conditions on our dispositions and mental attitudes is worth noting (p. 349ff.). The tendency to remove God into the background of thought is also very marked. Religion, however, is not wholly suppressed, and in times of exceptional crisis and peril, the modern man calls on God. But it is frequently a frantic and spasmodic outburst, and because his mind has not been habitually supported by the intellectual processes there is a relapse into the ordinary grooves as soon as the excitement is over. Can you find illustrations in support of this contention from these war years? The change in the idea of God is further seen in the weakening of the sentiment of awe. The reaction from scientific thought upon the speculative intellect is evidenced in such types of theoretical thought as Pragmatism, Humanism, Voluntarism, Personalism (p. 371). Our attitude then should be neither pessimistic nor optimistic, but mellioristic. A far greater emphasis must be laid on the ethical and social aspects of religion, both in thought and experience. This does not imply the disappearance of Christianity, but a gradual emergence of its fundamental principles, so long corrupted and obscured by the elaboration of imposing ceremonies and ecclesiastical sacramentarianisms. The inference is that "Christianity in its primal and essential character as a principle of life is peculiarly adapted to the conditions of this age."

SIDE READING

Human Nature and Its Remaking. By William Ernest Hocking (Yale University Press, \$3, net). For the student who desires to understand the broad and deep principles which govern the process of remaking, of educating, of civilizing, of converting, or of saving the human being. Philosophical thoroughness and attractiveness of reasoning and style make this a volume of large importance.

Psychology and the Day's Work. By Edgar James Swift (Scribners, \$2, net). A popular psychological interpretation of the happenings of daily life, with many extraordinary illustrations from literature and life in support of the conclusions on thought, action, habit, learning, fatigue, memory, testimony, and health.

For information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

